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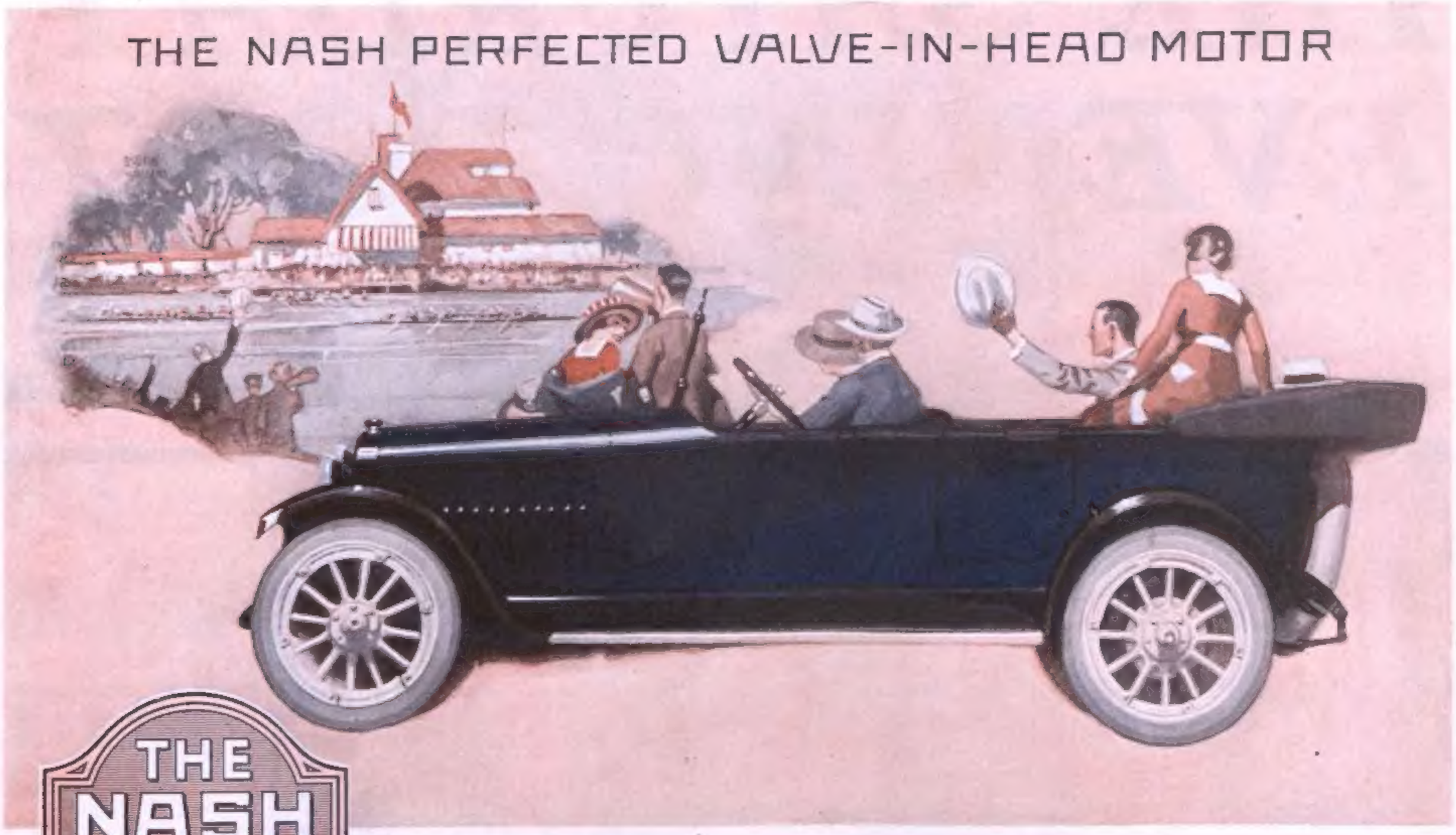

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

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CATCHING UP

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IT WAS Mrs. Grenfell Orme's day at home, and her little salon held its full quota when her husband came in. Most of the guests were old friends, almost family in their intimate acquaintanceship, and Orme greeted them as such, principally with an exchange of Christian names, even where there was a considerable disparity of age.

Orme was one of those youngish middle-aged men much in evidence socially, but in an unpretentious way, and with whom everybody liked to claim intimate acquaintanceship. In clubs and drawing-rooms on both sides of the Atlantic he was seldom referred to as Mr. Orme or Orme, but invariably as Grenfell Orme—if not Grenfell—less through any democracy on his part than a wide popularity. It is doubtful if the Ormes had any enemies at all, or were the object of social jealousies. Their position, despite attenuated means, was something taken for granted—hereditary and indisputable like the coat and pasterns of a thoroughbred hunter, which would be immediately recognized as such, even though attached to a huckster's cart. It would no more have occurred to anybody to resent their unaffected elegance than to have envied a Siberian sable its fur.

Mrs. Orme, observing her husband as he came in, mistook his rather unusual air of detachment for anxiety over personal affairs, which were becoming daily more serious. She thought that his eyes held a slight protest as they passed over the well-garnished tea table with its edibles of shocking cost in Paris at that moment—*petits fours* at twenty francs the dozen; caviar and pâté de foie gras sandwiches, tiny but plentiful and greedily if daintily gobbled by overfed elderly ladies at the rate of about fifteen francs the mouthful; while Grenfell's old Irish whisky, for which he had paid a hundred francs a bottle at Badega's, was being freely sampled by several bedecorated heroes.

Whatever the Ormes undertook in a social or any other way was done to that brimful meniscus of completion which never slops over into the ostentatious display of the *nouveau riche*. Post-bellum Paris held plenty of the latter, but few *élégantes* like the Ormes, who now, despite the fact that their small income was of American source with the franc frightfully depreciated, found their modest mode of living daily more difficult to maintain.

Mrs. Orme was perfectly well aware of this. She was not extravagant. No French chatelaine weighed the depreciated value of a franc more carefully than she. The overhead of their modest but *mondain* establishment was frightful to contemplate, and the income tax appalling. But there were social obligations which must be paid if only for the sake of their single child and daughter, Isabel, and such a tea as this under the argus-eyed censorship of these gluttonous old gossips was in the nature of inspection in which no delinquency could fail of criticism.

Orme's eyes passed to his daughter, and his wife watching him closely noted how his fine eyes first lighted with pleasure, then looked a little troubled. It was the new French gown perhaps, which five years ago might have cost seven hundred francs, and now could not be considered dear at twice that figure; a *framboise* organdie—a mere ring shawl it looked to Orme, who reflected that before the war a woman would have risked a *procès-verbal* for appearing in such a costume upon the Champs-Elysées. Isabel's dark, slenderly rounded loveliness could harmonize sweetly, where a buxom girl's charms would have been blatant. She looked like a fairy princess instead of a very pretty young girl insufficiently clad.

Twice During the Performance Isabel Had Looked Directly at Him, and With Some Flicker of Interest He Thought

It was rather late when Grenfell Orme arrived, and before long the last of the guests had departed. Orme then kissed his pretty daughter, as he had not cared to do before the gathering, and congratulated her upon her dress and his wife on the success of her party—a courtly little habit which he always scrupulously observed.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Orme. "You really ought to go to the club and get some food, Grenfell. You know we have to catch up after I've been pouring champagne down a drain."

"I suppose it has to be done," said Orme, lighting a cigarette. "Daughter, you look like a tongue of flame on the tip of love's torch."

The girl laughed.

"It comes high, dad," said she, "but if my red dress and sooty hair can catch a millionaire it's worth it."

"Are you troubled, dear," asked Mrs. Orme, "or merely thoughtful?"

"Thoughtful. How could I be troubled with two such ladies to look at?"

"A penny for your thoughts then."

"You'll have to bid higher. When written down for my last article they came to about a franc and a half a word."

"Well, a kiss then," and Mrs. Orme paid in advance, as few wives do when nearly to their silver wedding.

"I'm overpaid," said Orme, "especially as my thoughts have a purely negative value, being principally about our resources. As you just observed, we can no longer give a simple tea without marking time to let our income catch up, and something might happen at any moment to cripple it. Of course we don't care two sous about ourselves. It's Isabel."

"I know. A portionless girl at this moment is terribly below par over here. I really think we ought to go to America."

Orme shook his head.

"That would mean debt or cutting into a depreciated capital. It might have been a lot worse, though. If she'd been a boy we should probably be childless now—looking for a grave instead of a husband. Fortune sometimes plays curious tricks. Jerry Heming was telling me a queer yarn at the club this afternoon. He's just missed out on being a millionaire."

"That seems to be a vicious habit of Jerry's."

"There was a boy in his company named Hazard, who hailed from some place in Kansas. He came of age right in the thick of the fighting in Château-Thierry, and nothing would do but that he must have his will immediately drawn up by a young lawyer in the Y. M. C. A. and duly witnessed by the colonel and two or three others. His four beneficiaries were Jerry, a Lieutenant Steele, his buddy, and a Salvation Army girl who had been frying them doughnuts under fire. They all took it as a joke, because he told them that his

inheritance consisted of a section of undeveloped prairie in Oklahoma and that his reason for being in such a hurry to make his will was the fear that he might be killed and his step-relations inherit a few dollars. Hazard went through the hottest of the fighting without a scratch—men killed all round him. He was in the lost company, and the day the armistice was signed he refused four million dollars for his patch of prairie."

"Oil?"

"Yes; it appears that the place is floating on a sea of it."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Orme. "Why do such things happen? He'd have been no end better off with about ten thousand dollars and his patch of land planted in wheat."

"Well," said Orme reflectively, "we shouldn't begrudge it to any chap that went through that hell and did his part to stop the Hun. I wonder, though, what the future of a boy like that will be?"

"I suppose he'll join the crazy mob of spenders. Sometimes I get terribly pessimistic about the results of this war. For a while it looked as though the sacrifice was not going to be in vain—that it might bring back religion and sane living and decency. But now the tide seems to have turned precisely the other way. Half-naked girls going about bare-necked and bare-legged, and frenzied gambling and vice and sheer, wanton profligacy. I almost hate to have Isabel go out."

"Well, anyhow, we're not under German rule," said Orme cheerfully. "If the worst comes to the worst we can always emigrate to America and go into domestic service. Let's see; I believe we're going to the Opéra Comique with the Minturns."

Dinner in its frugality caught up for perhaps two caviar sandwiches served at the tea. But as he looked at his beautiful wife and lovely daughter Orme felt that he had really no just cause for complaint. The æsthetic part of his nature found sufficient charm to compensate for mere food. He shook his head a little at Isabel's gown. The girl's dark beauty glowed more like a jewel than a flower, for it was firm and palpable rather than of exotic delicacy. She was athletic, warmly vitalized, and her face held a sort of insistent claim for the service of youth, which sometimes frightens parents a little. Before the war it might have been considered almost intrusion in so young a girl. Older women might have felt inclined to shake their heads at its features and expression, the former rather widely spaced, dark blue eyes blackly fringed, nose which issued a sort of invitation to the full red lips, and the whole with a rather disturbing absence of maidenly diffidence. It was an exploring look which she turned on the world at large, and seemed to invite experience rather than to withdraw from its possibly rough contact; an eager face, and one which could immobilize itself under appraising scrutiny. There were too many such in Paris, as if the war had abstracted from their youthful wearers all fear of people or things or crises, and in the case of many even of God.

The Ormes did not notice it particularly, because such was the surrounding *milieu*. A sort of dementia seemed to have gripped the pleasure city; whether through good fortune or bad, the result appeared to be the same. Day and night the boulevards buzzed like gnats in sunbeams or the rays of lamplight swarming with Ephemeridæ, bright-hued human insects who knew that their life cycle was but for a day, into which small span must be crowded the joys and vital passions of all existence. There was a quality about it at the same time brilliant or fatal, according to the point of view, or both. The hum of it went up in something between a roar and a chant with an attenuated whisper woven through. To thoughtful minds the crash of bursting shells would have been less sinister.

"My word, just look at it!" muttered Orme as their taxi—for in the matter of conveyance they were forced to catch up again—turned up the Rue Royale.

"It sometimes makes me wish that we had all lived ten thousand years ago and got it over with."

"'When the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-night,'" Isabel quoted inaccurately. "We'd have had saber-toothed tigers after us then instead of profiteers."

"Well, you could have skinned a saber-toothed tiger and dressed the family on his hide," said Orme, "provided you could kill him of course."

"There's always been some such provision, and probably always will be," said Mrs. Orme. "I wonder what all of these crazy people will be doing in ten years' time?"

"That's the least of their cares. Just look at those girls—or rather don't look at them—bare legs, bare souls, bare everything—naked and unashamed."

"Europe has buried shame with military honors," said Mrs. Orme. "After all, how can you shame victors? The very word is the antithesis of shame."

"Well," said Orme, "I wish they could have made the job complete, and carried the war into Germany and done it there. That's where America has the advantage. She suffered neither from the pillage of war nor the reaction of peace. They seem to be putting their house in order, while over here they're gobbling what little's been left."

The progress of their taxi was checked on the Place de l'Opéra by two young men in khaki, each with a flaming girl on either arm. Orme shook his head.

"I read in some book of verses that behind every soldier is a woman. That may be true in time of war. But just at present in front of every soldier there's a dozen women."

"They're catching up," said Mrs. Orme.

"They certainly are! But what's going to happen when they've caught up?"

"Another war?" murmured Isabel.

"I suppose so. History appears to verify it. Every day is a fête day now, and every night a saturnalia. And in America they've stopped the sale of intoxicants and do their drinking in the cellars—just as Paris did during the war. The sublime on one side of the Atlantic and the ridiculous on the other."

"Which is which?" asked Isabel.

"Well, there is something sublime about folly like this, I suppose, and I must admit I'd feel rather a fool if I had to sneak underground for a glass of vermouth. Here we are."

They entered the theater and went to the box—the right proscenium. Their host and hostess, old friends, had not yet arrived. Isabel seated herself against the parapet, and Mrs. Orme at her elbow glanced at her husband and saw that his eyes were fixed critically on his daughter's back.

"Do you think it too low, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, no, I suppose not. After all there's nothing much less seductive about the tabernacle of the soul than its ridgepole and rafters."

"You don't see any framework in sight on your daughter."

"No, but taking women's backs full and by they strike me as absolutely impersonal. For one thing, when looking at the back you seldom see the face, and unless you see the face the back is not apt to interest you if it's anatomically correct. An inch of throat is worth a yard of back."

"*Vieux satyr!*"

"No; an old satyr would take pleasure merely in sight of so much exposed skin surface. So might a painter or a sculptor. But to the average male human being a woman's bare back is more apt to rouse anxiety about pneumonia than anything else. However, there is the economic principle involved."

The box next them had apparently been sold in separate seats, for there began to enter it men coming in ones and twos until presently it was filled, an American officer being among the occupants. Then the Ormes' host and hostess, with two other guests, arrived, and shortly after the curtain rose on the first scene of Aphrodite.

II

LIEUT. CALVERT STEELE, A. E. F., had saved himself all doubt and indecision by enlisting in the Foreign Legion at the beginning of the war, when he had just come of age. His subsequent term of service, until he had managed to get himself transferred to the American flag, had been divided pretty equally between the trenches and hospital from which he had been returned five times through a succession of minor wounds.

Calvert was one of those cosmopolitan youngsters, the only son of a nomadic mother, widowed, who with a modest but sufficient income had spent the last fifteen years of her life living variously about Europe, principally following the seasons to places of resort more or less fashionable. Calvert's education had been fragmentary, but fairly good. As a sort of international schoolboy he might have written a parents' guide on the comparative advantages of courses for youths in France, Switzerland and England. He had spent two years at an excellent institution in Lausanne, three at Harrow and three at the Lycée at Nice.

When the war broke out he had been with his mother, who was invalided in a sanatorium above Geneva, her malady being asthma, with recurrent attacks of grave severity whenever she ventured into a low altitude.

Calvert was now in Paris on furlough, awaiting the approval of his application to be mustered out in France instead of returning to America with the division to which he had been attached. Though young for the position, his last few months of service had been that of liaison officer, for which his knowledge of languages and customs had fitted him. *(Continued on Page 99)*

"It Comes High, Dad," Said She, "But if My Red Dress and Sooty Hair Can Catch a Millionaire It's Worth It"

JOHNNY CUCABOD

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"This Seems to be Your Unlucky Night, Mr. Knapp Wyant," the Girl Said Calmly. "Now Dad Can Have a Hot Supper"

Here lies Johnny Cucabod;
Pardon him, O gracious God!
He would You if he were God
And You were Johnny Cucabod.
—EPITAPH IN A NEW ENGLAND CEMETERY.

TOMMY DAWES was oiling harness in the wagon shed. From beyond, under the circle of redwoods, came the brave piping of seven-year-old Rosemary Nyal, spoiled darling of the big ranch, playing an imaginary game that involved imaginary running about at top speed. It was only in imagination that Rosemary ran about; she was bound prisoner to thin, twisted little legs, and her cell was a wheel chair. She had paid Tommy a call in great state an hour before; had left her young daughter, Louise Albertine, in his care and keeping while she was wheeled on to the redwood circle by Sito, the Filipino house boy. Louise Albertine now lay on the bench under the chain harnesses of the mules, her fat, somewhat too pink legs sticking straight up in air in most undignified fashion, her arms extended, her smile—stiff but not unfriendly—proclaiming the untroubled conscience, her eyes glued shut in sleep, real or feigned. Than Louise Albertine nothing could have appeared less provocative of disorder, violence and crime; but appearances are indeed deceitful.

Tommy Dawes finished the oiling of the nickel-plated double set belonging to the old-fashioned equipage of Mrs. Nyal, venerable mother of the boss—an excellent lady who did not hold with vacuum cleaners, electrical milking machines or automobiles—and returned it to its place in the locker built for it thirty years before. The process that in other men might have been called contemplative thinking was slowly bringing Tommy to the epochal discovery that things sure do change a lot in this world, as he crossed for the first set of heavy harness, with its clanking trace chains, its eight-pound hames, its Number Seventeen collars. He was endeavoring to formulate some expression of the vague idea that old people cling to old ways when he reached for the harness. Tommy had no business trying to formulate the expression of ideas. He should have known better. He was just a hand, and not much of a hand at that, some said. His punishment was dire, and fell swiftly.

There was a clank of forged links, a clattering, a thud, and Louise Albertine, one moment a somewhat smirking young thing in a slumber suspiciously mechanical, became in the next, under that tumbled cataclysm of harness, a confused heap of jagged and unlovely splinters and chips held together in a mocking simulacrum of form and a certain beauty by blackened and ragged shreds of clothing. She was, then she was no longer. Her demolition was as complete as terrible. Tommy snatched up the fateful set of harness, threw it aside in a panic, gathered all that remained mortal of Louise Albertine and dropped her fragments into the nearest bin, looking about him as desperately fearful as an assassin and lowering the bin cover with crafty stealth. Then he sat down to mop his face.

The tragedy—it was nothing less—shook Tommy Dawes to the roots of his being. He had a sort of dog's love for Rosemary. She was the only human who had ever so much as said she loved him, still less proved the admission true. More sophisticated men might have measured her affection inversely according to the number of people to whom she made the same declaration; Tommy Dawes was satisfied to be one of the many. He remembered now, with what bitterness of spirit only the experienced know, the intimate relations he had held in family groups of which Rosemary was one, Louise Albertine another and himself the third. Father, often; uncle; brother to the one or the other, because Rosemary had no brothers and occasionally required one imperatively; Mr. Heppelwhite, the merchant in Healdsburg, who sold dimities and wash goods to the countryside matrons of the region; several times—in haste and under violent compulsion to drop whatever homely duties as roustabout and general handy man that at the moment lay upon him—Doctor Beckoner, of Ukiah. Tommy's throat closed. Only two days before he had brought Louise Albertine through a desperate case of whooping cough by the application of a bridle cheek strap as a throat bandage, and the little mother's gratitude for the forced ride he had made of the forty miles from the pump house below the house orchard, where he had been working, to the early apple tree—already in blossom—where she was keeping house, had been expressed in a peck of a kiss on his rough, sun-baked cheek. Nyal's handy man rubbed the spot now, and groaned.

It was not until he had taken up the chain harness, dragged it across to the trestle and fallen to work on it—not knowing what else to do—that he thought beyond Rosemary herself. There would be an uncorking of the vials of wrath fast enough when the men learned what had happened. Big Jim Nyal, the owner, would put his hands into his hip pockets and stand, feet apart, staring at the culprit without a word—without so much as anger or recrimination in his face. He would just stare, contemplating Tommy much as though he were wondering whether it could be true that an omniscient Creator could be responsible for so much human frailty in one body.

The hands—teamsters, cowmen, farmers and dairy employees—would express themselves each according to his temperament. Mort Samuels would be sarcastic.

"Reckon Tommy was a-tryin' to put one foot in front of the other too fast and got 'em mixed up so bad they throwed him"—perhaps.

His brother, Dewey, would get red in his face and swear; Deffenbaugh would make it a personal matter and offer to lick the culprit fer two cents 'r a chaw of tobacco; Hefty Tait would lean back and begin a monologue which would recite in epic style all of Tommy's deficiencies—a long tale; and the foreman, Nip Brewster ——

For more than a year now—the length of time Tommy had been on the Nyal place—Brewster had been threatening to kick Tommy's pants up round his neck. That was the threat verbatim, save for colorful but generally unapproved adjectives modifying the garment and the portion of the body they were destined, at the conclusion of this performance, to inclose and adorn. At least a hundred times the threat had been followed or accompanied by a gesture of the right foot and leg painfully suggestive of instant consummation. Brewster always thought better of it in time, but Tommy's lower back often ached a little from frequent apprehensive inbendings and contortions reflex to that gesture. Sometimes the hand had told himself forcefully what he would do to the foreman if ever the foot connected with the menaced trousers, irrespective of whether or not that article of apparel were forced up so's he could use the pockets to keep his ears in. Tommy felt that he might pick up the first heavy object at hand and hurl it, and he had hot moments when he pictured the impact of a rock somewhere about Brewster's head, the surprise of the company, their new attitude toward him.

"I'll soak him one!" he often assured himself. "I'll learn him to kick me! Lam him with a neck yoke—see if I don't!"

But he would never have done so. In his heart he knew he would not. He might boil with pain and humiliation, but the rage would be momentary. His sensitive soul, deficient as it may have been in many high qualities, was gentle; he forgot indignities easily. He could no more lam a man with a neck yoke or any other weapon than he could rip a horse with spurs or tin-can a dog or than he could hurt Rosemary.

He had wiped and oiled the harness, and was washing the collars in the big, darkly stained trough at the end of the shed before he reached the point of considering flight. Momentarily he expected to hear Rosemary's voice calling for him or for Sito to wheel her forth for a change of scene and setting—or calling for Louise Albertine. But she was playing another game now.

"Martha, you may read on Page Seven. That is very good, Martha. Milton Slade, you just quit throwing spitballs, or I'll send you to Mr. Knowles. Now we will have cal-is-then-ics. Monitors, get wands!"

Two weeks before she had visited the Oak Point district school. Her mind had brought the experience away photographically—minutely vivid.

Tommy went painfully over possible preparations, modes of travel, destinations. He thought slowly, with much waste effort. Every plan faltered into insurmountable objections. He had no horse. Afoot he would be all evening and most of the night reaching any point of departure from the Russian River country; weary, broke, out of a job. And being out of a job was the climax of trouble for Tommy, because employers of labor always looked over his thin frame, crooked legs, dangling hands, simple face, and made answer scoffing, short or surly, but always in the negative. He had been out of a job before—and very hungry.

If he could only keep his wages! But then he never could do that. It seemed to be his fate to fall in with others who were chronically in need of a little loan and unfailingly successful in wheedling such out of him, or else with those who were better gamblers than he. Dice, cards, bets as to isolated and unusual facts ——

"If you was a sport now, Tommy," Dewey Samuels would say, for example, "I'd bet you a dollar we got veal stew again to-night."

And Tommy would always bet; always hoping that his sporting inclinations would win him some place with the men who were his only associates—who were never his friends. These forms of gambling varied, but never his lack of success thereat. It was a constant factor; it was unbroken by even occasional good luck. If he had any money left after pay night there would be a raffle for a utility jackknife, a saddle blanket, a pair of gauntlets; or there would be a fund in the raising for the amelioration of distress or the celebration of some anniversary or unusual event. It was never Tommy's distress that was to be ameliorated—never his birthday.

Well, he was broke, and it was nine or eleven days to pay night. Because this was either the twentieth or the twenty-second—or it may have been the seventeenth. Flight seemed indicated by all the circumstances, but flight was distasteful. The remaining alternative was to face the music; to confront the anger, the heavy humor and the biting execrations of Rosemary's worshipers, and the grief and pain of Rosemary herself. Tommy hooked the two big collars over pegs in the wall studding and began to oil them mechanically, his mind on the tangle of the accident and its train of possibilities.

A shuffling footfall outside, the gritty crumbling of gravel and a low laugh caused him to spin round.

"Please give me my daughter now, Mr. Dawes," said Rosemary, hitching herself up in her chair, still smiling at something Sito had said beyond, before Tommy heard them. "Did she have a nice time visiting with you?"

Tommy dropped his rag, smudged his nose and cheek with the back of his hand, shifted his feet. He had counted

on time to—a chance to figure out; and here was Rosemary, and there in one of the chicken-feed bins was Louise Albertine, deceased! For the first time he lied to Rosemary.

"She ain't here, Rosie. You never left her here."

"Why, I did so, Tommy Dawes! Or I thought I did! That's—funny!"

"She ain't here. You never left her here. Must've left her up at the house." Driven by his own panic, Tommy burst across the wagon shed, began pawing about Rosemary's chair. "Maybe you got her, Rosie. I haven't seen her for a couple o' days, since I cured that whooping cough of hers. Don't you r'member?"

"She isn't in the chair. I thought sure I left her to visit you. Oh, well, she's all right! She's very good about being sep-rated from me; she hardly ever cries. Well, good evening, Mr. Dawes. I'm sure I'm much obliged for your kindness."

"Don't mention it, Miss Nyal. Give my love to your fam'ly."

"I will, Mr. Dawes. Go ahead, Sito—and slip her in the high. Oh, faster! He-e-e-e!"

Tommy Dawes leaned against the door frame breathing hard. His mouth was set, his face drawn.

"By jakes, y' know what I did? I lied to her! I lied to Rosemary! That's the hell of it now!"

Flight was suddenly impossible. He had lied to Rosemary, and his disappearance would open her eyes to his turpitude. He could think of nothing else. Possible avenues of escape were closed to him. He had not only to confess to the destruction of Louise Albertine and to take the consequences from the child and from the men of the ranch, but he must admit the falsehood. This last loomed larger in his mind than the accident to the doll, perhaps because it was his later crime. He finished his work on the harness and heard the five-thirty gong at the mess house, but still he lingered there in the atmosphere redolent of oil and turpentine, stable smells and the must of rolled barley and bran warm in their bins, and postponed the evil hour of the confessional. He saw Mort Samuels and Deffenbaugh cross from the horse corral, laughing loudly; saw Templeman and Bruce Carter and Dutch, the milker, lounge in from the dairy barns; heard the voice and then saw the lank form of Ben Bishop mounted on his hammer-headed white horse.

Tommy's driven brain, aching from unaccustomed activity, suddenly evolved—materialized—gave birth to—a complete and perfect thought structure so startling in nature, so vivid as to detail, so daring and so entirely a solvent of his difficulty as to numb him. He caught at it desperately, amazed, frightened, grateful, and half fearful that it might evade him before he could fully grasp it. A second's consideration of it worked on him physically so that he felt a little nausea. He realized at once that if he played with the thought, debated it, examined it, he would never have the wit and resource to carry it through.

He ran back to the workbench, picked up a razor-sharp round knife from the repair bench, took a blanket pin from the box of odds and ends in the drawer below, and with these in his shirt pocket slipped through the stable and across the yard to the bunk house, moving carelessly and at his usual slovenly gait. There was no one inside—it had been almost certain to him in his moment of inspiration that there would be no one, since he had seen in the yard all the hands who were yet in from their scattered labors—and in a breath he was at Ben Bishop's bunk tugging at the straw tick and pulling it up from the head. His hand slid down the under side. In a moment he felt a hard protuberance, and with a quick and sure touch he slit the ticking above this with the round knife. What he drew forth was a leather wallet. From this he extracted the twenty-dollar gold piece he had known he would find there, returning the wallet and pinning the ticking together with the long, clumsy blanket pin, but doing it quite neatly. After that he took his own leather-lined range coat from a peg beyond his bunk, strolled outside, washed up at the trough and went in to supper, his only sign of tension being given by fingers that were a trifle cold at the tips.

The Little Mare Leaped Forward and Carried Him Away at a Mad Gallop Toward the Mountains and a Barely Possible Freedom!

II

FOR the general run and average of men life is made smoother by possession of a sense of humor. In the case of Knapp Wyant, as though to prove the rule, it was made infinitely more precarious, hectic and difficult. Renegade, train robber, highwayman and murderer, even he recognized this fact. Yet his resolutions to reform went always the way of his pledges and promises to boards of parole, judges, sheriffs or plain citizens who trusted him—they were incontinently broken. Playfulness was inherent with him. He could no more resist the temptation to pranks than a child given a brightly blued pail and shovel and set down on the beach could resist digging. When one is merely a person, like a bookkeeper or a farmer's wife, a tendency to practical humor is both safe and salutary; when one becomes a personage, like the President of the United States or an ex-convict with a reward upon his head, humorous quirks and antics distinguish him, in the one case, even above his distinguished peers, or in the other, are of him a mark of identification as blatant as a goiter. It was thus that Knapp Wyant was forever finding himself impeded, hampered, endangered by his unconquerable habit of jokesmithing.

He had escaped from the penitentiary at San Quentin, forty miles below, on Thursday night. Friday, Saturday and Sunday had been days of stress, with the width of a hair between himself and capture most of the time. But on Monday morning, by turning unexpectedly south on his own course, he had passed Sheriff Hugh Bundy and a posse on the road, and secure in his disguise of woman's gingham dress and sunbonnet he had watched them pelt northwest from Guerneville toward the fastnesses of the Mendocino coast. He had rested in the Bohemian Grove most of that day after sinking his borrowed garments in the river; had stolen a horse, a revolver and a belt of cartridges and then had started impudently for Guerneville again, intending there to rob the first victim he could find and take an early train south for Santa Rosa, where he could transfer to one running over into the Napa Valley and so into the haunts of his friends. The Puck in him had changed all this.

Riding slowly down the long grade toward the river, he had come on the group of summer cottages owned by those who can afford them and occupied in the salubrity of pine-and-redwood-scented summer by a flourishing colony, but in winter as deserted as a Protestant church in midweek. One of these cottages took his fancy greatly. It was roomy, comfortable looking, trim in white and green, and facing on a porch, or platform, twice its own area, through the floor of which grew half a dozen giant redwoods like pillars in a nave. A glance showed Wyant that the house was kept fully furnished and the grounds constantly attended. He reasoned that such an establishment was undoubtedly visited occasionally on week-ends and holidays, therefore that there would be both food and lodging found therein. Further examination showed him a long flight of steps leading from the staging to the river's edge, and at its foot he could see a rowboat, minus only oars. They would be in the house of course. Wyant, delayed only a moment by the flimsy catch on the French doors, walked coolly in to see.

He had been right in every particular; more, there was in closets and chests and drawers such an assortment of clothing as made his heart glad. He went out to the road, turned loose the stolen horse with a slap on the rump to accelerate a homeward movement and went again into his borrowed retreat. The comfort of the place entranced him. He ate in splendor, yawned, found a half-burned cigar on a mantelpiece, criticized its dryness but excused it because the weed itself had in its pristine condition been of excellent claro leaf—decided to retire.

Like Goldilocks in the abode of The Three Bears, he tried the beds. They were uniformly inviting. He pulled off his shoes, rose and unbuckled his gun belt. A caution habitual with him prompted an examination of entrances and exits. He decided that the gun would be as well placed on the bureau as under his pillow, where it might unnecessarily soil the white sheets, of which—not being used to them—he felt an admiration that was almost awe. Accordingly he laid his gun and belt on the bureau. Then he wanted a drink—went stocking footed into the kitchen to draw it at the tap.

Under the drinking mug that, even in the dusk, he discovered immediately was a piece of paper bearing scrawled handwriting. He had his water; he lowered the shades; he lighted a match and read:

Mr. H. Bundy, Esq.: Mrs. Bundy telegraft you might come here to-nite. I have went to Heldsburg to get tommato plants, but everything is alredy for you.

Yores respecfuly,
JNO. LARSEN.

It was the clown in Knapp Wyant that laughed. He laughed uproariously. No need for further details. The sheriff had left Santa Rosa on Monday morning on the trail with his posse to recapture the fugitive from San Quentin. Wyant knew that, because Sheriff Bundy had proved himself a hard man to avoid. Finding that the chase led westward into the Russian River neighborhood, the forethoughtful man had planned to make one camp at this summer house—undoubtedly his own—into which his quarry had fortuitously blundered. It might be that he had continued that fatuous pursuit toward the coast, of course, or he might arrive now at any time—a most unwelcome guest.

Prudence prompted flight. But Puck laughed. He would have his prank before he left.

Wyant's contemplation of the situation suggested the writing of a neat note of thanks to the sheriff for his unconscious hospitality. He found a pencil by groping, but not paper. A row of books, dust-covered—the light-reading sort most highly recommended for some reason for summer consumption—were on the mantel, and Wyant took one down. In the kitchen again, after closing the door, he dared to light a small wall lamp; sat down to indite his impertinent message.

His guess concerning the ownership of the house was confirmed again. On the flyleaf of the novel was written: "To Hugh Bundy, from Judge Nestle."

Under this inscription the ex-convict, wetting his pencil lead, printed slowly:

Much obliged, sheriff, for the feed and a soot of clothes I am a going to take.

He paused. How to give the message the nicest fillip upward, with a laugh in it? His brow puckered—cleared.

The front-door lock clicked, the door opened. Someone crossed the living room in the darkness—paused.

"Who's there? Dad?"

He blundered then—this hardened and heady renegade. Having his weapon in mind—the black gun that lay with its belt of cartridges in the bedroom he had chosen—he started for it, jerking open the

"Stand Still or I'll Smash Your Head In!" a Voice Said Huskily. "You Got Any Money?"

kitchen door violently. He caught an instantaneous picture framed in the light at his back of a black-haired girl, tall, Indian-straight, dressed in riding breeches and heavy sweater, with soft-soled pacs on her feet. She neither turned back nor screamed, but darted across toward the open bedroom door, which she slammed behind her. Wyant followed her, struck the door with his shoulder, burst through. His purpose was to rush her—disconcert her. For the moment he had forgotten the gun.

It was dark within, but not so dark but that he could see her again. She stood by the bureau, her hands resting on it, spread wide, and in her right she poised the stolen revolver. It was not held awkwardly. Wyant knew instantly that it covered him point-blank.

His wit and coolness might have carried him through this crisis, as they had through many another, but at this moment on the road above the house he heard voices, the crunch and clatter of horses' hoofs, the creak of saddles. It was apparent that they turned in.

"This seems to be your unlucky night, Mr. Knapp Wyant," the girl said calmly. "Now dad can have a hot supper."

Wyant could not see the connection. In fact, he could not think clearly about anything. Small chance certainly of overpowering this steady-nerved, tall young thing who looked so competent, so capable on her strong, clean limbs; whose square, straight shoulders spoke so surely of steadiness and sufficiency. He had raised his hands a trifle, mechanically. With a contortionate twist he sprang back through the door into the living room, crossed it noiselessly in his stockinged feet, bolted out the front entrance, ran—dodging—toward the steps to the waterside. Three or four men were dismounting just below the road; the girl's voice rang out from behind him.

"Stop—or I'll shoot—sure! Dad, head him!"

As he hurled himself at the stairhead his stolen revolver barked. He felt a red-hot iron crease his scalp—he stumbled and fell, but only a few steps. In a breath he was up again, plunged downward recklessly, reached the river. Coatless and shoeless as he was, his chances were better for swimming than they could possibly be for hiding or trying to run along the bank and regain a road. Without losing a motion he dived and struck out desperately. When he came up he could hear shouts above.

"You and Dick downstream!

"Showalter, you take the road!

"Harriet, can you go to Robbins' and telephone to ——"

"Sure, dad!"

"It's darker than the pit!"

"Shall we shoot, sheriff?"

"Yes. It's Wyant all right!"

Out of the confusion and with the surge of water against his ears the outlaw heard only snatches. But he knew that the man he was now matching wits with was no tyro. Presently there came to him the hollow clump-clump of men taking to a boat, then the rattle of oarlocks and a splash as a skiff was turned and headed outward. Wyant swam upstream with strong, steady strokes, plowing the current with head partly submerged, swimming on his side and swimming well. The darkness was almost complete.

Presently he was aware that the men in the boat were jumping to the natural conclusion that he would swim with the current instead of against it and were getting farther from him with every pull of the oars. He quartered across the river. With his ears ringing from his effort and loss of blood from the nasty furrow the bullet had made along his scalp, he gained the farther bank—dragged himself up. He wasted no time then. He was marked, he was closely pursued, he was identified and he was without either arms or money. In short, his chances of escape were desperately few and desperately he must take them. He began to run, having a destination already decided upon.

Leaving Guerneville on Monday morning, after having been passed on the road by the posse, Wyant had seen a place where prosperity and thriftiness were proclaimed by every neatly fenced meadow and gutter-bordered lane; where the extent and character of farmed land and of buildings unmistakably indicated a well-to-do, if not a wealthy, household within. Here, if anywhere, he would find what he must have or else surrender. He made his way thither with unerring instinct for direction and distance, approached cautiously, found himself on the very porch of the ranch house without having encountered anyone or having roused a dog. The windows were unscreened by blinds, brightly lighted. Inside the first room was an elderly man reading a paper by an ornate lamp with a broad yellow shade. In the corner a rifle leaned. Above it was a belt generously loaded with cartridges. They were all hunters in this region. His luck was phenomenal.

In a moment he was in the room, crossing toward the rifle in a dash that carried him past the man, who started from his chair and peered comically at the intruder over old-fashioned steel-rimmed glasses.

"What's this?" he shouted angrily. "What do you want? Stop there!"

Wyant reached the rifle as a woman's voice sounded without. He heard shuffling footsteps—snatched at the cartridge belt. It caught, but he dragged it down, bringing with it the hook from which it had been suspended.

"Get out of the way if you know what's good for you!"

"Drop that rifle!"

"Get back, you old fool!"

A scream behind him, heavier voices beyond, shouting inquiry, the pound of running feet!

"No you don't! Bob! Henry!"

Wyant saw a woman's scared face in the background—heard her scream again shrilly. The old man closed in, clutched at him. His clothes were wet—clinging—but the rancher contrived to grasp one sleeve. Wyant swung the rifle up—brought it down. The householder fell dumbly.

Wyant plunged into the darkness, whipped round the house and to the barn. In another moment, while two powerful youths came swinging from the house, shouting, he had loosed from her stall and clambered upon a quiet little mare. He dug his heels into her sides, using her halter rope for a hackamore. She leaped forward down a lane, gained the road, responded to his urging with a furious gait—carried him away at that mad gallop toward the mountains and a now barely possible freedom!

III

IT WAS at about this same time that another man in the same region and, like Knapp Wyant, already steeped in crime—did not Tommy Dawes have behind him the lie to Rosemary, the theft of Ben Bishop's hoarded twenty-dollar gold piece, marked, according to Ben's cute practice, with a tiny initial B under the tail of the eagle, and the larcenous borrow of a crow bait from the corrals?—turned his horse's head eastward at Portuguese Flats and struck into the winding and confusing old logging roads that form a network through all that plateau country. Tommy knew the road slightly. He was riding largely by guess, and several of his guesses proved poor ones. It was almost eight o'clock then when he came out into the Forestville road near the McCauley schoolhouse.

He heard drumming hoofs down the cañon that leads to Russian River. The tall, rawboned crow bait he rode pricked up his ears and shied a little as the second horse came pounding up, breathing hard. Tommy—an indifferent rider at best—lurched sidewise, almost fell. He was prevented from doing so for the moment by finding hard, rough arms round his shoulders half supporting him. He pulled himself up by the saddle horn, but the man who had caught him, jerking his own spent animal onto her haunches at the instant of collision, threw his left leg over and slid to the ground, dragging Tommy with him. Tommy struck out manfully, but his arms were pinned—his movements smothered.

"Stand still or I'll smash your head in!" a voice said huskily. "I've got no time to fool with you."

Tommy laughed nervously.

"What's the joke, mister?" he asked hopefully.

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SLOW POISON

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE Chelmsford divorce had been accomplished with the utmost decorum, not only outwardly in the newspapers, but inwardly among a group of intimate friends. They were a homogeneous couple—were liked by the same people, enjoyed the same things, and held many friends in common. These were able to say with some approach to certainty that everyone had behaved splendidly, even the infant of twenty-three with whom Julian had fallen in love.

Of course there will always be the question—and we used to argue it often in those days—how well a man can behave who, after fifteen perfectly satisfactory years of married life, admits that he has fallen in love with another woman. But if you believe in the clap-of-thunder theory, as I do, why, then, for a man nearing forty, taken off his feet by a blond-headed girl, Julian, too, behaved admirably.

As for Mrs. Julian, there was never any doubt as to her conduct. I used to think her—and I was not alone in the opinion—the most perfect combination of gentleness and power, and charity and humor, that I had ever seen. She was a year or so older than Julian—though she did not look it—and a good deal wiser, especially in the ways of the world; and, oddly enough, one of the features that worried us most in the whole situation was how he was ever going to get on, in the worldly sense, without her. He was to suffer not only from the loss of her counsel but from the lack of her indorsement. There are certain women who are a form of insurance to a man; and Anne gave a poise and solidity to Julian's presentation of himself which his own flibbertigibbet manner made particularly necessary.

I think this view of the matter disturbed Anne herself, though she was too clever to say so; or perhaps too numbed by the utter wreck of her own life to see as clearly as usual the rocks ahead of Julian. It was she, I believe, who first mentioned, who first thought of divorce, and certainly she who arranged the details. Julian, still in the more ideal stage of his emotion, had hardly wakened to the fact that his new love was marriageable. But Mrs. Julian, with the practical eye of her sex, saw in a flash all it might mean to him, at his age, to begin life again with a young beauty who adored him.

I Feared That Her Real Motive for Coming, Conscious or Unconscious, Was to See Julian Again

She saw this, at least, as soon as she saw anything; for Julian, like most of us when the occasion rises, developed a very pretty power of concealment. He had for a month been seeing Miss Littell every day before any of us knew that he went to see her at all. Certainly Anne, unsuspicious by nature, was unprepared for the revelation.

It took place in the utterly futile, unnecessary way such revelations always do take place. The two poor innocent dears had allowed themselves a single indiscretion; they had gone out together, a few days before Christmas, to buy some small gifts for each other. They had had an adventure with a beggar, an old man wise enough to take advantage of the holiday season, and the no less obvious holiday in the hearts of this pair. He had forced them to listen to some quaint variant of the old story, and they had between them given him all the small change they had left—sixty-seven cents, I think it was.

That evening at dinner Julian, ever so slightly afraid of the long pause, had told Anne the story as if it had happened to him alone. A few days afterward the girl, whom she happened to meet somewhere or other, displaying perhaps a similar nervousness, told the same story. Even the number of cents agreed.

I spoke a moment ago of the extraordinary power of concealment which we all possess; but I should have said the negative power to avoid exciting suspicion. Before that moment, before the finger points at us, the fool can deceive the sage; and afterward not even the sage can deceive the veriest fool.

Julian had no desire to lie to his wife. Indeed, he told me he had felt from the first that she would be his fittest confidante. He immediately told her everything—a dream rather than a narrative.

Nowhere did Anne show her magnanimity more than in accepting the rather extravagant financial arrangements which Julian insisted on making for her. He was not a rich man, and she the better economist of the two. We knew she saw that in popular esteem Julian would pay the price of her pride if she refused, and that in this ticklish moment of his life the least she could do was to let him have the full credit for his generosity.

"And after all," as she said to me, "young love can afford to go without a good many things necessary to old age."

It was the nearest I heard her come to a complaint.

As soon as everything was settled she sailed for Florence, where she had friends and where, she intimated, she meant to spend most of her time.

I said good-by to her with real emotion, and the phrase I used as to my wish to serve her was anything but a convention.

Nor did she take it so.

"Help Julian through this next year," she said. "People will take it harder than he knows. He'll need you all." And she was kind enough to add something about my tact. Poor lady! She must have mentally withdrawn her little compliment before we met many times again.

II

PERHAPS the only fault in Anne's education of her husband had been her inability to cling. In his new ménage this error was rectified, and the effect on him was conspicuously good; in fact, I think Rose's confidence in his greatness pulled them through the difficult time.

For there was no denying that it was difficult. Many people looked coldly on them, and I know there was even some talk of asking him to resign from the firm of architects of which he was a member. The other men were all older, and very conservative. Julian represented to them everything that was modern and dangerous. Granger, the leading spirit, was in the habit of describing himself as holding old-fashioned views, by which he meant that he had all the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers and none of their defects. I never liked him, but I could not help respecting him. The worst you could say of him was that his high standards were always successful. You felt that so fanatical a sense of duty ought to have required some sacrifices.

To such a man Julian's conduct appeared not only immoral but inadvisable, and unfitting in a young man, especially without consulting his senior partners.

We used to say among ourselves that Granger's reason for wanting to get rid of Julian was not any real affection for the dim old moral code, but rather his acute realization that without Anne his junior partner was a less valuable asset.

Things were still hanging fire when I paid her the first of my annual visits. She was dreadfully distressed at my account of the situation. She had the manner one sometimes sees in dismissed nurses who meet their former little charges unwashed or uncared for. She could hardly believe it was no longer her business to put the whole matter right.

"Can't she do something for him?" she said. "Make her bring him a great building. That would save him."

It was this message that I carried home to Rose; at least I suggested the idea to her as if it were my own. I had my doubts of her being able to carry it out.

Out of loyalty to Julian, or perhaps I ought to say out of loyalty to Anne, we had all accepted Rose, but we should soon have loved her in any case. She was extraordinarily sweet and docile, and gave us, those at least who were not parents, our first window to the east, our first link with the next generation, just at the moment when we were relinquishing the title ourselves. I am afraid that some of the males among us envied Julian more than perhaps in the old days we had ever envied him Anne.

But we hardly expected her to further his career as Anne had done, and yet, oddly enough, that was exactly what she did. Her methods had all the effectiveness of youth and complete conviction. She forced Julian on her friends and relations, not so much on his account as on theirs. She wanted them to be sure of the best. The result was that orders flowed in. Things took a turn for the better and continued to improve, as I was able to report to Anne when I went to see her at Florence or at Paris. She was always well lodged, well served, and surrounded by the pleasantest people; yet each time I saw her she had a look exiled and circumscribed, a look I can only describe as that of a spirit in reduced circumstances.

She was always avid for details of Julian and all that concerned him; and as times improved I was stupid enough to suppose I pleased her by giving them from the most favorable angle. It seemed to me quite obvious, as I saw how utterly she had ruined her own life, that she ought at least to have the comfort of knowing that she had not sacrificed it in vain. And so I allowed myself, not an exaggeration but a candor more unrestrained than would be usual in the circumstances.

Led on by her burning interest I told her many things I might much better have kept to myself; not only accounts of his work and his household and any new friends in our old circle, but we had all been amazed to see a sense of responsibility develop in Julian in answer to his new wife's dependence on him. With this had come a certain thoughtfulness in small attentions, which, I saw too late, Anne must always have missed in him. She was so much more competent in the smaller achievements of life than he that it had been wisdom to leave them to her; and Anne had often traveled alone and attended to the luggage, when now Rose was personally conducted like a young empress. The explanation was simple enough: Anne had the ability to do it, and the other had not. Even if I had stopped to think, I might fairly have supposed that Anne would find some flattery in the contrast. I should have been wrong.

Almost the first thing she asked me was whether he came home to luncheon. In old times, though his house was only a few blocks from his office, he had always insisted that it took too much time. Anne had never gained her point with him, though she put some force into the effort. Now I had to confess he did.

"It's much better for him," she said with pleasure, and quite deceived me; herself, too, perhaps.

Yet even I, for all my blindness, felt some uneasiness the year Rose's son was born. I do not think the desire for offspring had ever taken up a great deal of room in Julian's consciousness, but of course Anne had wanted children, and I felt very cruel, sitting in her little apartment in Paris, describing the baby who ought to have been hers. How different her position would have been now if she had some thin-legged little girl to educate or some raw-boned boy to worry over; and there was that overblessed woman at home, necessary not only to Julian but to Julian's son.

It was this same year, but at a later visit, that I first became aware of a change in Anne. At first the charm of her surroundings, her pretty clothes, even to the bright little buckles on her shoes, blinded me to the fact that she herself was changed. I do not mean that she was aged. One of the delightful things about her was that she was obviously going to make an admirable old lady; the delicate boniness of her face and the clearness of her skin assured that. This was a change more fundamental. Even in her most distracted days Anne had always maintained a certain steadiness of head. She had trodden thorny paths, but she had always known where she was going. I had seen her eyelids red, but I had never failed to find in the eyes themselves the promise of a purpose. But now it was gone. I felt as if I were looking into a little pool which had been troubled by a stone, and I waiting vainly for the reflection to re-form itself.

So painful was the impression that before I sailed for home I tried to convey to her the dangers of her mood.

"I think you are advising me to be happy," she said.

"I am advising no such thing," I answered. "I am merely pointing out that you run the risk of being more unhappy than you are. My visits—or rather the news I bring you—are too important to you. You make me feel as if it were the only event in the year—to you, who have always had such an interesting life of your own."

"I have not had a life of my own since I was twenty," she returned. It was at twenty she had married.

"Then think of Julian," I said, annoyed not only at my own clumsiness but at the absence of anything of Anne's old heroic spirit. "For his sake, at least, you must keep your head. Why, my dear woman, one look at your face, grown as desperate as it sometimes appears now, would ruin Julian with the whole world. Even I, knowing the whole story, would find it hard to forgive him if you should fail to continue to be the splendid triumphant creature whom we know you were designed to be."

She gave me a long queer look, which meant something tremendous. Evidently my words had made an impression.

They had, but not just the one I intended.

III

ONE of the first people I always saw on returning was Julian. How often he thought of Anne I do not know, but he spoke of her with the greatest effort. He invariably took care to assure himself that she was physically well, but beyond this it would have been a brave person who dared to go. He did not want to hear the details of her life and appearance.

It was with some trepidation, therefore, that a few months after this I came to tell him that Anne was about to return to America. Why she was coming, or for how long, her letter did not say. I only knew that the second Saturday in December would see her among us again. It seemed fair to assume that her stay would not be long. Julian evidently thought so, for he arranged to be in the West for three or four weeks.

I went to meet her. The day was cold and rainy, and as soon as I saw her I made up my mind that the crossing had been a bad one, and I was glad no one else had come to the wharf with me. She was standing by the rail, wrapped in a voluminous fur coat—the fashions were slim in the extreme—and her hat was tied on by a blue veil.

I may as well admit that from the moment I heard of her projected return I feared that her real motive for coming, conscious or unconscious, was to see Julian again. So when I told her of his absence I was immensely relieved that she took it as a matter of course.

"I suppose we might have met," she observed. "As it is, I can go about without any fear of an awkward encounter." I say I was relieved, but I was also excessively puzzled. Why had Anne come home?

It was a question I was to hear answered in a variety of ways during the next few months, by many of Anne's friends and partisans; for, as I think I have said, Anne had inspired great attachment since her earliest days. Why had she come home? they exclaimed. Why not, pray? Had she done anything criminal that she was to be exiled? Did I think it pleasant to live abroad on a small income? Even if she could get on without her friends, could they do without her?

The tone of these questions annoyed me not a little when I heard them, which was not for some time. Soon after Anne's arrival I, too, was called away, and it was not until February that I returned and was met by the carefully set piece—Anne the Victim.

With that ill-advised self-confidence of which I have already made mention, I at once set about demolishing this picture. I told Anne's friends, who were also mine, that she would thank them very little for their attitude. I found myself painting her life abroad as a delirium of intellect and luxury. I even found myself betraying professional secrets and arguing with total strangers as to the amount of her income.

Even in Montreal faint echoes of this state of things had reached me, but not until I went to see Anne on my return did I get any idea of their cause. She had taken a furnished apartment from a friend, in a dreary building in one

(Continued on Page 54)

The Two Poor Innocent Dears Had Allowed Themselves a Single Indiscretion: They Had Gone Out Together a Few Days Before Christmas. They Had Had an Adventure With a Beggar

Whither are We Thrifting?

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

In Early March I Did a Good Deal of Cross-Country Motoring

A MAN I know stood in the queue before the ticket window of a railroad station in a Michigan city waiting his turn to claim his reservation. He tells me this story: He says that directly ahead of him in the line was a middle-aged man who wore a wrinkled, work-stained suit, but had on a pair of very new, very squeaky patent-leather shoes with fancy cloth tops to them and a brilliantly striped silk shirt, which at the vent of the wearer's waistcoat revealed its stick-candy pattern with added effect by virtue of his having on neither collar nor tie. Below the cuffs of the shirt sleeves swung a heavy pair of hands, thickened and cross-hatched on the knuckles by hard manual labor. When this man reached the window my friend just behind him heard him say to the ticket seller: "I want to go to New York—*and* I want sure to go on a Pullman."

"Everything for New York is sold out solid two days ahead," said the man at the wicket. "I can sell you a ticket through, but I can't give you anything on the sleeper."

"All right," said the applicant, "then I'll go to Chicago, *but* I gotta go on a Pullman car."

"Nothin' doin' for Chicago before to-morrow. Want to wait until then?"

"Nope, I want to go to-day." He thought for a moment. "How about Cincinnati then?" he asked. "*But* I gotta go on a Pullman car."

The agent consulted his slips.

"Cincinnati will be O. K. for train Number So-and-So, leaving at such-and-such an hour this afternoon," he stated.

Out of a trousers pocket the man drew a handful of crumpled bills.

"What's the damage goin' to be?" he asked.

"What space do you want?"

"Which?"

"Do you want a lower berth or an upper berth or a section or a compartment? I can't give you the drawing-room—that's taken." A smile was twitching at the corners of the agent's mouth.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout all that stuff," stated Silk Shirt. "All I know is I want to go on a Pullman car."

The agent sold him a lower berth, and he departed carrying with him a new and shiny leather suitcase.

The Class Between the Millstones

"FUNNY, ain't it?" commented the ticket man as my friend appeared at the window. "Still, at that, I'm gettin' used to it. We have a lot of this sort of thing these days, though I admit that fellow that just left was a sort of an unusual case."

"What's the answer?"

"You can search me. Everybody seems to be dead set on traveling somewhere. All the time I'm goin' up against people that, to judge by the way they talk and act, never did any traveling before in their whole lives. Once in a while I get a party like that party that just left—if they can't go one place they're willin' to go another, just so they go. I sold a drawing-room to Chicago here the other day to some kind of a foreigner that, I bet you, never saw the insides of anything on wheels except an immigrant train, let alone a Pullman car. He had a roll of bills on him that you could 'a' choked an elephant to death with it. Where do they get all that money? I know I ain't getting only mighty little of it," he added, voicing the common lament of the white-collared-clerk class who to-day, like the scriptural peppercorn, are being ground between the upper millstone and the nether.

In early March I did a good deal of cross-country motoring in the South Atlantic States. These were not pleasure jaunts; business reasons sent me.

In the north-central part of North Carolina, as two of us skidded along on our hired car through the deep ruts in the dirt road, we passed a small country cemetery. It stretched upward across the flank of a hill that was all water-washed sand at its base and all naked red clay up its sides.

If there is a more God-forsaken-looking thing of human ownership than the average isolated country burying ground I can't remember offhand what it is. This particular burying ground was no exception to the common rule. Its picket fence was broken and snaggled like a row of bad teeth and had wide-gaped places in it where whole panels had pulled away from the rusted nails and fallen flat. Its shrubbery was ragged and unkempt and just now had an especially forlorn appearance, seeing that its old leaves had fallen and its new leaves had not yet sprouted. Its ragged, lumpy turf seemingly had never known rake or roller.

What caught my eye was the number of new monuments in the inclosure. Plainly they were very new. They had that look about them of freshly chiseled marble which has not had time yet to weather. Crosses, slabs, short, stubby shafts like blunt fingers, headstones, footstones and chunks of marble fashioned by rural sculptors into supposed representations of cairns of round bowlders, but looking more like overstuffed chairs that had lost their arms—these common expressions of our native mortuary art speckled the bare expanse at such frequent intervals that the sight moved me to comment.

"There must have been a high death rate somewhere in this neighborhood lately," I remarked to the driver as we wallowed by. "Just look at that cemetery there on the right."

"I'll say so," he answered. "Well, there was an awful lot of this here influenza all over the country this past winter."

The next day, a hundred or so miles farther north, our car—it was another car with another driver—halted for small repairs on the edge of a little town. I climbed out of the machine to stretch my legs. Beyond the first turn in the road I came upon the communal graveyard. It was a fair replica of the one I had seen the day before, even to the new gravestones. Something moved me to have a closer view of the place. I dragged the rickety gates ajar and entered the empty expanse. When I came to the first tenanted plot I was struck by a curious circumstance.

The grave alongside which I had halted evidently was not a fresh-made grave. The stone above it was new. The rains had not streaked its surface and there were small chips of marble in the letters of the inscription. Yet the date it bore was a date in the year 1907, and the grave itself was firmly rounded and thickly thatched with frosted grass through which a few green sprigs stuck.

I passed along to the next lot. Here the tombstone maker must have been commissioned to do special honor to the sleeper who lay under the sod beneath his freshly chiseled handicraft. At the head of the mound was a tall column, at the foot a heavy marker, and the grave was edged with marble strips set on edge in the pattern of a parallelogram; the year named in the inscription was 1912.

Good Times for Tombstone Men

IN FIVE family plots in that little cemetery I counted nine new monuments. The dates on the inscriptions showed that six of this nine had been erected in memory of persons dead for considerable periods of time. One was dated back eighteen years, and only three of the stones testified by their lines that death had taken place lately.

I spent that night in a small city which is growing out of its smallness by big leaps. It lies almost in the geographical center of an area where three of what North Carolinians call their money crops are produced—tobacco, cotton and peanuts. For the past two or three years the district has enjoyed a gorgeous prosperity. At supper I told my host, a man of consequence in the town, to whose house I had been invited, what I had noticed that afternoon in this graveyard, and he said: "Oh, you've seen it, too, then? Well, it's merely one of the concrete evidences of the mania for spending money that has seized upon our people. When they've bought everything else that they can think of in the way of luxuries—the things for which they used to crave in the old days when they couldn't afford them—why, then they go and patronize the tombstone man for a spell. It may be a local manifestation, but I imagine you'll find more or less of it all through the South. As I figure it, the motive behind it is not so much a desire to honor the memory of someone who's dead as it is just a chance for the living to spend money in a new direction.

Sometimes You Can't Even Find Your Little One-Carat Gem of Pork

"You're a Southerner yourself, so you know how it is with our Southern negroes. When a darky dies his family go broke spending his insurance money on a fancy lodge funeral, and then often enough leave the grave unmarked and untended to grow up in weeds—at least that's the way they used to do. But now the negroes, being the most imitative race on earth, anyhow, are patterning after the example set by their white neighbors and are buying tombstones—elaborate, expensive ones sometimes—to be

set at the graves of their people. It doesn't seem to matter to them how long the individual thus honored has been dead, or how neglected his grave may have been in the meantime. The main desire is to spend the money."

At a junction point in Virginia I left a fast train going south to wait for a local train east bound to tidewater. There was an hour's wait which stretched into two hours. I crossed the tracks to a smelly little lunch room—in the vernacular of the country, a snack stand—to get a bite to eat. The proprietor was a Greek. I sat on a stool at the counter with a company made up of teamsters, train hands and countrymen. It developed that the proprietor had a supply of quail on hand. These quail were not listed on his flyspecked menu of short-order dishes, because it is against the law to sell quail, cooked or uncooked, in Virginia. But the birds were available for consumption by anybody who had the price to pay for quail on toast, the price being ninety cents for the quail, with the toast thrown in for good measure. Nearly every man along the counter was eating quail on toast, and this in a country where a few years back quail in the open season sold on the open market at ten cents apiece, or a dollar a dozen.

The Once Spry Bell Hop Doesn't Always Leap Forward to Relieve You of Your Bag

I went into a jewelry store in a city on the Florida east coast to purchase a christening gift for a friend's baby daughter. The owner, who served me, apologized for the scantiness of his stock. Some of his shelves were almost empty; his show cases were sparsely filled.

"I'm almost sold out in certain lines," he said, "and it's so hard just now to get in new supplies that I'm seriously tempted sometimes to shut up shop and take a vacation."

"The tourists have cleared you out?" I ventured.

"It isn't so much the tourists; it's the natives. We had a great tourist season here this winter, the biggest we ever had; but the tourists mainly patronize the branch establishments of those big Northern jewelers that you'll see over by the water front in the neighborhood of the larger hotels. My trade is more or less of a local trade and always has been. And I never had such business before as I've had this year. People come in here—crackers from out in the woods some of them, and even country darkies—and want something in the jewelry line. Very often they don't seem to know exactly what it is they do want, except that it's got to be jewelry, and expensive jewelry at that.

"I've learned my little lesson. I don't go by the appearance of a customer any more. Even if a customer looks as if he might want something cheap I don't start off as I once did by showing him something cheap. I begin by hauling out the most expensive things I've got in stock—diamonds, platinum-set stuff, imported stuff, fine watches—that sort of thing.

"A man will come in here who looks as though he never saw a hundred dollars in a lump and ask to look at some rings, say. I'll pull out a case of rings and oftener than not he'll pick out the biggest, showiest ring in the case and ask the price. I'll name the price, and it's generally a whopping good big price too—you know the cost of everything in the jewelry line is way up now—and without any bargaining he'll just haul out the money and plank it down and put the ring on his finger and walk out. That's what he'll do nine times out of ten, unless I happen to have something even more expensive in stock. Nowadays I don't expect 'em to say 'Haven't you got something a little cheaper than this?' No, sir-ree, that's old stuff! What I hear these times is, 'Haven't you got something that's better than this?'"

Walking to the station in a South Dakota town one snowy morning I passed a shop of a type which the negroes down my way used to call a pistol store—meaning by that a combination of pawnshop and cheap-John clothing shop. If the reader be a student of shop windows, as I profess to be, he mentally may recreate the picture of the typical shop window of one of these side-street establishments. In the center, close up to the glass, is a murderous offering of dirk knives with deer-shank handles, brass knuckle dusters, loaded billies and revolvers. Flanking these are pledged articles, pinchbeck jewelry, handcuffs, watches dangling by chains, musical instruments, including guitars—there always is at least one guitar, usually with mother-of-pearl insets in its varnished abdomen—and to fill in round the edges of the main display, cheap blue shirts, overalls, jumpers, cowhide shoes, secondhand garments that are old, and shoddy garments that are new.

Passing this shop in this Dakota town, my first glance at the window told me the character of the wares customarily displayed in such an establishment had changed. There was a difference somewhere. I took a second look and realized what it was. The customary lethal exhibit—the pistols, the knives and brass knucks—was there. Gone, though, were the denims and the cottons and the shoddies. Gone, too, the used garments. In the places of these were gaudy silk or near-silk shirts, cloth-top shoes with fanciful arrangements of buttons on them, and such things.

I stepped inside with a view to questioning the owner of the place. He was an alert-looking little Jewish man—with a sense of humor as it turned out. His wife was with him, a stout woman speckled over with diamonds like big casino. When he found my mission was not official he talked readily enough. At the outset I think he rather imagined I might be an income-tax collector.

The Silk-Shirt Phase

"OH, YES," he said, "I've still got a few odd job lots of the kind of stuff I used to handle, but it's mostly packed away here at the back somewhere. There's not much call any more for the things I used to carry, so I don't show 'em in my window. I display the sort of stuff that the fellows want. You take the average young fellow that patronizes me. Maybe he drives a taxicab, or maybe he works in a garage, or maybe he's a helper in a plumber's shop. He gets his hair cut that new way so as to show his scalp clear up to the top of his head, and then he comes in here and wants to be rigged out with silk shirts and swell shoes and one of them snappy suits for varsity men with a skimpy coat and a belt round him right up under his armpits. He'll pay forty or fifty dollars for it as quick as he used to be willing to pay ten or fifteen. And if he buys overalls at all it's so's he'll have something to put on over his stylish clothes while he's working. Secondhand stuff you can't scarcely give away at any price. It's what I call a drug on the market."

I took note that he was wearing a silk shirt himself. Well, for that matter, so is nearly everybody. Probably this phase in American life will go down into history as the silk-shirt phase.

I spent a day and a night in a city near where Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana touch boundaries. It is the focal point for one of the new oil developments. The town was jammed and overflowing with all the types that ride on the crest of an oil boom and with all the camp-follower crews that follow in its wake—prospectors, wildcatters, well borers, riggers, promoters, gamblers, dealers in leases, to-day's paupers and to-morrow's millionaires, not to mention a sprinkling

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They Call Their Begging Operations by the Name of a Drive, and They Go a-Campaigning Not After Dimes and Quarters But After Millions and Fat Multiples of Millions

JUNK

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"I Shall Tell Thee No More Appetite Stories," Sing Fu Commented After the Boy Had Eaten His Fourth Bowlful of Rice

WHEN Hong Chung Lu, the red-headed one, was eight years old some evil spirit invaded the circle of benevolent influence cast by the porcelain catfish on the ridge of his father's house. Soon after this calamity a plague of the flesh ate its malignant course beneath the poultices of fish bones and beetles upon the skin of Chung Lu's brother, and in less than a month the brother's soul ascended to the skies on the Dragon. A rice-eating neighbor gorged himself on the funeral feast and discovered the source of evil which had visited the house of Chung Lu's father.

"In the red hair of Chung Lu the spirits of hell enjoy sanctuary. So long as Chung Lu dwells beneath this roof the porcelain catfish is powerless and your house is cursed."

"That is the truth," Chung Lu's father agreed.

He selected a pliant rope from the packing lines outside the door of his house and presently the little boy had been scourged beyond the borders of the paternal domain.

"Begone! Away, thou red-headed residence of evil! Take with thee the curses of my house!"

Chung Lu did not quite understand the incident. He knew that the burning welts across his narrow shoulders hurt with a fury which made him forget the hunger in his belly and the cold that pierced the rags about him.

Under the lash in his father's hands he did not cry aloud, but the white line of his lips spoke the reaction accomplished within his tortured flesh. For three days he lay in the grasses on the south bank of the Min River near the village of Yen Ping Fu. The mud of the river marsh felt grateful upon his skin, but after a while the hurt of his wounds became inferior to the hunger pain within him. When these demands could no longer be soothed with the tightening of his ragged girdle he clawed among the grasses about him and ate quantities of roots until his stomach rebelled. On the fourth day the sunlight warmed him.

"If my head were turned to the east," he thought, "this would be a good place in which to die. I am not cold or hungry and the pain of my wounds is gone."

Ambition died. His eyes closed slowly and his little body settled more intimately into the friendly cradle of the mud about him. A ricebird a little way from him repeated three insistent notes. Chung Lu's farewell to life was interrupted by the bird's shrill call. He opened his eyes, and a moment later from his pursed lips came an attempted answer to the bird notes:

"Ricebird, thou hast food in the slugs of earth. Thy coat of feathers keeps thee warm and all the interesting world lies beneath thy wings. Is that not enough? Why do you call me back to the miserable business of life?"

Then it seemed to this poor bit of living clay that the ricebird spoke to him.

"Art thou not a man child?" the ricebird shrilled. "Red-crested one, take courage! Awake and employ the energy of thy body in effort worthy of a man."

Chung Lu answered with a shrill note from his lips in which there rang new courage. He raised his little head. His eyes roved the space which lay between him and the river's edge. Then quickly he lowered his head, but to no avail, because the giant turtle, Ch'en, upon whose round unstable back is carried the whirling world, had discovered him. The turtle roared at him:

"Coward! Did the fibers of thy father's lash reach thy spirit? Up! Art thou a man, or does a woman's heart beat within thy breast? Does a stone lion fear the rain? Stand on thy feet. Day follows night. After a typhoon there are pears to gather."

Chung Lu answered the giant turtle:

"Truth is upon thy lips and in my heart there is new courage. But for yet a little while I would sleep."

The turtle, Ch'en, answered him more softly:

"Sleep then, but remember that time is like an arrow. Time is the measure of life. When you waken remember that a big chicken does not eat small rice. A man must beat his own drum. When you waken go up the hill that you may read the world below you. Presently you will explore Fu-chau, the happy region of earth. Remember that the fangs of the earth dogs cannot pierce the soul. You are a man, and a man in himself is a small heaven. Sleep!"

Chung Lu fell quietly asleep. He slept throughout the flight of the warm sun from east to west. At evening he wakened. Of his conversation with Ch'en, the giant turtle, there remained in his memory naught save the one sentence: "Go up the hill."

"To-morrow," he resolved, "I shall go to the top of the high hills."

At dawn the pain of hunger was again exquisite within him. He rose unsteadily to his feet. He sensed a lake of salt in the labyrinth of his throat. He walked toward the river's edge. Where Ch'en, the giant turtle, had rested no trace remained except the imprint of his armor, but a little beyond this depression in the earth Chung Lu was startled to discover a smaller turtle measuring perhaps six inches across his plated shell.

"The friendly Ch'en has left me this reassuring relative." He approached the turtle and picked it up. "While thou art with me, baby Ch'en, I shall remember that I am a man."

He folded the turtle in the rags above his girdle. As he lay prone beside the river's edge he found a few stalks of wild millet. Between his palms he threshed an ounce of grain. He munched this strengthening grain and was refreshed. He began his journey toward the summit of the high hills. By nightfall he had covered a distance of a mile, but the high hills still seemed to lie a day's journey before him. He saw a man enter a house which stood beside a grave about whose sheltering tiles rose a ring of pine trees. Chung Lu explored his girdle.

"Perhaps this man will give me food. Hola!" he called in greeting. "I have hunger. Here is an iron nail which I will give you for a little cooked rice. Hola!"

The man looked at him.

"Evil red-headed one, begone!" he said.

Chung Lu turned to retreat from this new enemy, when suddenly he remembered the advice of the giant Ch'en: "A man must beat his own drum." Chung Lu turned upon the man and in his shrill tones burned a venom which commanded respect. "Evil upon thee! In my girdle I carry the little brother of the giant Ch'en, upon whose broad back rests this whirling world. Give me rice! Ch'en is my friend." He held the little turtle in his hand. He extended it threateningly toward the man.

"Hai! Give me that baby Ch'en!"

Forcibly the man took the little turtle away from Chung Lu, and a moment later under the quick swing of a knife the turtle's armor was broken and its flesh was in the cooking pot. From Chung Lu's lips there flooded a string of invectives which presently received from the farmer and his wife appropriate attention.

"Surely the evil spirits will hear him!" the woman said. "It is better that we give him a little food."

The farmer placed a little rice in a dish. He fished a bit of the turtle meat from the cooking pot and placed this morsel of meat on the rice.

"Eat, red-headed one," he said, "Eat, and then begone!"

Chung Lu's teeth clamped down upon the bit of turtle flesh, and then his ravenous jaws champed as fast as they could drive upon the food whose juice caressed his palate. Throughout his life the acute ecstasy which came with this first bit of turtle flesh remained the most exquisite sensation he had known. His eyes closed in his effort to prolong the realization of the physical relief which had dulled the teeth of his hunger. Then followed the substantial blessing of rice.

"Hah! Never was food so wonderful!"

The farmer turned to him.

"Begone! And take thy red head with thee before I snip it from thy body."

Chung Lu walked into the night. Above him the cold heavens were bright with stars.

"Ai! That was worth while. I owe my life to Ch'en. Now I shall sleep."

He collected an armful of withered rushes from where they grew in the soggy ground that fringed a hillside spring. These he carried to an open space beside a ring of

little pines that encircled an ancient grave. He took care to make his bed outside the space inclosed by the pines. He lay down to sleep, but for a little while his eyes traversed the brilliant constellations that burned in the sky above him. Some instinct within him appreciated the beauty of the veil of pine branches which lay between him and the sky. Presently into the twilight country of his dreams there came to him the giant Ch'en.

"Go to the high hills," Ch'en commanded. "From the heights look upon the world. Afterward your feet will lead you to the happy region of Fu-chau."

The next morning after Chung Lu had resumed his journey he encountered a beggar coming toward him.

"Red-headed boy, where are you going?" the beggar asked him.

"Into the high hills to look upon the world," Chung Lu replied.

"In the high hills dwell the Feng Shui," the lonesome beggar warned.

"I am not afraid of evil spirits, because Ch'en is my friend."

He walked past the beggar and was about to depart on his way when the beggar again hailed him:

"Stay! The high hills are cold. Only fur-bearing beasts and dog worshipers live therein. Many years ago the Emperor of the West proclaimed that he would give his daughter in marriage to a general who could defeat the armies of the Emperor of the East. His dog looked up at him. 'Can you defeat the armies of the Emperor of the East?'

"The dog said that he could, and so he departed. He made friends with the Emperor of the East for a while, and then one day he bit off the enemy emperor's head and came carrying it back to the Emperor of the West.

"'I cannot give you my daughter in marriage, though you have succeeded,' the Emperor of the West told his dog.

"'Hang me in the sun for a period of four times forty days, and I shall change to a man,' said the dog. 'Put me in a basket and over me place a weight and a cloth of silk.'

"The Emperor of the West did this, but his daughter could not restrain her curiosity, and so before the time was up she lifted the silken cover to the basket and removed the weight, and sure enough the dog had changed to a man, all except his head.

"'The charm is broken,' the dog said. 'Now I must live in the body of a man and carry the head of a dog.' And so the emperor's daughter covered the dog's head on this man with a cloth and they were married, and the people of the hills have forever worn cloths about their heads and have worshiped dogs. Avoid them. They worship dogs and eat men. They did not eat me, because I am too old, but they would eat you the day after they found you."

"I am glad you told me this," Chung Lu said to the beggar.

He retraced his steps and spent some days in the beggar's company. They came finally to the lower reaches of the Min River. Across on the north bank lay Fu-chau.

"Fu-chau, the happy region," the beggar said. "Enter the city and you will discover wealth and happiness. I will leave you now, because if the police of the city should find me they would put me in prison."

Chung Lu wedged himself into a chattering mob which presently boarded a ferry that landed on Pagoda Island. He looked at the strange sights about him and wandered aimlessly during the day. After a while his feet led him to the Bridge of a Myriad Ages, which spans the north channel of the Min River in its jump to the happy region of Fu-chau. Lost in a herd of goats and donkeys and people which flowed across the bridge, Hong Chung Lu presently came into the city. He stood for a little while at an end of the bridge, looking about him.

"I am hungry," he reflected, "but that does not matter. Here before me is the world."

His reverie was interrupted by the sting of a rawhide lash wielded by a man escorting three pigs to slaughter.

"Out of the way, red-headed child of evil!"

Chung Lu leaped wildly over the parapet of the bridge and landed in the muddy dooryard of a hut ten feet below him. He lay for a little while where he had fallen, and then slowly he got to his feet. He was conscious of the fixed gaze of a red-headed Chinaman. The man was standing in the door of his hut.

"Orange Top," he said, "welcome to the house of Sing Fu."

"They did not kill you?"

Sing Fu looked at the boy. "They?" he questioned.

"The giant Ch'en told me to live with the people of the hills. A beggar who befriended me told me that the people of the hills would eat me and that the people of the plains would kill me when I was twelve years old. He said that all red-headed boys were killed when they were twelve years old. How is it that you, being red-headed, have lived?"

Sing Fu smiled.

"You with your red head! You will be my son. Enter into the house of thy father. Little boy, hast thou hunger?"

"Food would be welcome," Chung Lu admitted.

A moment later Sing Fu placed a bowl of rice before the boy. It was the biggest bowl of rice Chung Lu had ever seen.

"Eat this," Sing Fu said. "I will be back presently."

The boy worked industriously on the rice for fifteen minutes, at which time Sing Fu returned. In the man's hands were two strips of red paper and a dozen packs of firecrackers. Presently the last trace of evil spirits was exploded from the interior of the house and a strip of red paper was fixed on both sides of the door.

"There, that is a fitting welcome for thee," Sing Fu said to the boy. "What is thy name?"

"My names are Chung Lu. I am of the family of Hong."

"You are Hong Chung Lu," the man repeated. "That is a good name—an honorable name."

The boy stood for a while in silence beside a chair in a corner of the room.

"The man is rich," he reflected. "He can afford a chair."

For a little while his contentment found expression in meditation, but before many minutes had passed his rising spirits prompted him to whistle a blithe song which the ricebirds had taught him. Sing Fu, who was working with some interesting bits of metal on the table in another corner of the room, turned to him.

"That is good music." The man reached above his head and from a shelf against the wall he lifted a bamboo flute. "Listen to the song of the chu sue."

He finished with the flute. The boy's eyes were wide with pleasure. Sing Fu gave the instrument to the boy. Presently to their mutual astonishment the boy played half of the air which he had heard.

"You have talent," Sing Fu said. "You can become a master of music."

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"So Long as Chung Lu Dwells Beneath This Roof the Porcelain Catfish is Powerless and Your House is Cursed"

What are the Chances of Success To-Day?

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY W. D. WHITE

THE title of this article propounds a question that goes to the very root of modern life. If the people as a whole in this country have very little or no chance or opportunity to rise or get ahead, if they are doomed to a bare existence without hope of betterment, then perhaps it is time to make exceedingly radical changes.

It is a question of intense interest, of far-reaching ramifications, of direct bearing upon most of the vexed questions of the day, whether the door of opportunity is being closed or not by large-scale modern methods of doing business. We know, of course, that men like Rockefeller, Schwab and thousands upon thousands of other millionaires and multi-millionaires have risen from humble beginnings. It is a commonplace, everyday matter of observation to anyone with even half-open eyes that other thousands of office boys, clerks and manual workers are now engaged in the same process of rising. But how many young men out of the total population are destined to rise? To put it bluntly, just what is the importance, the meaning and significance of the many notable cases that can be cited?

We Can't All Be President

I WALKED over toward the East Side of New York City the other day and was carried up in a dingy, rattling elevator to an office also dingy, where a brilliant socialist leader makes his headquarters.

I put my question to him: "How much opportunity is there in this country to-day, and what is its significance?"

"Of course there is opportunity," he shot back. "There is opportunity in hell for anyone who can get ice in there. There is opportunity everywhere. Suppose when automobiles were first introduced on Fifth Avenue that only 9500 out of every 10,000 pedestrians had been killed. Then you could have said with perfect accuracy and fairness that opportunity existed for 500 people. That is exactly like our present system of industry. It is a very good illustration."

"But," I mildly inquired, "would you suggest that the masses are as badly off as those who were killed by automobiles?"

"Yes, practically the same. For they are always near the margin of starvation. They are only two weeks off from starvation."

One might argue at considerable length with this latter statement of the socialist leader. Judging from the present appearance and behavior of the workingmen and their families starvation does not seem to be worrying them very much. And even if we admit that the poor are still with us, a rather pertinent question is whether they would not be with us under any other system of industry. That, however, is another story. But the statement of the socialist is not without its point and value. In an extreme and exaggerated manner he has stated a fact which must be faced — namely, that whatever the chances and opportunities in business may be, the majority of people do not rise very far.

There is a large and powerful corporation in New York City, with offices on several floors in what is probably the country's most famous office building. The directors of this company are the financial leaders of America. Its interests are far flung, clear across the globe. Its operations are of immense importance in all the three fields of industry, commerce and finance.

As you enter the main waiting room of this corporation you come face to face with a wooden bench which seats half a dozen boys and young men. One of them takes your name and attends to your wants. But this bench is more than a mere place for these youngsters to sit and wait upon callers. It is an institution of promotion and advancement, the like of which is hardly to be found anywhere else. For it is the policy of the corporation to take from this bench as far as can possibly be done all the men it needs for promotion in its many and varied enterprises. Recently there have sat upon the bench the graduates of fifteen different colleges and universities. There have been majors and captains, young men who served with distinction in the air service during the war, the sons of rich and distinguished fathers, sometimes of the directors of the company itself. Many of these office boys own their motor cars. One young man who has been sitting on the bench is training for the diplomatic service and his father owns a chain of banks.

After visiting the socialist I went to see one of the assistants to the president of this great corporation. He is a man who possesses the rare quality of wisdom, being that unusual combination of one who has had a long record of successful business experience and is learned also in the lore of books, of sciences and philosophies. To him I put my question of the extent of business opportunity and its real significance.

"I can best answer your question," he replied, "by telling you about the bench outside. These young men keep coming to me for advice and encouragement, just why I do not know. When they are blue and think they are not getting ahead fast enough they come to me for suggestions, and this is what I say to them.

"'You can't all be presidents, you know. Any one of you may be president, but all of you can't and won't be.'

"Of course I have to be careful not to discourage them, but I believe in telling them the truth. What is the use of kidding ourselves on this subject? We know perfectly well that everyone cannot and does not rise to the top. Let us do away with all this bunk about short cuts to the presidency. Perhaps I should not talk this way if I were not over fifty. If I were twenty-five perhaps the world would seem empty unless I could be president of the company. But I do not feel that way at all now, and that is the beauty of my viewpoint. Why not admit frankly that not every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack?"

A good friend of mine, a writer of a highly moral and inspirational character, once wrote an editorial with the heading This Hoary-Headed Falsehood Has Lived Long Enough. Here is the gist of his idea: We have got in the habit of talking about success as if it were something exceptional. Success in America is not the exception—it is the rule.

Now what does this cheerful gentleman mean? Of course success is far more common in America than it is in European countries. Moreover, success may be the rule if by success he means a reasonable happiness and contentment. But success is not the rule here or anywhere else if he means by that the making of a fortune or reaching the top in positions of managerial and executive responsibility. I am fully aware that literally millions of people get ahead to a remarkable extent in this country, probably to a greater extent now than ever before. The fullest weight is to be given to this fact in this and a succeeding article, and it will be developed in detail. But the other fact remains that the majority do not go very far. The majority do not rise or get ahead or become rich; nor are they fitted by Nature to do so.

Men Not Fitted for Brilliant Success

THE great underlying truth is that most men have not the physical, nervous, mental and moral qualities and endowments to lead or manage. This may seem an obvious truth, but very few people fully realize its meaning. Most persons fall into the easy habit of grouping their fellow men into a few easily recognized types or classes. Those who have not been very successful in life are well aware of the existence of a Morgan or a Rockefeller, and they have an even more keen appreciation that millions of men like themselves are poor. So they think of the rich and the poor, and fail to recognize that Nature has created thousands upon thousands of different types. Indeed, hardly any two men are alike. Only the trained scientist appreciates to the full how much men do vary in their native abilities or in their capacity to develop these abilities.

That most men have not the physical, nervous, mental and moral qualities to attain what we call success does not really need scientific demonstration. Every now and then the papers tell of some poor chap who has happened upon a rich deposit of ore or oil, only to blow in the money in the course of a few weeks or months. Most of us believe that if all the wealth in the country were divided up equally it would not be long before the shrewd, thrifty, strong and able members of society would again have more than their share. They might not be the same persons who were rich in a previous state, for the older plutocracy might be killed off or banished, as in Russia, but wealth in all probability would gravitate to those able to seize and hold it. Stated somewhat differently, the failure of so many to manage and lead or acquire large wealth is due not so much to the social and industrial system under which we live as to their own individual qualities or lack of qualities.

Many years ago a British scientist said that the difference between a senior wrangler—high-honor man—at a university and one of those who merely got through was fully as great as the difference represented by the numbers

10,000 and 146. He had in mind, no doubt, merely the attainments of a scholar, but do not the same differences exist when it comes to playing the piano, painting pictures, managing corporations, acquiring wealth, washing windows and cooking? I am sure that the difference between the writer of this article and a highly trained chef is more than that between 146 and 10,000 when it comes to cooking.

Nor is this statement drawn from any leaning toward Czarism and Prussianism or toward capitalism and industrialism. It is the dispassionate teaching of science and it is being confirmed and applied with ever-increasing force. Man's varying capacities were tested out on a tremendous scale by the mental tests in the Army, a subject with which everyone is more or less familiar. Vast numbers of men were examined by scientists to see what work they were fitted to do. Science set about to prove and did prove the startling inequality of men. It was found that many men mature in years were but children in other respects, idiots in fact. Fifty per cent were found incapable of even entering a high school. Few men, by way of illustration, were fitted to be aviators. Even among those who were capable of taking out an airplane one day many could not do it the next. So it went, through hundreds of different occupations.

The president of one of the largest manufacturing companies in the world was asked what chances the majority of his workers have to get ahead. This concern has recently installed educational courses and has employed experts to develop the latent talents of its workers.

"Of course the majority of our workers cannot rise to the top," replied the president. "There must be many at the bottom and only a few at the top. Most of our workers are engaged in a hard form of manual labor. But don't forget that we are constantly seeking with increased difficulty to fill their ranks from immigration. As far as this country is concerned I think there is a convincing answer to the criticism that only a few rise. The sons of these workers do not come to us, or if they do they come into higher positions after an education."

Chances for the Younger Generation

"IT IS true that most of these immigrant workers have not the mental equipment to rise above the rank of foreman at the most, or in a few exceedingly rare cases that of assistant superintendent. They simply haven't any of the qualities necessary to rise. They don't expect to do any other work and they can't do any other work—but their children are different. There is a foreigner, I do not even know his nationality, who has been cleaning out this office ever since I became president. You simply cannot conceive of this man doing any higher grade of work, but his boy went through high school and not only is making a fairly large salary in some business occupation but has moved up so far in the social scale that you wouldn't know him to be the son of this old chap round here."

What this corporation president says can be confirmed on every hand. This has been and still is the country of opportunity in the sense that one group after another is continually rising in the scale. One level of immigration after another has moved upward, and the more poorly paid or humble occupations have been carried on by those most recently arrived and generally with the least endowments in the way of education and ability. It is true that at any given moment the majority are occupying relatively lowly positions. But ever since the country was first settled the leaven of opportunity and education has been working, one great group after another moving upward.

Of course to those who can see in this process nothing whatever except the sad lot of the millions who have not yet risen, the immediate adoption of untried social and political remedies and experiments appears logical enough. To those with this narrow view it makes no difference that Nature will probably prevent their experiments from being successful. They are willing to try anything once.

The character of this country has been largely determined by the fact that foreigners who come here expect their children to be better off than themselves and that in most cases this hope has been realized. There never has been and there is not to-day anything like the human ruts, grooves and stratification which exist in England and other older countries. Men here are asked what they can do, not who their fathers were. Men are not pocketed until death, the way they are in England, and there is no doubt that one reason the American boys fought so well in the war was because each one felt that upon him depended the outcome. This individualism we all know to be one of the chief causes of the greatness of this country. It goes back to the days of the frontier and is due largely to our great resources. But it has not disappeared, ranting theorists to the contrary notwithstanding.

I have studied and for years investigated the lives of successful business men. I have collected biographical material regarding thousands of them, and have recently asked a score of the largest corporations in the country to state whether the majority of their higher officers were born rich or poor, have risen from the ranks or started near the top, have enjoyed college educations or not. I have put the question of whether opportunity exists to a large extent and if so how much it means, to scores of men in every walk of life; and one fact clearly emerges from the resulting mass of evidence and data. It may be stated very briefly, and the curious fact is that nearly everyone states it in the same words:

"Anyone can succeed if he will pay the price."

This chorus or refrain emerges from the business world without, as it were, a dissenting note. Even in England, where classes are pretty firmly stratified, there is some procession from the lower to the higher ranks. There are always a few men in every country who simply cannot be kept down. Though the majority of men of mature years who have come to this country in the most recent and ignorant levels of immigration have not risen far yet, every now and then the most unprepossessing and ignorant hunky does force his way up to be a super or even a manager.

Paying the price is merely another way of saying that a man has all the qualities which make for success. There is very little if any secret about the nature of these qualities. Anyone who cares can acquire an entire mountain of literature on the subject. There are magazines devoted almost exclusively to it. Pretty nearly every man who has made an extraordinary success in business has been called upon time and again to express his views. Mr. Schwab, the great steel master, has been quoted many times. He goes round giving lectures to college students on how to be successful.

Mr. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, has also given his prescription. The late Theodore N. Vail, the much-respected president of the great Bell telephone system, wrote articles on how he promoted men. Mr. Vanderlip, former president of the largest bank in the country, has afforded similar information on many, many occasions. Most of the railroad presidents have given their secret of success. And these are only a few headliners out of thousands. One can hardly pick up a Sunday newspaper or a magazine without finding a prescription for success from at least one successful man or woman.

Now frankly there is always a considerable element of mere camouflage, of polite hot air, in these outgivings. It always seems so much easier to succeed to the man who has reached the top than to those who are still at the bottom, and a few flowers of rhetoric are often the only offering that our captains of industry have to give. Indeed, if one wanted to be disagreeable and a bit nasty it would be easy to poke a great deal of fun at the how-to-succeed advice of our best-known captains of industry.

Paying the Price of Success

BUT this is beside the point. What these men say is for the most part essentially true. Eliminate the rhetorical flowers and the rather tiresome pious attitude of many successful men, and their advice is fundamentally sound.

It is not the purpose of this article to tell anyone how to succeed. I am trying to find out how many people do succeed and how important that fact happens to be. Therefore this is no place to retail a list of essential qualities. I merely want to emphasize the fact that the price of success is an open book, as it were, certainly as easy to grasp as the ordinary regulations of your town council in regard to fire, police, water and other everyday matters of life.

Almost every large employing concern has its own rules for promotion, and there are common factors which run through them all. Often they are published. Candidates for promotion are judged on certain points or qualities, like a horse about to enter a race or a pig at a county fair. Indeed, I am stating only the literal truth and am not being smart or frivolous in the least degree when I say that it is just as easy to tell why one man is successful and another is not as to see why the judges at a fair award the first prize to a very fine specimen and no prize at all to one with fewer points. Here is a very simple example of what I mean. It is a piece of newspaper comment on a champion typist:

The girl—she is only eighteen—has kept herself in what could be called the pink of condition. She goes through daily exercises, she takes time trials, she practices simple feats that induce suppleness, and she cuts out luxuries that might tend to make her sluggish. She has given up those feminine dainties, caramels and chocolate creams and fudge, and all the other sweets dear to girlish palates. Asked how she acquired her facility and endurance the champion replied: "Typewriting is like any other form of athletics. If you want to compete in speed contests you must go into training and cut out pie and coffee and other harmful things like that, and work, work, work!"

The price of success is paid in toil and sacrifice. Every added step costs an added effort. The champion typist could write eighty-eight words a minute in March, 1915. In October of the same year she wrote 114 words. Last Monday she wrote 137 words. Now her goal is 150.

Now it is far from my intention to brush aside the element of luck and fortune in success. Millions of men and women have splendid talents and never attract the attention they should. This is one of the greatest tragedies of life, as we all know. The point has often been made that railroad workers suffer terribly in this respect because a railroad is such a stretched-out affair that they fail to attract attention to themselves. A railroad may cover thousands of miles of territory with many

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RING-AROUND-A-ROSY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HAVE you ever observed how little actual consideration is entertained for us by those who love us best? Take, for example, the perfectly heartless way in which a dear friend or relative will interrupt you when you are reading. No matter how deeply engrossed you may be, there is little sense in attempting to use the "Uh-humph!" of aversion. The interrupter is somehow invariably convinced that the perfectly banal remark which he is going to make is of infinitely more interest to one than the book one is perusing.

Any friendship which survives a repetition of this test is indeed incapable of disruption, and that I still maintain my devotion to Tom McGuire—or Lionel LaFarge, as I prefer to call my handsome head curator—after a whole evening-ful of such interruptions and the almost disastrous results which followed upon them proves that my capacity for loyalty is certainly out of the ordinary.

When it began we were spending a quiet evening in the chambers which we share, there being no other kind of evening to spend, since the cafés have become even duller than home, and no one for once had invited us out anywhere. Lionel was wearing a Chinese negligee suit I had recently presented to him—black satin embroidered in gold dragons—a very chic affair, which he did not seem, however, to care greatly for, and which in point of fact he refused to wear until I gave his horrid old blue blanket robe to the janitor person and left the dear boy the alternative of nudity or my gift. Well, at any rate he was wearing it and reading some stupid masculine detective story, while I occasionally took a peep at him over the top of my own volume. At least I did so until I became absorbed in the story of the jellyfish.

It was contained in that delightful new book of Mudson's. Gracious, how I do love Nature! Especially in books. Indeed I am so fond of the country that my favorite reading is in the countryside magazines. The Brookside, for example, contains the very smartest society notes, and I always run an advertisement of my famous antique galleries on Fifth Avenue in it, since it really reaches the biggest spenders. Then, too, it prints photographs of some of our richest citizens of both sexes, and hence a subscription enables me to become familiar with their appearance and so to call them by name if they turn up at my place. I have often noted that such clients are even more pleased when an antique dealer calls them by name than when a head waiter bestows the same honor.

But as I was saying, I really am quite devoted to the out-of-door magazines, and also to those interesting insects which one reads about in the naturalists' books. It seems to me to be such a delightful way to know, let us say, spiders, bees and wasps—through literature rather than through unpleasant personal contact. For after all this is an age of specialization, and so why not allow the professionals to take the risks of these encounters and then benefit by their experiences? The only members of the insect world with which I have any practical acquaintance belong to a tiny species whose name is unknown to me, but which inhabit our bathroom. They have numerous legs, do not bite and if conveyed alive to the upholstery of a synthetic early Italian chair or the reconstructed binding of an old longhand diary impart a sense of genuineness, if you know what I mean. With my usual brilliancy I have made intelligent use of these creatures in the manner above indicated more than once and have steadily opposed their proposed extermination by Lionel, who seems unable to sense their commercial value.

"Dammit, Kentt," he would say, "I suppose God made them, but not to kid unsuspecting customers with! It's bad enough to drill bug holes in stuff, but why furnish inhabitants? Besides, they get into my shaving soap!"

Which was frightfully inconsistent, because Lionel wouldn't willingly take life himself, and furthermore many of our clients enjoy getting something which has to be disinfected. At least most of the real collectors do. It is only the cheap suburban lady with all of fifty dollars to spend who won't have that old mirror in her nice clean house because there are flyspecks on it.

But at any rate I do love and am always kind to animals, and I just adored reading about the clever jellyfish. The author, it seems, observed the creature as it peacefully sunned itself in the clear shallow waters of a little inlet near a picnic ground. Presently a school of mackerel appeared in the offing hungrily searching for food. At once the jellyfish became alert to its danger. Thoroughly alarmed but keeping remarkably cool, it searched about for a place in which to hide. At first nothing seemed available as a means of shelter, and it was about to abandon itself to its fate when all at once it espied an empty jelly glass with the top still partially attached which lay at the bottom of the pool where it had been tossed by the careless hands of the old picnickerbocker families no doubt. Without a moment's hesitation the jellyfish dived into this empty jelly glass, pulled down the cover and remained there in safety while the school of hungry mackerel swam unsuspectingly by.

It was in the midst of this most interesting story that Lionel, in the crude, inconsiderate manner I have before described, interrupted me.

"Do you think prohibition is going to last?" was what he said.

"I am reading," I remarked scathingly. But he ignored the hint.

"Well, I suppose it will be a good thing for the country if it does," he went on. "And we really ought to keep that last pint of rye for medicinal purposes."

"*Ça va sans dire*," I murmured, my eyes still upon my book.

But did he notice the slight? Not much! They never do. You know how it is yourself.

"Say, Kentt, why don't you talk English?" he demanded. "I've told you not over one million times that your French is rotten. If you knew the way Madame Cartiea laughs at it you'd cut it out and take up Russian so that nobody could prove anything on you."

Well, of course I laid down my book at that. I was fearfully annoyed to think that that woman had laughed at me. Not that I cared what she thought of me, but I loathed the idea of giving her cause for mirth. I was outraged, furious. I—I could have slapped Lionel for knowing about it. But though outwardly calm, I inwardly vowed on the instant that I would never give her that chance to laugh again. How could I have known that she could tell the difference between good French and bad? Hardly any of my friends knew. In point of fact, I sometimes detected errors, even on the part of my clients, when, encouraged by my flinging a few foreign words into the conversation to add, as it were, flavor to a sale, they would do likewise, not wishing to be outdone. A little French gives so much atmosphere, if you know what I mean, especially with profiteer collectors. And in these cases we never gave each other away, speaking a patois by agreement. Honor among profiteers even in their own country, as it were. Indeed there have been times when French was invaluable in a deal which trembled in the balance. I would fling out an unintelligible phrase, and the sale was made. And how was I to know that the French of Madame Cartiea, a rival dealer, had anything on my French? Dear, dear! One has to be so careful since the beastly old war! Even quite common soldiers now know more French than the exclusive people who used to pay five dollars a seat to look at Maeterlinck or Bergson while they lectured.

But annoyed as I was, I concluded to return to my reading and merely say "Shut up!" Not so Lionel.

"She heard you explaining to Morganthawl's secretary about the broken spring in the seat of that Napoleonic sofa over at the exhibition," he went on, "and you said that *le printemps est cassé*."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" I snapped.

"It's been a hard enough winter without your trying to ruin the spring!" he retorted. "I tell you what, Kentt, you are making a laughingstock of the galleries. If you don't cut it out I'm going back to Oleo, Illinois, and work for my dad. The next line of synthetic French you pull I quit, see? I'm not going to have Cartiea laughing at us just because you are a boob."

"There now, Lionel!" I begged, quite alarmed at the mention of his native town and that dreadful, vulgar Oleoil business. "I'll promise! If you think it is bad policy for me to use French

She Turned Rather White,
and Then in the Face of the Inevitable She Took It With Her Usual Magnificent Good Sense

I Espied the Fair Widow and That Young Scamp of a Curator of Mine Sitting Disconsolately Upon the Running Board

I will confine myself to English. It really goes rawther well just now, old deah." Instead of seeming pleased, Lionel gave me a cutting stare.

"Well, that's better—or at least not so bad," he decreed. "I suppose it's impossible for an antique dealer to be perfectly natural. But do stop reading that book about animals and talk to me. I declare, what with reading it so much you will get to look like a—a camel!"

"Lionel!" I chided him. "You say camel merely because your mind is running in the direction of the remainder of that last bottle of rye. Don't tell me! I do not resemble a bally camel in the slightest degree!"

"Well, Englishman, you've got the bloomin' 'ump," retorted Lionel, rising and making for the cellarette, "and I think a little drink will do us both good. What's the use of saving the damn' stuff, anyway? It only prolongs the agony."

"And we may be able to raise a little more at that," I agreed. "I think that up at the Durham Hotel at Scaldon there might be something doing."

"I don't approve of bootlegging," retorted Lionel, returning with decanter and glasses. "It's a filthy thing to encourage. After all, the law is the law, you know, and a fellow ought to respect it."

"Wait until that decanter is empty and see how you feel," I said grimly as I measured out a drink. "When we are beggared you may not be so scrupulous. People draw a mighty strict line of demarcation between liquor friends and mere acquaintances nowadays."

"Well, I am absolutely against breaking the law," Lionel affirmed. "Liquor's place is in the home."

"Also woman's," I agreed. "Now if they start regulating song, who will want to go out nights, eh?"

"And now that the preliminaries are over," he said, "I want to have a little talk on the care and feeding of the exchequer."

"*Eh, bien*—I mean, all right, fire away!" I replied. "I fawncy it's the old line about how to capture Mr. Morganthawl for our very own."

"Of course he's Cartiea's client," remarked Lionel, "and I hate to compete with a woman. But if she's a business rival and won't enter into a partnership which would keep her safely at home in the ten rooms and six baths of modern connubial endurance, what is a chap to do? If the widow can't be won by love she may be impressed by ability."

"I wish you wouldn't keep on talking of that woman in that beastly personal connection," I remarked testily. "It annoys me. What you should want to marry for is more than I can see."

"Then you have stopped looking pretty recently!" retorted the wretched boy with a malicious grin. "She gets easier to see every day. But my point is this: I have it on good authority that Morganthawl has taken to collecting glass. He's paying practically anything for old American stuff—Stiegel or Pitkin preferred, of course—and it's up to us to be in on some of it. I know he's offered three thousand for a set of grog glasses of either make."

"Three thousand dollars!" I repeated, mournfully taking another highball. "And to think you made me get rid of those twelve octagonals."

"They weren't old!" exclaimed Lionel with that annoying directness of his. "You know darn' well they weren't! Why, they were nothing in the world but old jam jars!"

"Well, they looked like stemless flip glasses!" I retorted. "And they might have done in a pinch. For I assume your intention is to go fifty-fifty with Cartiea on the sale, always provided you can find the set of glasses, which I greatly doubt."

"Of course I intend to let her in on the deal," said Lionel. "By gosh, this rye is nearly gone! I suppose we may as well finish it up. Such a little bit is hardly worth saving. Well, as I was saying, of course I don't intend to steal Cartiea's client. I merely think she ought to share Morganthawl—the biggest bug in the collecting game. And she'll do it, too, if I help her on this glass deal. Big firms like hers and ours should work together."

"You mean that you and she would like to be together!" I corrected him. "And in that case, where do I get off? I tell you that woman is a mere poseuse. She twists you round her little finger by her pretense of knowing everything. Oh, don't think for a moment that I am jealous! I don't care whom you care for. Only some day I'm going to show her up to you."

"And in the meanwhile you don't mind if we pick up a few hundred in a joint deal, do you?" the bad boy asked with a thinly veiled sarcasm which made me just ache to put that—that woman where she belonged. "Well, for the love of Mike, don't get hot over it!" he went on ruthlessly. "Liquor never did do you any good. Let's get to bed. And to-morrow we will make a start on trying to locate some good glass and Morganthawl's good opinion at the same time."

"And some more liquor, too!" I added, somewhat mollified by his tone. "I declare, you have taken the last drink in the world!" And I drew forth my Liberty handkerchief and wiped my eyes in order to make him feel as badly as possible. But he remained unmoved.

"I wish to heaven you'd quit using musk on your wipers!" was all the cruel creature would say.

And then he was off to get his beauty sleep, leaving me to lie wakefully thinking of how to make a fool of that Cartiea woman without losing any money by doing it. And at length I hit upon a plan—a simple and beautiful thing—and, having conceived it, I repeated the little prayer my mother taught me and fell into a restful slumber from which I woke next morning with only the slight headache which my exhausted cellar had provided.

Now one of the peculiarities of the antique business is that objects which are valueless to-day may to-morrow be the priceless jewels of the collector's heart's desire. In this respect the profession somewhat resembles that of stockbroking, inasmuch as it is impossible to tell in advance what is worth buying and what is not, or why the value of a certain class of objects will suddenly rise. But it is a fact that antiques of the sort that will appeal to the average collector are apt unexpectedly to soar in price, apparently without any relation to the intrinsic value of the objects themselves, herein again bearing a pronounced resemblance to common stock. In either case it is largely a matter of fancy on the part of the purchasing public, and if one could but know which way the wind of—as it were—popular taste was going to blow it would be distinctly advantageous to the dealer, even as to the stockbroker or to those engaged in any other businesses which depend upon the imagination and sporting spirit of the public rather than upon transactions in genuine commodities which can actually be used.

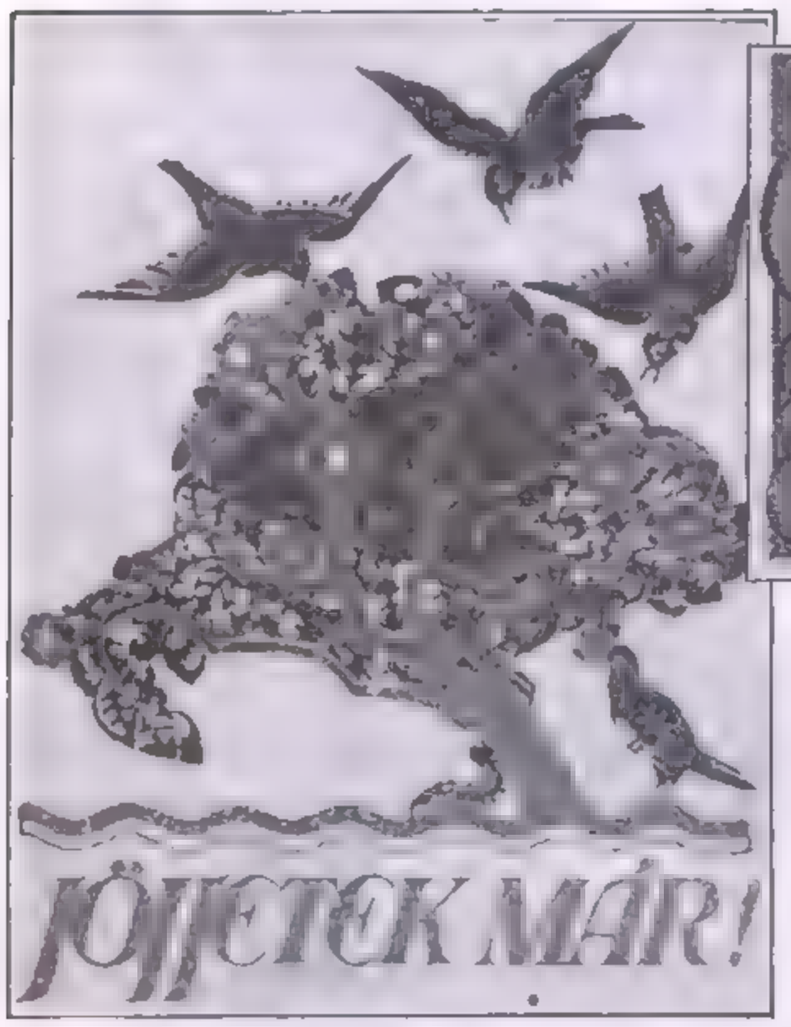
And so with the sudden boom in old glass. Of course some one of the big fellows—Dreen, I suppose—put it into an important client's head that old glass was intriguing, amusing and interesting. The client fell for it, and as soon as he began paying big prices the fever spread until it reached the mere well to do, and the flare was on.

Yet who could have foreseen such a development? Why, goodness gracious, when I bought some old Connecticut medicine bottles at an auction in Redfield five years ago at ten cents apiece I was laughed at by every dealer present! However, I cannot with truth claim that this was foresightedness on my part. I merely bought them because they were part of a lot containing two amusing Victorian prints and a spool-turned bedstead. In point of fact, I put those bottles away at the back of the galleries in a place we call the bin, where they stayed until the boom began, when I foolishly let them go at five dollars each. Real Pitkin, they were—the pontil mark was almost unmistakable. And of course they would have brought a great deal more to-day if they had been kept locked in a specially constructed cabinet with an altar cloth for a background.

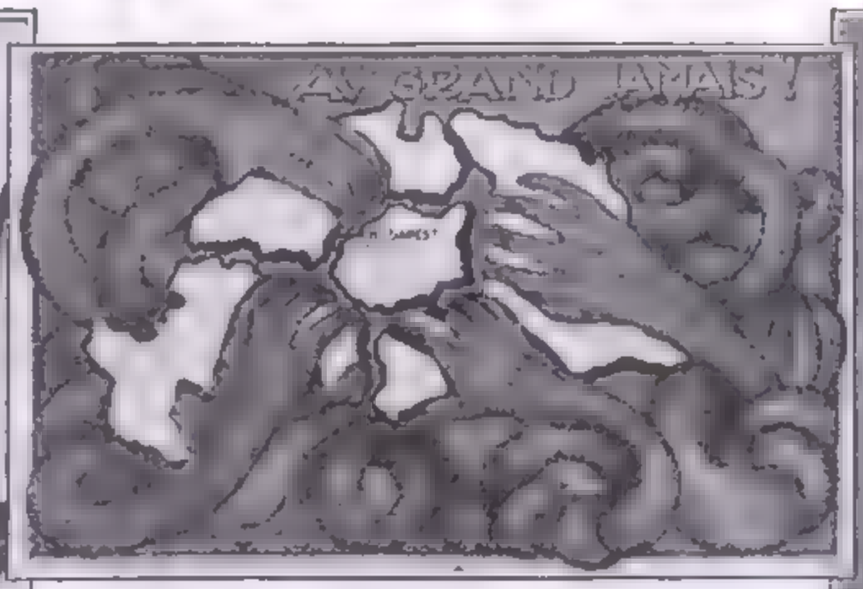
Well, there is no use in moaning over lost water bottles or the exquisite red-and-white Bohemian-glass toilet-table sets which we mistakenly smashed up as hideous back in those days when the only collector who would handle them was the city ash collector. I merely state these few pertinent facts to show how a scarcity of desirable antiques is likely to occur, and that a dealer—even a first-class dealer like myself—is driven subsequently to any and every means of meeting the shortage.

(Continued on Page 112)

For Over a Thousand Years



"Hasten to Our Help!" A Poster Showing the Friendly Birds, England, France, Italy and America, Destroying Caterpillars on the Hungarian Tree



By Kenneth L. Roberts

THROUGHOUT Hungary, on blank walls, public buildings, railroad stations, signboards, shop windows and other convenient surfaces, there are large posters, medium-size posters and small posters depicting a cracked, blood-red object and bearing the words *"Nem! Nem! Soha!"*

The newcomer to Hungary is puzzled by them. He doesn't know whether the cracked, blood-red object represents a new sort of waffle iron, a picture puzzle or a highly efficacious brand of mustard plaster.

So the newcomer waits until he catches an English-speaking Hungarian, and then he questions him.

"Could you tell me," he asks, "the meaning of this 'Nem! Nem!' stuff?"

"No! No! Never!" shouts the Hungarian fiercely.

"But why not?" persists the newcomer. "There can't be any harm in telling. If you prefer you can whisper it to me."

"No! No! Never!" declares the Hungarian still more fiercely. Then he takes the newcomer by the arm and leads him to a quiet coffee house, or *kave-haz*, as the Hungarians so piquantly spell it, and tells him a long, long story which always begins with the mystic words "For over a thousand years ——"

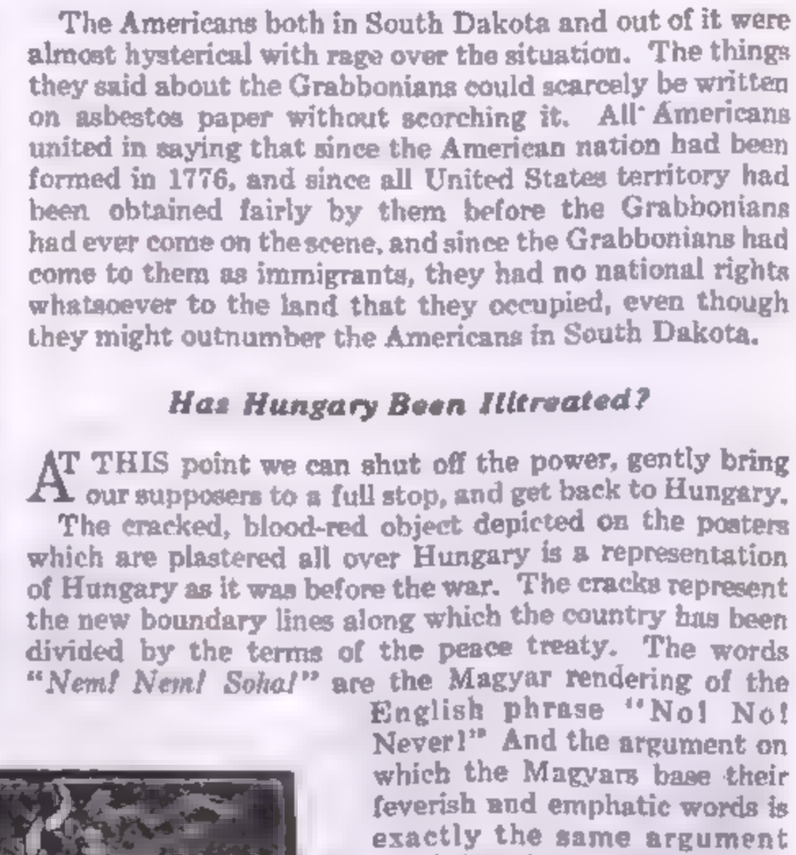
In order that we may understand the point of view of the Hungarian, or Magyar—for the Hungarian always refers to himself and is always referred to by other Europeans as a Magyar—we must put our supposers to work and do a little intensive supposing.

Just Supposing

LET us suppose, for example, that round the year 1820 a race of people known as the Grabbonians, who came from the poverty-stricken country of Grabbonia up along the shores of the Black Sea, where nearly every large rock seems to have some sort of half-baked nation clinging to it, had emigrated from Grabbonia to the United States and settled in the state of South Dakota.

Since South Dakota had only a few Americans within its confines at that time, and since the Grabbonians could converse in only the guttural Grabbish tongue, the Grabbonians formed themselves into colonies and retained the manners, customs and speech of far-off Grabbonia. They soon controlled the state officials and the courts of justice, and through them the schools. The Grabbonian language was taught in all the schools of the state, in spite of the fact that it was a part of America; and it wasn't long before the Grabbonians began to think that Americans in South Dakota had no rights whatever. In fact, they frequently talked of driving out the Americans who had the outrageous idea that just because the Grabbonians were living in America they ought to be Americans too. Besides, the Grabbonians were very peevish because the United States wouldn't found a Grabbonian university for them in South Dakota. They were very peevish indeed over this. They told the rest of the world that they were being frightfully oppressed; and a number of foreign authors wrote books about the American oppression of the Grabbonians, almost skinning the United States alive for its heartlessness.

And then one fine day—our supposers are still revolving at high speed, of course—America went to war with the Oriental nation of Goulasha. By an unfortunate chain of circumstances America was defeated. And when the terms of peace were announced the state of South Dakota was made a Grabbonian state, with its central government in Grabbonia on the Black Sea; and all because the Grabbonians slightly outnumbered the Americans. It was taken entirely away from the United States; and the United States was instructed that the Americans living in South Dakota would have to be subject to Grabbonia on the Black Sea.



"No! No! Never!" The Hungarian Slogan Against the Partition of the Country. This Poster Appears Everywhere in Hungary

The Americans both in South Dakota and out of it were almost hysterical with rage over the situation. The things they said about the Grabbonians could scarcely be written on asbestos paper without scorching it. All Americans united in saying that since the American nation had been formed in 1776, and since all United States territory had been obtained fairly by them before the Grabbonians had ever come on the scene, and since the Grabbonians had come to them as immigrants, they had no national rights whatsoever to the land that they occupied, even though they might outnumber the Americans in South Dakota.

Has Hungary Been Ilitreated?

AT THIS point we can shut off the power, gently bring our supposers to a full stop, and get back to Hungary.

The cracked, blood-red object depicted on the posters which are plastered all over Hungary is a representation of Hungary as it was before the war. The cracks represent the new boundary lines along which the country has been divided by the terms of the peace treaty. The words *"Nem! Nem! Soha!"* are the Magyar rendering of the English phrase "No! No! Never!" And the argument on which the Magyars base their feverish and emphatic words is exactly the same argument which Americans would advance if they should lose the state of South Dakota to the hypothetical Grabbonians.

As to the validity of their argument I can only say that so far as I could learn every American who has been in Hungary during the past year, including General Bandholtz, chief of the American Military Mission, believes that Hungary has been unfairly treated and that the terms of the peace treaty as regards Hungary's dismemberment should be revised.

When one gets back a thousand years and prods round among the dead bones of the tribes that came boiling out of Mongolia and down from Russia and up from the Balkan Peninsula, and chased each other madly up and down the surface of Central Europe—when one gets back into those rare old days one can't be absolutely sure of dates, facts or anything else. When one states that the

La Hongrie,
qui defendit pendant des siècles la
culture de l'Occident contre les invasions
de l'Orient, demande d'être defendue contre les
mêmes invasions.

"Hungary, Which Through Ages Defended Western Culture Against Eastern Invasion, Asks Protection Against the Same Invasion"

Eastern Goths moved out of Rumania on or round Moving Day in the year 452, and that the Gepids came in behind them with such speed that they walked all over the heels of the last Eastern Goths to depart, one is taking a long chance on being called a liar by someone who has other but not necessarily more trustworthy data in his possession. There is still some difference of opinion in the United States as to which admiral was responsible for the victory at Santiago in 1898; and grave doubt exists in many quarters as to whether the Battle of Bunker Hill took place on Bunker Hill or on Breed's Hill. Consequently there is a thick dark-brown haze over a large percentage of the happenings which took place back in the years 907, 1101, 1253 and all other adjacent dates; and a wary eye must be cocked toward those people who assure us that such and such was true at any such far-off period.

Hungary's Unnatural Boundaries

IT IS not necessary to dig into history, however, to discover that Hungary before the war was a natural country, just as Bohemia, the Czech part of Czechoslovakia, is also a natural country. Its natural boundaries were perfect. On the north, the west, the east and the southeast it was rimmed with high mountains. On the south its boundary was formed by large rivers. It was—and is—one of the most perfect closed basins that can be found on any of the five continents. The Czechs argue that their country is a natural country and has always belonged to them; therefore the millions of Germans within their boundaries must bow to the will of the Czechs. For the same reason Hungary wants to keep her natural country intact. Strangely enough, there are many people who recognize the justice of the Czechs' argument but who cannot see where a similar argument on the part of the Magyars is worth its weight in sour apples. As a result Hungary's boundaries to-day are nothing but red lines on the maps. They are unnatural boundaries; and Hungary is determined to get back most of the parts that have been taken from her.

In the north Hungary has lost Slovakia and Rusinia—Slovakia being the toe of the shoe-shaped Czechoslovak state, and Rusinia being the extreme tip of the toe. In the east she has lost the huge rough triangle of Transylvania to the Rumanians. In the west she has lost the small strip of German West Hungary to Austria. And in the south she has lost Croatia and Slovenia to the Jugo-Slavs. All that remains is the Magyar kernel which was the center of the old Hungary.

"Not Forgetting the Past We are Working for the Future"

There is practically no outcry from the Magyars over the loss of Croatia and Slovenia—the districts behind Fiume and the Dalmatian coast which now make up the upper end of Jugo-Slavia. The Croats have been a distinct, warlike and progressive people for centuries. Until the day of the armistice they fought hard and valiantly against Italy and the Allies on the side of Austria-Hungary. So the Magyars esteem the Croats highly as brother warriors, whereas they loathe the Czechs. Of all their enemies the Italians held the Croat regiments of the Austro-Hungarian army in the highest respect. The Magyars have great sympathy and liking for them. For years Croatia has been practically an autonomous state under Hungary. Hungary is sorry to lose Croatia; but so far as I could find out there is no bitterness over the slicing off of Croatia.

But over the losses to Czechoslovakia, to Rumania and to Austria, the Magyars are making such an uproar that the eardrums of any stranger in Hungary are constantly a-quiver. They say that the wrenching away of these parts of Hungary is comparable only to the partition of Poland and the theft of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. "For over a thousand years ——" they tell you.

One hears that phrase "For over a thousand years" so many times in the course of each day spent in Hungary that he finds himself walking along the streets whispering over and over again, in time with his footsteps, "For over a thousand years! For over a thousand years!" He unconsciously fits it to all the tunes the Hungarian orchestras play. The rattle of horses' hoofs on the pavement seems to clack out the words "For over a thousand years! For over a thousand years!" They get on the brain. One almost goes mad from hearing them.

None the less they are the groundwork of all Magyar arguments. Because of those thousand years the Magyars grit their teeth and ejaculate "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" when asked to submit to the partition of their country. And this is the way of it:

The Magyars are the direct descendants of an Asiatic tribe of people who hailed from the rich lands round the Sea of Azov, and whose chief means of support consisted of swooping down on a neighboring tribe, beating it to a decided and scarcely distinguishable pulp, and appropriating the remaining pieces. It is highly probable that if Attila, the well-known Hun, had not damaged his reputation by his loose methods of waging war the Magyars would claim a distant relationship with Attila's gang. As things stand at present Attila is rather neglected in most stories of Magyar beginnings, and the original Magyar leader is stated to be the great chieftain Árpád, who is represented in all Magyar paintings as being a proud-looking, dark-brown man with a gold helmet, a black curly beard, bracelets round his biceps and a hand like a Virginia ham.

However, none of these early ancestors were anything to brag about so far as chivalry and loving-kindness were concerned. When a Roman emperor or general came home from the wars with a nice parcel of bush-league kings and generals as captives, and was honored with a triumph for his clever work, the captives were marched through the streets of Rome in chains, and shortly after the procession had passed the reviewing stand the captives were beaten with sticks until their skin was cut to ribbons, and then they were dragged over to the Mamertine Prison and thrown into an underground cell; and finally, as soon as their bruises and cuts had begun to sting, a prominent government official came round and stabbed them to death and threw them into the Tiber. None of the old-timers were shrinking violets; and to descend from the best of them was about as discreditable as to descend from the worst.

Always Glad to Fight

WHEN we first hear of the Magyars they are swooping hither and yon along the shores of the Black Sea, now taking a fall out of the Petchenegs and again taking a fall out of the Cumanians; but always taking a fall out of somebody. Ever since the beginning of things the Magyars have always been a warrior people. They have always been in a fight with somebody so long as there was anything to fight about. They have fought almost everybody in the world at one time or another, and they show signs of not being through even yet.

While the Magyars were surging along the borders of the Black Sea the great natural basin which later became Hungary was being occupied in comparatively rapid succession by various queer brands of people, all of whom either lived to fight or fought to live, as everyone did in

(Continued on Page 133)

One of the Latest and Most Popular Posters—A Hungarian Peasant Defending the Nation From Dismemberment

This Poster Shows Hungary About to be Destroyed by Her Enemies. She Asks Help "Before it is Too Late"

PROMOTED

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Ah—Fred, Did You—Did You Find Any Personal Letters on My Desk?" "No, I—I Forgot to Look," He Lied

AS I HURRIED from the train sheds through the iron gates opening into the Union Depot I came face to face with Melvin Bronson. We had not seen each other for twenty years and in that time both of us had changed much in appearance. We had shaved away the mustaches of which we had been so inordinately proud two decades before; there was a marked difference in the quality and the style of our dress; there was something not the same in the manner in which we carried ourselves; and there were those subtle changes that the hand of Time had wrought in our lineaments. Yet at that first glance at Melvin Bronson I knew him; and by the smile that lighted up his face the moment his eyes met mine I saw that he had recognized me.

"Hello, Scud!" he cried, rushing up with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Bags!" I laughed, and we shook hands.

"You're not the person I'm looking for, but I'm a whole lot gladder to see you than I would have been to see the other fellow. I came here to meet Senator Durkee from down state, who was slated for the principal address this evening at our Liberty Loan banquet. He has failed us and that means there'll be a vacant seat at some table. Come and take it. I'll arrange it so that we can sit together and we'll have a chance to talk over old times."

I protested.

I had been traveling for two days; I wanted to get to a hotel and into a bath; and anyway—I offered this as my clinching argument—I wasn't dressed for such an affair. But Bronson waved aside all my excuses, took me by the arm and led me, still protesting, to his car.

"There's nothing dressy about this banquet, Scud—it's as informal as an old slouch hat. We're too busy these busy days to give a thought to dressing for a banquet—for the kind of banquet we are giving to-night."

We were quickly rolling away from the Union Depot and up the broad avenue.

"Are you still sticking with Stickem, Bags?" I inquired.

Stickem Steel Works—that is what we had always called the great Stickney Steel Company when we were employed there as overworked, downtrodden—as we then really believed—junior clerks in the accounting department of the big company.

"Watch out that Stickem Steel doesn't stick you on that job so tight you'll never get loose," the newcomer was warned by the old-timers.

"Are you still sticking with Stickem?" I asked my companion.

"Oh, yes, I've stuck steadily. I'm almost another Old Slats. But I can't complain—I'm handsomely placed now. And you, Scud—how has the big game gone with you?"

"Not so bad. Lumber—in Florida."

We entered the big banqueting hall where three or four hundred of the leading business and professional men of the city, workers in the Liberty Loan drive then under way, were seated about tables. Bronson piloted me to a chair, left me for a moment to speak to the toastmaster and then returned to sit down by me.

"While we are dining we'll talk, Scud. Did you say you were in the lumber business in Florida?"

We talked—went back twenty years and more to our early days in the offices of the Stickney Steel Company, and laughed and sniggered over little incidents of those then hard and hopeless days. But we had but fairly got started, it seemed to us, when the speaking began, and with the rest of the assemblage we lighted our cigars, pushed back our chairs and became silent.

I listened with interest to two or three addresses. Then I became drowsy and gave little heed to what was being said. I was dropping into a doze, with my head falling farther and farther forward, when a new speaker took the floor at the opposite end of the great hall. At his first words I straightened up and looked at him.

I had heard that voice before—of that I was certain—but I failed to recognize the man. Perhaps if I had been closer to him—but the shadow of a column near which he stood partially concealed his face from me. But had the voice been wholly strange to me it would have roused me to attention, for it was a forceful and compelling voice, one that gripped and held the hearer, and I heard through its every word one of the finest extempore talks I had ever listened to.

"Who is that, Bags?" I asked as the speaker took his seat, while a thunder of applause rang out.

Bronson chuckled.

"General auditor of Stickem."

"But who is it?" I repeated.

"Fred Jenkinson."

Ah! Now I recognized that voice, the man—Fred Jenkinson! Of course! Strange that I could not have recalled him at once. But I hadn't. I had remembered Bronson's face and I'd forgotten Jenkinson's voice.

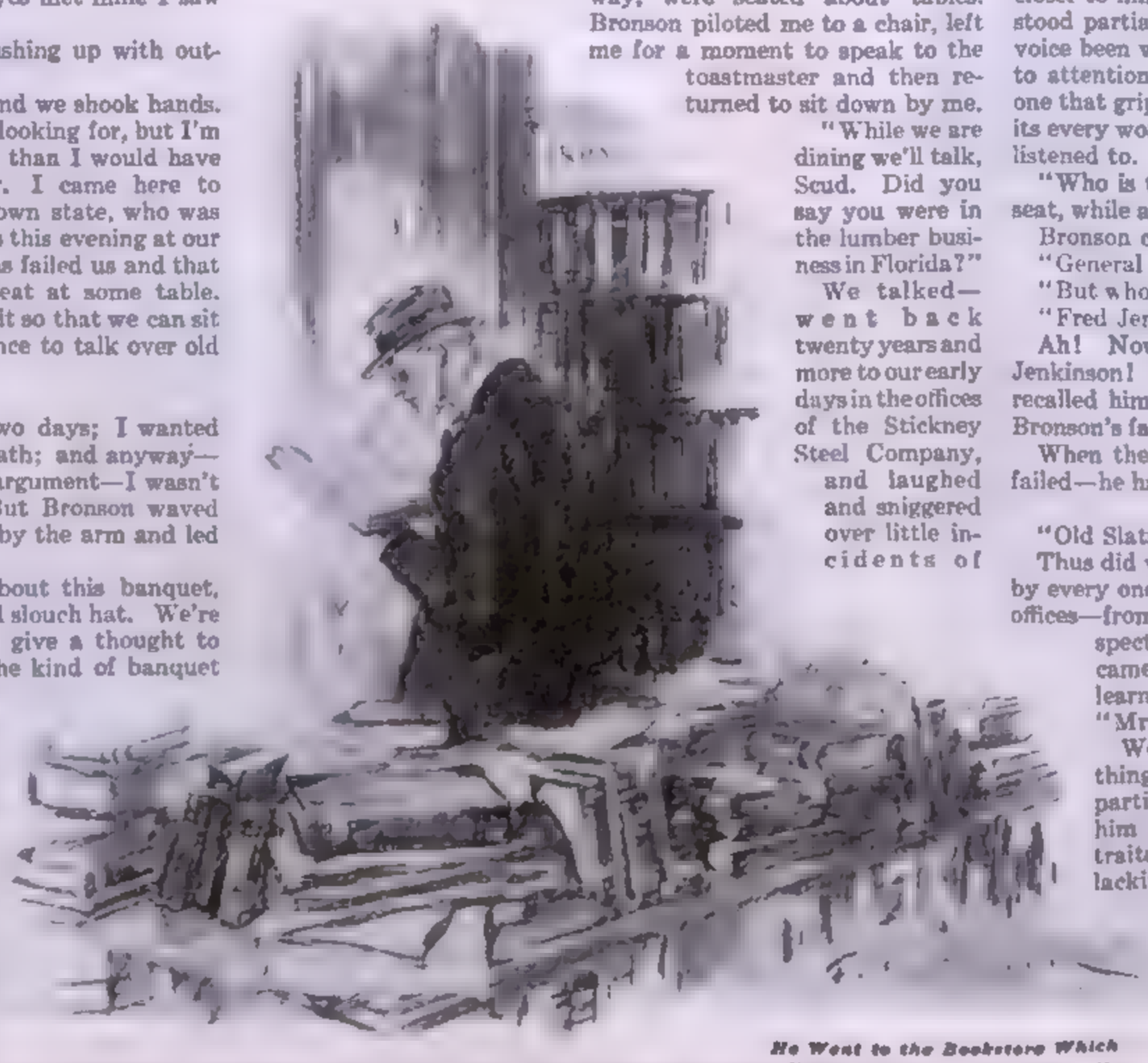
When the meeting broke up I tried to reach him, but failed—he had left the hall hurriedly.

"Old Slats!"

Thus did we always refer to him among ourselves. But by every one of us employed in Stickem Steel Works' big offices—from messenger boy to chief clerk—he was respectfully addressed as Mr. Kingslake. We who came to the offices long after his appearance there learned that from the first he had always been "Mr. Kingslake" to the office.

We loved Old Slats—all of us. There was something akin to reverence in our feelings toward him, particularly as the years piled upon him and bore him down. For we discovered in him qualities, traits of character, phases of spiritual life that were lacking in us—he was of finer clay than we.

He was out of his element, there in Stickem Steel's offices with us—we knew that. Of all that great crowd of clerks and bookkeepers and stenographers and timekeepers and checkers and verifiers Old Slats was the only one holding a college degree. He was out of his place there with us—we knew it.



He Had Been Patronising in His Modest Way. They Knew Him There. "Old Browser" They Called Him

He Went to the Bookstore Which

An A. B. from one of the oldest, one of the biggest institutions of learning in the United States, a freight clerk in the offices of Stickem Steel Company! It was monstrous, ridiculous, impossible! But there he was in the person of Redding Kingslake, and at that period of his service to which my mind now reverts, aged, gray-haired, emaciated, perched on his high stool at his high desk, poring over his pink and yellow and blue freight bills day after day, figuring away at his interminable examples, adding and subtracting and multiplying and dividing day after day, doing the hardest, the most monotonous, the dreariest of treadmill clerical work day after day.

But why? Some of us knew. Fred Jenkinson had found out—Fred Jenkinson was closer to Old Slats than the others of us—and he had told us—a few of us—why Redding Kingslake, a finely educated man, a university graduate, an A. B., was a freight clerk in the offices of Stickem Steel, a subordinate of men who had seen little more as regarded their schooling than the last grade of common school—some of them not so much as that.

There was a rich man, a hard man, an unsentimental man, his whole life's history summed up in one word—business. Redding Kingslake's father. There was a delicate, cultured and refined woman, gentle and quiet and thoughtful. Redding Kingslake's mother. There were two sons, one copying his father in his nature, the other his mother. The one was the favorite of his father; the other of his mother. Redding Kingslake was that other.

As boys growing up the two brothers lived apart from each other to an astonishing degree. Though there was a difference of but two years in their ages, they were never chums, never intimates—they did not love one another devotedly as brothers of nearly the same ages so generally do. The younger boy found his pleasure in quiet games with quiet children and in the books of his father's big library; the older boy took to rough play with rough companions. John Kingslake was not sorry to see his brother leaving home for college, whither he himself refused to go. He was already in the Kingslake business with his father, with a partnership promised to him the day he should become of age. It were much better, he told himself, not to have his quiet, thoughtful, inefficient brother pottering about the plant.

In college the young man elected the old classical, academic courses of study, winning high honors in language, in history, in literature, but fitting himself, as he well knew, for no particular vocation in life. The thought of studying law or medicine was obnoxious to him and it never occurred to him that he might prepare himself for teaching. What he wanted to do was to write—to write poetry, plays, stories, novels, histories. And he wrote in those days, wrote voluminously—for his college paper, of which he was an associate editor.

His college career at an end, he went home. He was without inclination to enter his father's business or any other business. He was unfit to do so—more unfit if anything than he had been before he departed for the university.

A year at home, idling—so his father and his brother termed it—reading, scribbling, dreaming. A year of pure unalloyed happiness, the close of which was blackened and made sorrowful by the sudden death of his mother.

Abundantly supplied with funds from his mother's estate, the greater portion of which had been willed to him, he went to Europe, spent his first year there in a German university and left it to begin a five-year period of wandering along unfrequented historical byways, seeking out isolated spots of interest little visited by the student and the traveler, where he delved deep in research work, made copious notes, dreamed of the many articles and books he would one day write, and was happy.

He was in an ancient Moorish village in Southern Spain when the news—two months old it was—of his father's death came to him. He had heard from his father but twice since he had left home; from his brother no word had come before this brief and belated note. In each of his letters his parent had said that serious business difficulties were confronting him, but had not entered into details.

His father was dead, but dead two months gone, and there was nothing to hurry Redding Kingslake home. His inheritance—that would be cared for by his brother of course. He did not need for ready money—there remained a modicum of that which had come to him from his mother's estate—and for another half year he continued in Spain, haunting the old towns and villages of the ancient Moors—stayed until there was left in his purse little more than sufficient means to carry him home.

So he came back to his native city, to the places of his youth, there to find the great Kingslake business wrecked, his father's vast wealth dissipated and his brother missing, gone no one knew whither. He had been robbed of his inheritance and he was all but penniless. A short talk with his father's old attorney and he knew there was nothing which he could hope to recover. His brother's work had been complete.

In the home of the Widow Daniels, a woman who had once worked for his mother in various ways, he procured lodging and board. That good lady was glad indeed to offer him a home, for she felt under great obligations to Redding Kingslake. And, too, she pitied him, though she was not aware of his poverty.

Years before, prior to his going away to college, he had befriended her son, then a youth of his own age, a boyhood chum with whom he had played, with whom he had studied at school, the one boy of the town of whom he had made an intimate. He had loaned him sufficient money to enable him to take a course in a business college in the big city fifty miles distant, drawing the funds from time to time from the liberal allowance his father and mother gave him.

George Daniels had made a good business student and soon after completing his studies he had procured a position in the offices of the Stickney Steel Company, located in the big city. Before the end of his second year of service he had repaid Redding the loan with accrued interest. In the two or three letters written in that time he had shown his appreciation for the kindness rendered him.

"I hope that some day I shall be able to show you as great a favor as you have shown me." Thus he had once written.

The Widow Daniels had much to say to her new lodger of the success that had come to her son in the several years he had been with the Stickney Steel Company.

"He has done so well and his prospects are so good," she said. "And he never comes home, Redding, that he doesn't have something to say about you. He thinks so much of you. If you should ever need help I'm sure George would help you—I know he would."

Redding Kingslake smiled. Though his present appeared somewhat obscured, he held no doubts about his future and he could not imagine that he would ever be forced to call on George Daniels for assistance. For now would he do that which he had always wanted to do, what he had been planning, preparing to do for so many years—now he would write. Now he must write—necessity demanded it. He must make his own living—he would do it with his pen. To what other means could he turn?

So he brought out his treasured notes of his years of travel, equipped himself with a few reference books, rented a secondhand typewriter and in the quiet of the Widow Daniels' little parlor sat down to compose a series of articles descriptive of the out-of-the-way places he had visited and studied. And he rejoiced in his work and wrote with fervor and enthusiasm.

There can be no doubt that his sketches were carefully, even painstakingly written, couched in excellent English and practically faultless as regarded their technic.

What quality or qualities they lacked, whether that of interest or vigor or brevity, that editors should reject them one after another as quickly as they had been submitted will never be known. But his travel sketches would not sell—nobody wanted them. When the tenth one of them returned after its several trips to editorial offices he admitted to himself the futility of his efforts in that line of writing and turned to the short story, confident that he would find success in that quarter.

For Another Half Year He Continued in Spain, Haunting the Old Towns and Villages of the Ancient Moors—Stayed Until There Was Left in His Purse Little More Than Sufficient Means to Carry Him Home

(Continued on Page 63)

STRETCHING THE DOLLAR

By CORINNE LOWE

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

WHEN I was a girl in my teens I was much impressed by the rich old lady in my town who always saved the basting threads she had already used. I looked down on that thrifty soul. I even went so far as to wonder if she had a soul. For, though I myself was far from rich, I had the attitude toward economy which prevailed in our lavish nineties.

Until the past year I have maintained this lofty scorn of saving. Conscientiously and regularly I have misspent money. My tips to waiters would represent to-day a handsome bank account. I never bought anything at three-ninety-eight if I saw a single chance of spending ten for it. I took no shameful care in preserving my possessions. And even when I might have practiced some harmless economy without danger of public observation I faltered before the exacting tribunal of my own spirit. I was afraid that at one o'clock at night—that hour when you generally think of yourself what your enemies do all day long—some ghost would rise to hiss into my guilty ear: "Tightwad!"

I am not telling all this because I think that such details of my personal life are being awaited by a breathless world. My public confession is urged by the fact that I have been typical of my generation. Of course not everybody has been so fanatically intent upon spending money without any return as was I. Indeed, there were many folks who valued the dollar long before the dollar ceased to have value. But take us Americans as we were for the twenty years previous to the war and you find that we have been controlled very largely by one fear. Deeper than our horror of a lonely old age, more gruesome a specter than economic dependence, has been the dread of being considered tight.

But there was other motivation than this. For at least two decades we Americans have been like children who boast to each other: "My papa is richer than yours." Our national pastime was pretending that we were wealthier than our bank account. And it was only through an industrious propaganda that we children acquired a taste for a new pastime. This was saving foodstuffs and buying Liberty Bonds. Then most of us turned our backs upon the old game and the French housekeeper making her tenth carbon copy of a soup bone, the German *Hausfrau* telling her guests to use the middle of the towel more frequently because otherwise the ends wore out so much sooner—these types at which we had heretofore sniffed became the models for our most fashionable toy.

A Fad Becomes a Necessity

AFTER those first stimulating months with our new pastime, however, many of us began to lapse. Sugar and meat saving, making over our old clothes, putting every extra dollar into Liberty Bonds—these began to look like the engine that stood under last year's Christmas tree. The result was that many of us went back to the old game. It has been only during the past winter of rising prices that most of us have taken up economy in earnest. To-day, too, there is no flavor of novelty in the situation. No longer is thrift a mere toy, the new luxury which came to the jaded money spender. It is an actual necessity, a habit brought about by the same pressure which years ago induced that European frugality at which we used to laugh.

Of course not everybody has submitted to the pressure. The island of Manhattan is still filled with henna-minded women who walk up and down Fifth Avenue in clothes intended to impress people whom they never knew and never expect to know. One of these women represents in her attire the tiny home to which most of us look forward for our old age. Her hat—a simple little thing with two hot cross buns done in colored worsted—cost her perhaps fifty dollars. Her serge frock was bought at some noted specialty shop for $200. Her pair of low-necked French shoes was made to order at forty dollars. Add to these her sable neck piece, her silk stockings, lingerie and other accessories and you locate on the spot over $600. Even then, too, we have not taken into account the diamonds and other jewelry bought in the face of a rising market.

This is the sort of woman who swells the bread line at the fashionable eating places. Never, in fact, were the expensive restaurants in New York so crowded as during this past winter. Getting an audience with a little terrapin nowadays is just about as difficult as getting one with the king-pin. If this does not sound plausible, hear the testimony of a friend of mine.

"I used to be able to get a table at the Fitz if I called up an hour before lunch," says she plaintively. "Nowadays when I telephone to the head waiter at eight o'clock in the morning of the day I want to lunch he says in a grieved way, 'Oh, Mrs. X, if you had only let me know yesterday afternoon! The tables are all engaged now.' If this sort of thing keeps up, you know, we shall soon have restaurant-table scalpers."

It is, of course, the woman willing to pay forty dollars for a pair of shoes and besieging the high-priced restaurant who has helped keep up the cost of living. She and the husband who pays ten dollars for a scarf and twenty-five dollars for a shirt have been the real scabs in the union of dollar miners. It is partly due to them that the dollar cannot be worked as it used to be. It is in spite of them that some of us have been able to extract a little lingering energy from this coin.

Undoubtedly some of us are doing that. The fact of it is that the American sentiment for the dollar is much like that of a maiden for a departing suitor. No sooner did we see it vanishing than we commenced to try to hold it. At least we saw new virtues in it and resolved to cherish the limited amount of its society which remained to us.

That you can save even in these times is indicated by the words of a buyer of women's garments in the underground, lower-priced section of a prominent New York department store.

"Nowadays," says this young man, "you can get almost anything that you want at almost any price that you want. No, it may not be at the exact time that you want it, and it certainly won't be without a lot of footwork and headwork. But the retail market is the same as the wholesale market, and I know that the latter is flooded with merchandise which may be bought at a bargain. I get those bargains by shopping round. I never take my eyes off the market. Every day six or seven of my scouts are out among the manufacturers, and they report just when a certain man is about to weaken on his price.

"Suppose, then, I want a lot of navy serge dresses at about fifteen dollars a dress. I have seen the very thing that I am after, but it costs too much. So old Cunctator Fabius bides his time. Every day I send one of my assistants to the doomed manufacturer. At last my scout reports, 'Those models are still hanging there on the hooks. They don't move any more than if they had housemaid's knee. I believe if you went round there this morning you could pick up the lot at your price.' This buoyant conclusion is generally justified. I get my serge dresses at fifteen dollars—the very same ones that would have cost me three or five dollars more if I hadn't taken the trouble and the time to shop round."

The moral of this tale to the retail consumer is so plain that all who run may read. If the buyer of the basement section can get bargains, so can the man who buys from him. But he can't get them without work. And right here we encounter one of the factors in keeping up the cost of living. The American consumer has always been prone to laziness. Extravagance has been buttressed not only by the fear of being thought tight and by our childish desire to show off but by the national tendency to buy at the nearest shop. Up to this winter most of us simply wouldn't take the trouble to scour the market.

This doesn't apply only to the woman who has just strength enough to lift a piece of pâté de foie gras to the mouth of her Pekingese. The people of leisure are not the only ones who have maintained leisure. Indeed, the fact of it is that people who have had money all their lives are the vanguard of the fight against unwarranted prices. This is brought out very well by a single instance, that of a fashionable New York woman who, though not in the millionaire census, has always preserved a standard of decorative living.

Careful Buying for the Table

THE other day this woman gave a luncheon. She served at this affair exactly the same things she would have done before the dollar became mere stage money. Starting out with grapefruit, she served filet mignon bathed in fresh mushroom sauce, fresh asparagus, potatoes, tomato surprise on lettuce, baked apples with cream, cake and a demi-tasse. Afterward she confessed to one of her guests that she had paid only seventy-five cents for each guest's portion.

"At a fashionable restaurant," she commented, "I would have been obliged to give about four or five dollars a plate, and if most of my friends had served the same meal in their own homes they would have had to allow at least thirty or forty cents more to a person."

"And what is your Aladdin's lamp?" queried the friend.

"Work," retorted this woman tersely. "I shop round. Instead of allowing the servants to do the marketing or of going myself to the high-priced places, I make two trips a week to the cheapest public market in New York. I know it is the cheapest because I have explored all the others. There I buy all my fresh vegetables, most of my meat and all my fowl. It is a saving that mounts up wonderfully in the course of a week, for you see I buy not only for myself but for three servants."

This woman is not, naturally, the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to lead the average person out of economic difficulties. But she does prove the point in question. For by refusing to buy at the nearest shop she has been able to maintain previous standards at a cost considerably less than many of her friends. She has learned to stretch the dollar.

To give a more constructive idea of what economies one may achieve in the buying of foodstuffs, let us submit the case of another woman. This is a business woman, and her salary of about $4000 a year brings her more closely in touch with ordinary exigencies than does the stately income of my first type. To earn this salary she puts in a full day at business. Her hours are, in fact, much more crowded than those of the average woman without economic responsibility. Yet, in spite of this, she regularly attends to each detail of expenditure incidental to her small apartment in Greenwich Village. No matter how tired she is, she does her own marketing, and an account of the

differences in prices of foodstuffs which she encountered during the past winter should spur on every woman to a similar quest of provisions.

"First of all," says she, "there are mushrooms. Of course the average person regards these as barbaric splendor. When, however, you serve them as a substitute for meat, as do I, they cannot be considered in this light. Certainly not when you buy them at the right place. To show you that there is a right place, let me mention that I walked into a certain shop one day last winter, to hear that mushrooms were $1.25 a pound. The very same day I found them at one of the public markets at sixty-five cents a pound—and, by the bye, the bargains were larger and finer than the costly ones. The same way with asparagus. Instead of paying the dollar or so a bunch which was asked this winter by some of the fashionable shops, I got it at sixty-five cents by looking round. A single cucumber for which I paid twenty cents could have been redeemed for thirty-five cents at one of those lordly places where the steamer baskets fill the show windows. On ham, tongue and chicken livers I always saved by my scouting expeditions. I bought four grapefruit for a quarter when many of my friends were getting but two for a quarter."

Saving at the Cash-and-Carry

IN HARDLY anything else is the price more flexible than in chickens. According to this business woman, milk-fed chickens were ready for the unwary at one shop at seventy-five cents a pound. Yet one of the public markets provided a pair of such fowl representing a total weight of four and a half pounds at two dollars. Upon this single item she saved more than $1.25.

Milk-fed chickens, mushrooms, winter asparagus! What, says the average consumer, have these to do with me, any more than do the flaming tongues of ancient Rome? Well, even though these particular grace notes do not seem to be introduced into the general theme, they are sufficient to point to economies in more usual items of diet.

For example, there is milk. Our business woman buys most of this in cans instead of bottles. By using this powdered form for general cooking purposes she not only avoids the high taxation of the liquid form, together with its almost inevitable waste, but through the fact that the bacteria count is lower in the prepared state than in the natural one she puts an extra safeguard about her health.

Then there is sweet butter. A great many New York women who are addicted to the phone-and-delivery-wagon form of marketing have been paying $1.02 a pound for this commodity throughout the winter. Yet there are certain small shops in neighborhoods where racial prejudice interferes with the demand for butter where it may be purchased at eighty cents a pound. Also, the farmer eliminating the middleman comes to the rescue of the woman who really prefers saving to her kimono and the latest novel. For he has been able to sell not only butter but eggs and fresh vegetables at a price much lower than even the public markets. There are plenty of such small farmers in the vicinity of every large city, and many of them have instituted the custom of delivering their wares once or twice a week to the urban resident. All that we need to do to get in touch with this merchant is to overcome our old tendency toward the line of least resistance.

The business woman to whom I have referred hunted out many bases of supply similar to this. She soon learned, for example, that you can buy many of the necessities of diet more cheaply at one of the various chains of stores where no deliveries are made than at the more pampering type. Of course this Spartan manhandling of your rations is not in line with our former thought, but it is an athleticism incumbent upon us if we want to make the dollar go further.

But shopping round for the cheap things is only one of the phases of our modern food economy. In order to provide a diet which, in spite of diminished quantity, shall contain the elements necessary to health, many women to-day are taking courses in chemistry and food values. The cooking schools are crowded with women who formerly either allowed Olga to do it or else followed grandma's recipes. In this connection it is interesting to hear the words of the head of a cooking school, a woman famous as the strategist of the new advance upon the kitchen stove.

"We used to live on the fat of the land," says she, "and it was really the fate of the land. What could have been worse for us than grandma's favorite recipes, than her cakes made with a dozen of eggs and a pound of butter, than her larded meats and potatoes, her ponderous gravies? We should have become a nation of dyspeptics if the waning dollar had not made us all sit up and take notice. Now that we can no longer afford those rich things on which we were brought up, the general health is improving. After all, the Italians solved the riddle of a healthful frugality long ago. For in their macaroni and cheese they obtained a cheap meat substitute; from their inevitable salad and their green vegetables they extracted those vitamines so necessary to energizing the human organism; and their olive oil and fruit supplied all that was left to be desired in a balanced ration." Of course the American appetite and demands something more varied than this rather unimaginative diet. Yet the typical Italian meal is before us constantly as an assurance that sweet are the uses of the adversity of losing sweets. It illumines the path of those who used to think that the human body was merely an asylum to which we must commit every high-priced calorie upon which we could lay our hands. It shows us that we can live cheaply if we have to. For upon this economical diet—minus the juicy tenderloins, the rich pies and cakes, the Sybaritic sauces of grandma's table—a nation has long been kept in health.

Economizing on Meats

ACCORDING to most authorities, we don't need to have meat every day of our lives. Yet if we insist upon this daily occurrence, there are many ways of doing it more cheaply than we did in former times. The expensive cuts may be varied by such meats as lamb hearts and veal hearts, which, parboiled, broiled and used in a casserole, give the average family this portion of their diet at about thirty-five cents. Then there is haddock roe. Since the day of inflated values many housewives have come to realize that this dish when well prepared is capable of becoming a delicacy. It is almost as pleasing as shad roe, yet whereas the standardized delicacy has cost here in New York as much as $1.25, the haddock roe may be had for twenty-two cents.

Oxtails, chicken livers and the chuck steak are other comparatively cheap alternatives. The last has, of course, advanced in price far beyond that which used to be asked for the tenderloin. It is

(Continued on Page 72)

A SPRING HAT

By Alfred Noyes

DEAR poet of the Sabine farm,
Whose themes, not all of blood and tears,
Beneath your happy trees could charm
Your lovers for a thousand years,
You would not blame a modern pen
For touching love with mirth again.

For Kit and I went up to town,
And Kit must choose a hat for spring;
And, though the world may laugh it down,
There is no jollier theme to sing.
Ah, younger, happier than we knew,
Into the fairy shop we flew.

Then she began to try them on.
The first one had a golden feather
That like the godling's arrow shone
When first he pierced our hearts together.
"Now what d'you think of that?" she said,
Tilting it on her dainty head.

The next one, like a violet wreath,
Nestled among her fragrant hair;
But oh, her shining eyes beneath,
The while she tipped it here and there,
And said, with eager face aglow,
"How do you like it? So? Or so?"

The next one was an elfin crown.
She wore it as Titania might.
She gave the glass a smile, a frown,
And murmured, "No. It isn't *quite!*
I think that other one, the blue—
Or no, perhaps the green—don't you?"

Maidens, the haughtiest ever seen,
Like willing slaves around her moved.
They tried the blue. They tried the green.
They trembled when she disapproved;
And when she waved the pink away
They tried the lilac and the gray.

She perched the black upon her nose.
She hid an eye behind the blue.
She set the orange and the rose,
With subtle artistry, askew.
She stripped the windows of their store,
Then sent her slaves to search for more.

And while they searched—*oh, happy face,*
Against the dark eternal night,
If I could paint you with the grace
The Master used! . . . A lovely light
Shone in the laughter of her eyes.
They glowed with sudden sweet surprise.

She saw—the very hat for spring!
The first one, with the golden feather,
Dropped from a laughing angel's wing
Through skies of Paradisal weather.
She pinned it on her dainty head.
"This is the very thing!" she said.

"Now, don't you like me?" "Yes, I do,"
I said. The slaves were far away.
"Your eyes have never looked so blue."
"I mean the hat," she tried to say.
I kissed her. "Wait a bit," said she.
"There's just one more I want to see."

Who knows but, when the uproar dies,
And mightier songs are dead and gone,
Perhaps her laughing face may rise
Out of the darkness and live on,
If one—who loves—should read and say
This also happened, in that day.

HIDDEN PROFITS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ON DECEMBER 10, 1919, quite late in the morning, the door marked "Private" in the glass inclosure opened finally and J. Belgrave Fisher appeared, looking across his customers' room. He stood still, erect and dignified, surveying the stock board with his head well back, the attitude of accustomed command which was his. Yet a close observer might have noticed a subtle difference in his pose as he stood there waving his eyeglasses thoughtfully.

There was also a considerable difference in his customers. There were fewer in the chairs, many familiar faces were gone, and there were strangers too among the smaller company which gathered round his ticker.

"Did you see what she did?" said the short, thickset man who was at one side of the door, standing astride with his hand at his lower vest, looking up a little askance at the board with the sharp, characteristic sidelong glance which marked—the newcomers to the office all noticed—that older and more experienced operator in those rooms, Mr. Augustus J. Halpin.

"What did what?" asked the broker a little sharply.

"Agmo! Bang! Five points more!" replied the other with characteristic staccato brevity of speech.

Mr. Fisher watched severely, his waving eyeglasses now frozen to his eyes.

"That's all right. That's all right," he said reassuringly after an interval, his glasses starting waving again. "The whole market's down."

"Look at Spurp!" said Mr. Halpin briefly. "Ten points higher—comparatively!"

"Comparatively—yes. But they're all down! They're all down!" said Mr. Fisher in the voice of one cautioning against precipitate and unreasoning alarm. "What else could they be? What can you expect, with the present situation between this bunch at Washington and the big men—the money power here in Wall Street? First this iniquitous income tax, destroying American enterprise, American capital and American business. And next the action—the absolutely unwarranted squeeze by the money power—the Federal Reserve scaring this country to death under manipulation by these big men down in Wall Street. What can you expect in such a condition?"

"Spurp is and has been the better stock—the better buy always," said Mr. Halpin, apparently not listening to this speech.

"Possibly," said Mr. Fisher coldly.

"I'd have had it this minute," stated Mr. Halpin, "if it hadn't been for you!" His manner, it might be seen, had also considerably changed. His glance was not indeed less significant, but it had a new meaning. It was very markedly suspicious.

"What?" inquired Mr. Fisher shortly.

"Spurp common, if you hadn't argued me out of it into this thing—this Agmo!"

On hearing this Mr. Fisher's gaze was lowered temporarily from the upper part of the board to the speaker. His eyeglasses stopped waving as he looked down.

"You are at liberty," he said coldly, "at any time of course that you see fit to withdraw your account from us. But not—not to make false statements of that kind. False!" he repeated very definitely and, having said this, started his glasses waving again.

"I didn't mean that exactly," said Mr. Halpin hastily.

But there was still a brooding, smoldering suspicion in his glance—up under his brows—which would be strongly suggestive to anyone who was familiar at all with Napoleonana of the great Corsican in his later years at St. Helena, surrounded by his enemies.

"Quick—Before Three o'Clock—the Closing!" She Said, Snatching the Telephone From Her Parent's Desk

"What has happened here?" said Mr. Fisher, then going on with the air of one who understands and is still willing to condone a not-unnatural feeling of human nature. "We've seen a great fall in the market, engineered by a combination of influences, of unbelievable clumsiness in governmental offices, coupled with the most sinister, arbitrary and dangerous manipulation by the money power that I have ever chanced to encounter in my experience on the Street—these big interests trying to shake down the good stocks into their hands.

"On the other hand," he went on, "they have, I believe, done their worst. You've seen the bottom in my opinion. The interests have, in fact, accomplished their purpose. Stocks are now in strong hands, where they will remain.

"Strong hands," repeated Mr. Fisher with a slight confusion of metaphor, "who have a knowledge of fundamental values and are right after them, to get them for themselves—these big monied men of this country who know where the hidden profits lie. They've squeezed Wall Street—those other members of this combination, those politicians at Washington, those haters of the leadership of Wall Street in this country.

"But what have they accomplished? They were unable to squeeze the hidden profits out of the great successful industries of this country naturally. All they've done is to throw them once again into the hands—the hands of the big, wise, unscrupulous men of Wall Street, which were waiting there to take them.

"And the man who hangs on now," said Mr. Fisher, pointing his eyeglasses meaningly at Mr. Halpin—"this last quarter of an hour—to such stocks as Agmo—yes, and Spurp too—will reap the reward of his foresight; his foresight and fortitude and courage. And you'll see that," he said definitely, "next week, when the annual report of Agmo is given out to the public. I'm not at liberty to say all I know," said Mr. Fisher. "I'm not at liberty to go into details, except this—the hidden profits are there, as I have always told you."

"What's the matter with her, then, the last few days?" asked Mr. Halpin in the voice of one who, though deeply and justly suspicious, is yet willing and even anxious to be convinced.

"That I don't pretend to say," replied the student of Wall Street. "What I follow is fundamentals; not the day by day fluctuations of the market. I know this," he prophesied—"you can count on this: Stocks are going into strong hands. And I know further," he said, now beating out each individual word with his eyeglasses, "when you see the report of Agmo—you—will—be—surprised!"

"I hope so," said Mr. Halpin in a voice still not quite fully satisfied, and stood sidewise, turning his sharp, suspicious, gloomy glance toward the department of motors on the board.

Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher, slowly completing his survey of the board as a whole, retired again into his glass inclosure without further comment.

"You know what I think?" asked Mr. Halpin when he had finally moved back and seated himself beside the long brown-faced figure of the man who was also gazing fixedly upon the motors section of the board, where Mr. Halpin's own interest now lay. "You know what I think? I think we might do well to watch ourselves in this place.

"You know what he did to me?" he said, looking after a pause back in the direction of the closed private office of Mr. Fisher. "I took his advice. I switched from Spurp to Agmo against my better judgment. What happened? In a week—in a week Agmo was down like a rocket stick. And Spurp, everything considered, this damn break in the market considered, is still comparatively strong. It looks suspicious," he added then. "It looks fishy to me."

Saying this, he fastened on his companion that look of intolerable gloomy suspicion which lay upon him so much in recent weeks; that look, in fact, which was characteristic of the first Napoleon in his latter period amidst the intolerable petty intrigues which surrounded him in the latter years of his captivity. "If it hadn't been for him and his statistics; if he hadn't swayed my better judgment," he then went on, "I'd have been in Spurp to-day."

"I don't doubt it," the other answered absent-mindedly, like one contending with his own thoughts.

"Or I might have sold out—paid my income tax and got out of the market—as I was considering doing time after time last fall."

"I was myself," said his companion, registering unpleasing memories by an untwisting of his lower limbs.

"If we had only understood him at the time," said his companion. "If he hadn't come and argued me out of it, overpersuaded me, overbalanced my better judgment!"

"However, one must say——" began Mr. Payne of Boston, thrusting himself finally into the conversation.

"There are other things too—several things—that he will have to explain to me," said Mr. Halpin, looking round behind him in the manner of the bearer of a dark secret. "That's not all he'll have to explain to me. Nor to you—to you more than me!" he said, and looked suddenly up from under his brows.

"Is that so?" said the other a little absently. "Is that so?" he repeated again, apparently without knowing it, meanwhile rising slowly to his feet. And, following the direction of his gaze, Mr. Halpin himself saw the reason.

"So you're going out to lunch with her again!" he remarked with a slow, sinister emphasis. "Well, then I'll be going on."

His friend did not notice in his preoccupation the black suspicion which was focused in the glance of the departing man or just where it was directed.

"How is it to-day?" Miss Fisher was saying in a spirited and cheerful voice when Mr. Payne had come and stood beside her. "How's Agmo?"

"Down," said Mr. Payne without unnecessary oratory.

"How much?"

"Five and a half more."

"That makes it ——"

"A hundred and forty-five and a fraction," said Mr. Payne.

"That makes how much you have lost altogether?"

"From the top?"

"Yes," she said, her bright eyes sharply on him. "From that time it was highest, when you asked me what to do about the income tax."

"About $310,000," he replied with feigned indifference.

"Isn't that terrible!" she exclaimed.

But it seemed to him then as she said it, as it had seemed a number of times lately, that there was a subtle falsity in her exclamation, a lack of change in expression, an almost entire lack of genuine sympathy.

"But you didn't sell, did you? You held on—all your shares," she asked, "just as I advised you? You stood pat?"

"I did, yes!" said Mr. Payne very precisely. "I have. And I'll go further. I will repeat this again to you. I won't sell—I pledge you not to sell without letting you know, exactly as I have always said that I would do. Though why I carry out this game—this byplay with you—I don't know."

"You aren't peeved or irritated in any way, are you?" she asked, fixing upon him that direct, frank look which was so much her own.

"Not a particle," responded Mr. Payne a trifle stiffly.

"I thought for the moment you might be."

"No."

"That's what I like about you," she confessed, ending for the time her frank, careless and, it even seemed to him, a little mocking scrutiny. "You don't care, do you?"

"Care?" he repeated.

"About losing that old $300,000. That's what I like about you: Your principle, the way you take things. That's what gave you that name probably, that Hell——"

"Don't, please!" said Mr. Payne of Boston, arranging his collar with his left hand.

"—— of the Argonne," she said, completing the popular designation of Mr. Payne without its center. "You didn't care there and you don't here."

"Well, I wouldn't perhaps say just that," replied Mr. Payne in slight correction. It was one thing to bear your own troubles lightly, he felt, but somewhat different to have someone else do so for you. And it had seemed to him just a little several times lately that she was the kind that perhaps takes the troubles of others unusually easily. But then of course she was very young and full of life and inexperience of men's problems.

"Don't you care," she said to him, placing her hand on his arm. "It'll come out all right, just as it did over there. You'll win out. And anyway you don't care a darn, do you?"

And now he thought for a moment he saw a certain look of approval, of admiration even, under her levity.

"Why, certainly not," said Mr. Payne, smiling grimly. "Of course three hundred thousand dollars is nothing to me in these days of plenty."

"And just to show them what you are, to live up to that name—that Hell Hound of——"

Mr. Janus, an Elderly Man With a Café Complexion, Gave an Ill-Concealed Glance of Apprehension

"Never mind that name!" cried Mr. Payne, arranging his collar again.

"Didn't you say you wanted to take me out to luncheon," she inquired, "the next time I came in?"

"I certainly did say so," said Mr. Payne, smiling now and forgetting Agmo for the minute as he took a fuller view of her.

"And spend a lot of money on me?"

"I certainly did," replied Mr. Payne, growing more and more light-hearted as he looked at her.

"You're all right, old thing," she said with now obvious approval. "And maybe I can cheer you up," she added with a very direct glance at him.

"I know you will," he said heartily.

"I'm going to," she asserted quite positively.

Passing out of the room in her company, however—his glance over her shoulder registering another half point drop in Agmo common—a sudden pang struck him which had not been unusual lately, a feeling that she took others' troubles with a strange callousness, even for one so young and thoughtless. It suddenly occurred to him again that here might be in this young and attractive body a singularly frivolous and unfeeling soul, careless of all other interests but her own. He dismissed this unworthy and uncomfortable thought, however, and was soon walking leisurely west from the Avenue in her gay and spirited company toward a not-unknown French restaurant which they not infrequently patronized.

"Don't you think," she was asking him, "that I look exactly like an adventuress in these?"

She was alluding, he saw, to her new jade earrings and no doubt also to the green-and-gold hat in a turban effect which she wore to match them, and perhaps her entire costume.

"Yes, perhaps you do," he said, assenting to her obvious hope, but yet with a certain lack of relish which had been growing on him, as a matter of fact, since they had come down together with a large company of men on the elevator.

"I hope you do," she told him. "I took pains enough to. And this too," she said, looking downward.

"Yes, I noticed," said Mr. Payne of Boston briefly. Since they had come down upon the street, in fact, he had been conning it furtively, and had often observed others doing so.

"You must have seen them before," she said.

"What?" he exclaimed with a slight involuntary start. He had just marked, too, another observer passing.

"In Paris last summer—before you came away."

"Oh, yes—yes, I think so," said Mr. Payne in a noncommittal manner.

"Just below the knees! That's what ——"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Payne hastily in the tone of one who has just had a serious misunderstanding corrected. "Are they coming here?"

"Oh, yes. You'll see them all over—all over New York in a month or two."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Payne, but still without any heart in his voice.

"Don't you like them?"

"Well, they strike me, if I must be frank," said Mr. Payne quite precisely, "as just a trifle abbreviated."

He was feeling—he could not conceal it from himself now—that instinct, that perhaps unworthy sense of proprietary interest which so often stimulates the strong desire in men, especially in recent years and months, that their own particular womenfolk should at times give themselves more ample physical protection. It was no doubt unjust, unkind and unworthy of him, but he could not deny he felt it with the approach of every new observer.

"You're a prude—from Boston," said his attractive companion with a considerably brightened color in her cheeks.

"I am, I am afraid," Mr. Payne admitted briefly.

"Well, you'll have to get used to them," said his companion philosophically, "like everything else—here in New York."

(Continued on Page 170)

"Don't You Think," She Was Asking Him, "That I Look Exactly Like an Adventuress?"

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

Her Exclamation Was Full of the Deepest Solicitude. Jud Was Calmly Patting the Scalded Spot With His Napkin

XIX

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AUSTIN PARSONS DULEY lived in a three-room apartment between Fifth and Madison Avenues in one of the uptown cross streets. He liked to be comfortable and was inclined to self-indulgence. This was particularly true on Sunday mornings, when he usually elected to sleep until round ten o'clock and then look over the newspapers before bath and breakfast. Things were going pretty well for Duley and he had been thinking seriously of employing a man, thus relieving himself of the necessity of going out for his coffee and rolls.

Duley urged Jud Dunlap to share his lodgings and the services of a Jap to do the housekeeping, but Jud objected to the arrangement. He liked to get up at an hour that scandalized Duley. He usually had breakfast at some all-night restaurant before the others were open for business. He took long walks, sometimes uptown, sometimes down. He discovered that in the market districts the day began long before sunrise and was practically over when ordinary business got under way.

He would sometimes take an early morning train out into New Jersey, Long Island or Westchester and do five-mile hikes that cleared his brain and helped to keep him physically fit. These excursions he urged his partner to share, but Duley held up his hands in horror.

Jud was an habitually early retirer. When the night life of the city was getting under way Jud was usually dreaming. He still kept his inexpensive room at the Hotel Arthurfield. His dreams covered a vast range. Often they were of the Ashaluna hills. The tinkle of the ice in the hall boy's pitcher borne past his door became the tinkle of bells hanging from the necks of grazing cattle. The street noises outside his window blended into the roar of the river pouring through the Sluice. In those dreams he saw again the wilderness, the mountain sides, the carpeted aisles of the woods or the tangled thicket of swamp cedars, penetrated only by the winding tracks of browsing deer. And he dreamed of Mary Beverly. Often he saw her as he had known her back home, with the nifty little trick hunting costume, the close-drawn knitted cap that made a snug frame for her colorful vivid face, her sparkling black eyes.

Jud didn't want a valet or a half interest in one. He could dress himself and walk unassisted to his meals. Duley was welcome to all that. He'd been brought up to it, and Jud was only too glad that Duley's share of the profits of I. I. C. C. made such things possible. Semi-occasionally he visited Duley's abode, which he regarded as effete.

What then was the plump young man's amazement on the Sunday morning following the discomfiture of the Mogridge crowd to hear Jud's voice on the house telephone announcing his presence in the hall below and peremptorily demanding if he couldn't come right up.

Duley said, "Sure," wrapped his dressing gown about him and popped back into bed, where he made himself comfortable with bunched-up pillows.

Jud stepped from the elevator, turned the knob and entered, slamming the door behind him.

"Ain't you up yet? Well, of all the fat, lazy—say, have you seen the Sunday papers?"

"Just waked up, imbecile. What's all the excitement?"

"Look here, Dule! Read that!"

Duley hastily cast his eye down the column which his partner indicated on a page of financial comment.

"I see," he said. "I could have guessed as much. I wondered how soon I'd hear confirmation."

"Gosh!" said Jud. "It kind of knocked me off my pins."

The article which had roused his interest and seemed to have disturbed him in no small measure was an account of the raid on the stock of Burns, Elkman & Co. It said in part:

> Burns-Elkman common was rudely wakened from a long and complacent slumber this week and it now transpires that very large interests were back of the sensational acrobatics which the stock indulged in. It was only a few days ago that the Street learned of the acquisition of control by the Mogridge-Intercontinental crowd, but their control was fated to be of short duration and has cost them heavily.
>
> The Jordan interests went about the business of obtaining command in thoroughly characteristic fashion. No doubt Burns-Elkman will thrive hereafter, for the Jordan energies are sure to be both aggressively and constructively exerted. Small stockholders who were lucky enough or wise enough not to be shaken down by the sensational flurry will doubtless profit by the new régime. It is unfortunate, however, that a turnover of this sort carries with it a certain ruthless disregard of consequences to the ignorant and timid.

Duley looked up at Jud, who had pulled a chair close to the bed.

"I don't think it's anything to get excited about," he observed. "There's nothing surprising about it."

"Did you know Jordan did it?"

"I told you I could have guessed."

"I don't ask what you guessed. I want you to tell me what you knew. I want to know if you were tipped off in advance by Waxman or anyone."

Duley wriggled among the pillows.

"Aw, Jud, what's the difference?"

"A devil of a difference, I'll say! Jordan agreed to keep his finger out of our pie."

"He didn't interfere."

"He pulled off that show to help us, didn't he?"

"You poor prune, he was after Mogridge's scalp—and got it."

"But didn't he pass the word to Waxman to advise us to get aboard?"

"Now look here, Jud! Don't pan me! Everything came out all right—and you must admit you dominated the situation. Why didn't you make Waxman tell beforehand where he was getting his dope?"

"Gol-ram it, Dule, I'm a greenhorn and you know it! I let you ask the questions. I s'posed you knew what ones to ask. I took Waxman on faith. When he said he had his information from confidential sources and vouched for its bein' reliable I let it go at that, but I never thought you and Jordan would conspire to pull the wool over my eyes. I'm sore, darned sore! You knew ——"

"But why should you be sore? You made a clean fortune out of it. You saw plainly we couldn't raise the capital we needed by selling I. I. C. C. stock. Waxman was lucky to sell as much as he did. As for L. J., he was irritated at Mogridge—usually is—hates him anyhow—and went after his hide. That's a thing likely to happen any day. Our benefit from the operation was purely an incident, a by-product, and it was very friendly of Jordan to post Waxman."

Jud remained unconvinced.

"That's all very plausible. It listens O. K., but it don't change the main issue. I've been fightin' to keep Jordan from puttin' us under any more obligations—and now look. He's managed to do our financin' for us in spite of us—or me, I should say. You haven't cooperated much. By gum, I shan't acknowledge an obligation that's put over on me against my will. I don't thank you, Dule, for keepin' me in the dark regardin' the facts. You meant all right, but your judgment was warped. To-morrow I'm

goin' down to Jordan's office and tell him plumb to his head just what I think of him."

"But, Jud," cried Duley in alarm, "don't do that! Don't antagonize the old boy. He's too powerful. If he gets down on us he'll find some way to smash us. He's a good friend, but as an enemy he's one of the most fatal things known. I'm scared to death of him and so's everyone else in the whole financial district. No one has ever taken a real fall out of L. J. to my knowledge. Several have tried and come to grief."

"Well, I'm going to take a fall out of him, I'll tell the world! Now, Dule, explain this: What does the paper mean by—le's see ——" Jud scanned the column he had just read. "Here it is: 'Ruthless disregard of consequences to the ignorant and timid'?"

"Oh, that means that a lot of poor boobs who owned Burns-Elkman stock got scared and sold it when they'd have done better to hang on."

"Sold it at a loss?"

Duley found himself held by that cold gray gaze. No use to temporize.

"Oh, I suppose so—some of them. Say, hell's bells, don't look at me as if I were a burglar! I didn't do it."

"You got your share of the loot. So'd I, worse luck. I suppose lots of those losers were small fellows—clerks and farmers and people livin' back in the country."

"Not many, because the thing happened too quick for them to get the news. It was mostly the chaps in towns where they have daily papers carrying stock-market reports—many of them speculators who were merely gambling."

"They have rights just the same. Don't make any difference whether a feller is a farmer or works in a city grocery store. The loss hits one as hard as the other. Both of 'em were defenseless—the city one more so, because the farmer was prevented by the very thing you mentioned, ignorance of what was goin' on, from makin' a jackass of himself.

"Now, Dule, this only confirms what I've always said about Wall Street. It's a bad place. Men down there are heartless. They ride roughshod over the rights of other folks. I told you I was afraid of my life in Wall Street same's I would be in a tough district where somebody might drag me up an alley and hit me with a piece of lead pipe. The financial fellers do it more polite, but it amounts to the same thing. Your pocket's just as empty when it's over, and your head aches as bad.

"You and I happened to be on the other end of the sandbag this time. I'm not proud of that. I'd almost rather I'd been the one who got slugged. That's what I'm goin' to tell Jordan—and then some. He'll have to make good to those poor cusses that lost money."

"Oh, hold on, Jud! You're crazy. That wouldn't be possible. You have to remember that a lot of shorts hopped on the band wagon when they thought they saw a chance to make a killing, and they were the ones who were pinched worst. It would be absurd to expect ——"

"Shorts! What the devil is a short? A short skate maybe, like you and me, to line our pocketbooks with other people's money. And we've gone and tied up our profits in one way or another—say, do you think I'll ever spend a peaceful minute in that house I bought? What do you think my mother'd say? She wrote me she had full confidence the money I made was got honestly. Poor old lady, wouldn't she throw a duck fit if she knew I was one of a gang of highbinders ——."

"Now look here, Jud, this won't do! You are only working yourself up into a stew—and it's both silly and useless. Have you had your breakfast?"

"No, don't know's I want any. I'm upset."

"You need coffee and some nice crisp ham. You also need half a grapefruit. Probably you could use a large dish of oatmeal with very thick gummy cream. I am of the opinion you would not dodge a stack of fine brown griddle cakes with maple sirup like the kind you have back in Ashaluna. I'll array myself in a neat but tasteful manner and we'll blow round to the club and eat like gentlemen. Then you can talk about this thing on a sane and nourishing basis. Now be a good boy, Juddy, and read the funny pages while poor old Dule gets shaved and dressed."

A large, unusually good-looking young man walked into the offices of Jordan & Co., corner Wall and Broad Streets, at an early hour on Monday.

"I want to see Mr. Jordan," he said.

"Your name, please?"

Jud's interrogator was a businesslike young woman behind one end of a marble counter, whose duties were indicated by a sign reading "Information."

"Dunlap."

The young lady caused a telephone to function and presently informed the applicant, "Mr. Jordan's secretary will see you."

"I didn't ask to see Mr. Jordan's secretary. I want to see Mr. Jordan—right away."

The young lady was imperturbable. A brisk young man appeared.

"I am Mr. Jordan's secretary," he said politely. "Would you mind letting me know the nature of your business? I think you said your name was Dunham."

"No, I didn't say my name was Dunham. My name is Dunlap and I would mind very much statin' the nature of my business—to anyone except Mr. Jordan personally."

"I see," said the secretary. "Please step this way."

Through a gate in the marble counter passed Judson Dunlap, and the young lady labeled "Information" stared. Strangers did not usually get by that gate so promptly.

The secretary, however, recognized Jud's name as that of the man whom his chief had recently been at so much pains to locate. He knew his job would be of little worth if he failed to treat Mr. Dunlap with any less consideration than, say, the Secretary of the Treasury, who sometimes called on L. J. He led Jud into a semiprivate office, or waiting room, where he asked him to be seated. It was a beautiful room, paneled in some dark wood. Rare paintings in costly frames adorned the walls. In them Jud recognized the work of master hands. He sat and studied them wistfully.

One represented a sylvan glade, in the midst of which he perceived tiny vague figures dancing in a flood of sunlight. The thing was palpitant, full of mystery, intriguing by what it suggested rather than by what it definitely depicted. It was not a large painting. Evidently it was of considerable value, for like the others it was carefully protected by a glass-paneled case. Jud inspected the small plate attached to the frame whereon was lettered the name of the artist.

"I knew it," said Jud breathlessly. "It's the genuine article. It's a she doover. I wish Mary could see it. I'd like to have her explain it to me."

From this first picture he swung toward another. He gave a little gasp. In a twinkling he was transported as on a magic carpet back to his native Ashaluna. There was no mistaking those hills.

It was winter, and they lay, fair and glistening, snow blue, shot with cold opaline fires, scarred with those tremendous rifts caused by God knew what age-old geologic upheavals. There were the black pointed trees, too, stretching up attenuating fingers and at the top the wind-blown bald rocks, where even the snows could not cling for long. And above all the sky, thin blue, cold and pure, aloof, full of the light but not the heat of the sun, flecked with clouds tiny and delicate as spun

(Continued on Page 85.

"My Old Ashaluna Kid, Hear Her Scold. She's Pretty Much Upset, I'll Say"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 12, 1920

William the Conqueror

IN AMERICA we have no large number of show places such as the old-time Old World once could boast, though in our colonial days we made a good start by way of family estates and mansion houses. It was a beautiful life, that of the well-to-do American in early America. The traditions of such aristocracy as we have still cluster round the wide halls and spacious chambers of many an old-time Southern or New England home. We like to think of the stateliness of those old days—their assuredness and ease.

Suppose you to-day were given one of the old mansion houses, even with its wide acres attached. You might not be able to keep it up. The old Virginian had slave labor about his house and in his fields. He made money easily out of tobacco and slaves, raising and selling both. The magnate of New England, rich out of rum or shipping or what you like, had household labor at the cost of a few shillings a week. All supplies in those times were cheap, and even among the richer people the wants were far simpler than they are to-day.

The colonial house may be seen to-day in our suburbs, perhaps on a fifty-foot lot, with two trees and one snowball bush in front. If it can boast two servants they are sure to be expensive and apt to be transient. Its reminiscent Corinthian columns are more or less a mockery. Its owner, perhaps on a salary of $25,000 a year, sells it because he cannot afford it. He goes to California, and a facile architect devises for him a bungalow which is almost different. His wife can make shift between Japs. His daughter can eke out with the dust cloth. He himself can help sweep the floor. If he does not go to California his alternative is a flat or one of those groups of torture chambers known as apartment hotels. His wife now may occupy a rocking-chair in the lobby, gossip sixteen hours in the day, and perhaps keep a small dog.

No nobler ambition ever filled the heart of any ambitious American than to have wide acres of his own, a tall house with hospitable doors, a long table with friends, a wide fireplace with friends, large rooms with books and friends, ample stables with horses and dogs, noble halls with pictures—ease and personal content over it all. That was the ambition of an earlier day. Usually to-day it is simmered down in alternative to a bungalow and a car, or to a room in an apartment hotel and a car.

A chance communication calls up the picture of another sort of home of an earlier America, one as valuable in our history. We speak now of a time and place when a young man worked for ten dollars a month, an able-bodied man for nineteen dollars a month, yet none was given to complaint. There was no I. W. W., no International, no Communist Party, no union of striking laboring men.

"The hired hand was one of the family, and as the family usually rose at the hour of four o'clock in the morning and worked sixteen hours a day, the hired hand, being one of the family, did the same. The hired girl worked for two dollars a week. She was also one of the family, and in addition to her household duties she usually helped the boys with the chores. She married her employer's son and became one of the family in fact.

"Then one fine day Bill, her husband, drove the covered wagon up in front of the homestead, and the family and neighbors gathered round them to bid them good-by. The erstwhile hired girl, now Bill's wife, kissed paw and maw and the girls good-by with many tears, and then climbed over the wheel and took her place beside Bill, and they turned their faces resolutely toward the land of the setting sun. No one but Old Tige accompanied them on that trip from the homeland.

"When they arrived at their claim they were among the first settlers, and Bill built them a sod house with his own hands, and his young wife hung the motto, 'God Bless Our Home,' on the wall. They had no piano in the soddy, but the song of birds and Bill's cheery whistle when he returned from work were a good substitute, and none of the neighbors had pianos.

"The young wife planted hollyhocks, pinks and bachelor's buttons in the front yard. They reminded her of the flowers in the garden back home, and Bill planted some cottonwoods, for there were many trees back East.

"When they went to town Bill declared that his wife looked fine in her new gingham dress, and when Bill put on his store clothes she frequently remarked that she had the best-looking man in the whole county. Times were when the neighbors went with them. Then they put a board across the wagon box and got along real well.

"The divorce courts had very little to do in those days and in those homes, for they were too busy to quarrel if they had wanted to, and they didn't want to. They had enlisted together to fight the battle of life, and neither one shirked. There were no slackers in those days. There were no apartment hotels. There were no lap dogs—Old Tige was too big, and besides he was too busy out in the real yard, where there were no potted palms.

"In after years when Christmas came, Bill, who had sold a hundred bushels of corn for ten dollars, bought his wife a new dress. She declared that God never made a better or more generous man. Meantime she had saved some butter-and-egg money without letting on to Bill, and she got him a four-dollar hat. Bill vowed she would plumb spoil him, catering to his pride thataway. Their little girls went frantic with joy over their china dolls, and Bill Junior strutted up and down the big road showing off his new copper-toed boots, just the same as daddy's, only better, for daddy's didn't have the shiny copper toes.

"The old wagon has fallen into disuse. The garage that houses the limousine is much more commodious than the sod house grandpa built. Grandpa and grandma are hopelessly old-fashioned, so the granddaughters say. It is very unseemly for grandpa to call the attention of the guests to the plebeian ancestry of his grandchildren, when the grandchildren are doing their level best to trace their patrician descent back to the days of William the Conqueror. They can trace their ancestry in direct line to William the Conqueror, but the neighbors called him Bill."

Profiteers

THIS is a defense of profiteers. A profiteer is an ordinary mortal actuated by the universal desire to get all he can. His stock in trade may be canned meat, bituminous coal, cob pipes or a certain skill with his hands. No matter. In any case his profit is gauged by the public's willingness to be trimmed.

A Greek philosopher who lived in an age unacquainted with jazz and ouija boards once remarked that as sheep grow excited at sight of green pasture, so his wit functioned best in the presence of worthy auditors.

The profiteer is not a product of greed. Greed dwelt with us before the word "profiteer" was coined. The profiteer is a product of spenders. Spenders invited his existence, courted his attention, and now consistently struggle to sustain him and make his life pleasant.

Why, then, scold the profiteer? He observes that people possess money and the desire to be quit of it. He accommodates them.

Loose a cat in a room and toss a fish on the floor. The fish is picked clean. But why indict the cat?

Is there in the land one who labors with hand or brain who would not ask for greater compensation if he knew it could be had for the asking? Men get what they can. If one has opportunity to get more without additional effort, will he hesitate and hold an executive session with his conscience? Did you ever see a duck pounce on a June bug?

Here is a gentleman versed in the wiles of the sporting fraternity. He sits at a green table and holds in his hand four cards technically known as aces. Will he cease to raise while the misguided party across the table, who holds three queens, offers himself as a sacrifice?

One who keeps a shop and deals in wares desired by the public finds it necessary to increase his prices in order to maintain his established margin of profit. The public, long accustomed to paying more, accepts the rise without complaint. The shopkeeper is intrigued. "So easy!" he says. "If a necessary rise causes them so little pain perhaps I could put across one of my own invention." He experiments. The experiment is an unqualified success. Is he then content? What man, having discovered a gold mine, will fill his pockets and return no more? One rise borne without loud and despairing cries invites another, and each subsequent rise another still, while the shopkeeper's curiosity and cupidity urge him to one more desperate effort to plumb the depths of the public's willingness to be sheared.

In the old days one who wasted his substance in riotous living was frequently invited to sign a pledge and deny himself any form of alcoholic beverage. Frequently he signed as the quickest means of terminating an embarrassing situation. The pledge failed of its purpose because it did not get at the heart of the trouble. John Barleycorn remained as an ever-insistent invitation to break pledges. When booze became history, pledges automatically became effective.

The profiteer can hardly be persuaded from his evil way while temptation jingles a full purse under his nose. He is but human, poor sinner.

He needs moral support. He needs the understanding sympathy and kindly admonition of several million citizens who have the grace to lead him into a quiet corner and gently inform him that salvation is at hand—that temptation has been removed from his sight—that his customers have decided to encourage him in the pursuit of virtue by remaining away from his place of business until he has experienced a change of heart.

Why scold the fallen profiteer while persistently offering the temptation that made him what he is?

In a Line or Two

AND we shall beat our swords into plowshares and our treaty controversy into political platforms.

The best time to Americanize aliens is one generation before they come over here.

In a small town there is no place to go where you shouldn't be.

If you don't know whether a thing is good for you, ask yourself whether you desire it. If you do, it isn't.

We judge from the proposed location of free farms for soldiers that the idea is to test their courage and sticking qualities.

If prices keep on climbing we shall all starve to death. And then we shall rise and meet them there.

The reason Webster didn't define jazz was because he thought the word idiocy covered the ground.

Science may perfect that serum to eradicate yellow fever, but a yellow streak is bred in the bone.

When you use wood alcohol as an eye-opener you'll open them on the other side of Jordan.

MATTERS OF OPINION

Father's Loss, Son's Gain

EVERY now and then we hear a young man unwittingly prove that the seeds of success are not in him by asserting that American life does not offer the opportunities for getting ahead in the world that lay under the hand of his father or grandfather.

An unprecedented set of circumstances just now conspires to make the world's mopping-up years the young man's age. High living costs, inflated wages, ruinous taxation and dear money that thrust elderly men down Fortune's ladder rung by rung, reach down and extend helping hands to young men who are just beginning the long, uncertain climb.

Father is fifty-five; Son is twenty-five. In 1890 Father was just the age that Son attained this year. Living was cheap in 1890. Wages were low; fifteen dollars would still buy a serviceable suit of clothes, and as motor cars had scarcely been invented a youngster could hold up his head without owning one.

Father was a thrifty soul. As a boy he opened a savings-bank account and tried to lay by a little money; but it was not until he had been at work for three hard, grilling years that he came abreast of the first financial milestone and could boast that he had earned and saved $1000. It was a great and notable day when he acted upon an old banker's advice and used his thousand to buy a high-grade railroad bond that would pay to him and his heirs and assigns forty dollars a year every year for eighty years, and at the end of that time $1000 in United States gold coin.

As time passed Father laid by other thousands and put them into other gilt-edge securities. He gradually learned that to invest means to buy future income. His accounts told him that every $100 of annual income he bought in those days cost him from $2000 to $2500 or more.

Father is still cutting coupons from the bond he bought in 1890; but if he had to sell it in the present market he would lose about $280 on it. Son could buy a bond of the same issue for $720 and it would yield him, not a beggarly four per cent but rather more than five and one-half; and the bond is even sounder than it was thirty years ago, for with the growth of the country the security behind the mortgage has doubled or trebled in value.

Some of Father's railway stocks bought upon the soundest advice to be had in the nineties have shrunk in value even more than his bonds. If he sold all his holdings to-day they would bring scarcely two-thirds of their cost.

Father has always been a salaried man. His employers think well of him and have increased his pay fairly, even liberally, from time to time; but within the last two years he has been gradually forced to the knowledge that he can no longer live within his salary, though he pinches his dollars much tighter than he did in 1912 or 1914.

He is not so much worried as mortified at being compelled to turn in coupons and dividend checks to pay household bills; for he has always maintained that a prudent man who manages well ought to be able to live on his salary and regard income from investments as money to save. This state of affairs vexes him less than it did at first because most of his cronies at the club, men who share his own ideas of thrift, have freely confessed that they are in the same plight as he.

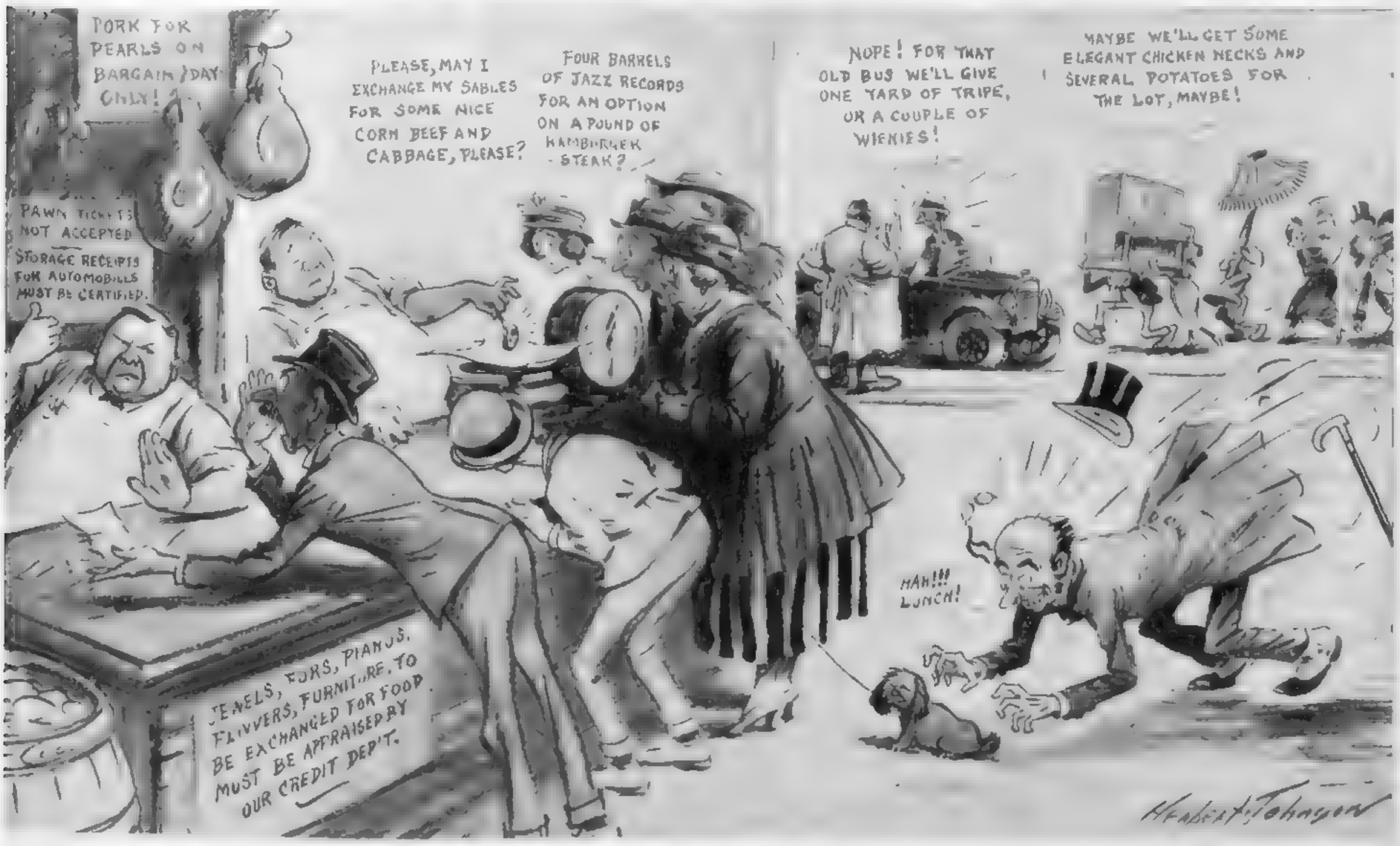
Taking it by and large, Father's financial outlook is not overbright. The cheerfulest thing about it is that Father is the kind of man he is. His is not the sort of life story that old men in poorhouses tell one another. There is something about Father's character which shouts that he will never suffer actual want.

And now for the rosy picture! Son, though he is filling a job that requires very little skill, is earning about four times what Father earned in 1890 for doing much more exacting work. He is not a naturally thrifty lad; but in the last twelve or fourteen months, stimulated by Father's talks, he has accumulated about $1000. He can put part of it into a Liberty Bond that will yield him a full six per cent, or he can invest the whole thousand in a well secured railway or industrial bond that will pay him seventy dollars a year. If he chooses the latter alternative he will be buying income at the rate of $1430 a hundred as against the $2000 or $2500 that Father paid. His chances of selling at a profit are much better than Father's were back in 1890.

Among Son's advantages are his immunities. The tax-gatherers lay heavy hands on Father, but Son they can as yet barely tag. What he makes he can keep, if only he will; and if he uses his opportunities he can make a great deal. He can not only accumulate investments far more rapidly than Father did, but he may expect to find that the purchasing power of his income will gradually increase.

For perhaps twenty years the buying power of Father's dollars has been declining. That of Son's dollars will inevitably grow. Never in our time has it cost so much to satisfy present needs; but he who goes into the market to buy future income finds that he has arrived on the world's great bargain day. It is not likely that there will be another such during the life of this generation.

Of the two situations, Son's is much the more cheerful. Seemingly he has but to live to win; and yet his future is less certainly predictable than Father's, for one of its factors is still an unknown quantity. The *x* in Son's future stands for his character. It has to do with the boy's pluck, perseverance, steadiness, habits, thrift, industry. Father's *x* was evaluated years ago and we know just what it is. Son's *x* is the key to his whole future. If it is as large a quantity as Father's he may walk down the years like a conquering hero.


PORK FOR PEARLS ON BARGAIN DAY ONLY!
PAWN TICKETS NOT ACCEPTED
STORAGE RECEIPTS FOR AUTOMOBILES MUST BE CERTIFIED.
PLEASE, MAY I EXCHANGE MY SABLES FOR SOME NICE CORN BEEF AND CABBAGE, PLEASE?
FOUR BARRELS OF JAZZ RECORDS FOR AN OPTION ON A POUND OF HAMBURGER - STEAK?
JEWELS, FURS, PIANOS, FLIVVERS, FURNITURE, TO BE EXCHANGED FOR FOOD MUST BE APPRAISED BY OUR CREDIT DEP'T.
NOPE! FOR THAT OLD BUS WE'LL GIVE ONE YARD OF TRIPE, OR A COUPLE OF WIENIES!
MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME ELEGANT CHICKEN NECKS AND SEVERAL POTATOES FOR THE LOT, MAYBE!
HAH!!! LUNCH!
HERBERT JOHNSON

AFTER THE SPENDING ORGY

The Great Political Superstition

An Interview With Nicholas Murray Butler

Reported by Donald Wilhelm

DECORATIONS BY NAT LITTLE

WITHOUT question one of the most pressing problems before the whole civilized world today is the functioning of government itself. Unless I am greatly mistaken government is breaking down, not only here in America but all over the world. The reasons for this deplorable drift—which is especially unfortunate at this juncture because it gives strength and opportunity, and reasonableness perhaps, to various factors of unrest working for overturn of government and order—are, I think, mainly two:

FIRST. During the last thirty or forty years all the great nations of the earth, including our own, have piled upon government an immense number of undertakings that are new to government.

SECOND. Meanwhile there has been no remodeling of the administrative machinery itself, notably in America, to take advantage of the lessons of business experience. We have revised over and over again all our methods of doing business in the executive organizations of corporations. We have adjusted the relation between the men who think and the men who execute. But in government we are still moving along the same old lines, with the old parliamentary procedure, which seems to the business man necessarily cumbersome at best, on one hand; and, on the other hand, waste, overlapping of functions, confusion, and too few of the excellencies and efficiencies that argue power.

Clearly it is a most unfortunate thing that at a time when we see before us the complete breakdown of all principles of government in Russia there should be the failure to function of other great governments in other parts of the world. Clearly that fact plays into the hands of those who are critical of the constitutional forms of government, notably not so much in France as in Italy, Great Britain and the United States. You have only to read the newspapers of Great Britain, thus, to see how discontented people are with the Parliament and the cabinet, and how they are beginning to feel about for ways and means to make substitutions for the old and unpopular order. And in like manner, too, though discontent here is, with reference to the Government, perhaps less chronic, we can discern much of the same general discontent with reference to Congress and the executive branches of the Government.

More Government, Less Liberty

IT IS unfortunate that we should have had at this time our experience with the treaty, and that we should have found it necessary to venture into new fields.

It is unfortunate that there had to be so much delay in disposing of the treaty, no matter how one feels about the treaty itself, and so great an appearance of disagreement over our inability to agree upon formulas; for that delay, that sense of disagreement, emphasized to the man in the street the apprehension that the Government isn't functioning, that things in Washington are not getting done, that something somewhere is the matter.

This apprehension that our Government doesn't function, that it takes all too long to accomplish anything even when a subject has been thought out, that there are too many agencies, too much duplication, too much waste of public funds—is aggravated by our inability longer to collect sufficient taxes to pay the expenses of the Government by indirect methods of taxation. It wasn't very long ago when we had the first billion-dollar Congress. The country was more or less aghast at the idea of a billion-dollar Congress, but Mr. Reed, the Speaker of the House, assured us that this is a billion-dollar country!

We were spending a billion dollars a year before we entered the war; but in the present fiscal year we must face four billions as the necessary cost of running the country, and that huge sum rests heavily upon business, industry, savings. But that is not the worst. For the next four or five years we must, unless there is extensive modification in the Government's methods and plans, hold up to the expenditure of a like stupendous sum each year. That is not theory, it is the fact; it is not guesswork, it is simply a matter of arithmetic. For the reasons are in: In the first place the purchasing power of the dollar is not quite half what it was, which makes it necessary to appropriate two billions where we should have appropriated only a billion before. Then the interest on the public debt is a billion, in round figures. And the new activities that have been heaped upon the Government require another billion.

Now many of these new activities, with their enormous cost in expense and confusion, along with the apprehension that the Government isn't functioning, are due to the steady growth during the last generation of the great political superstition of our time, which more and more decisively has set above the individual rights of the American citizen the sovereignty of government. Government, in America, has tended steadily to become less and less the handmaid of the American people, more and more their sovereign. That, basically, is the reason it has become imponderable.

It is the strangest thing in the world that we hard-headed, eminently practical Americans ever should have permitted ourselves to be deluded by the great political superstition that the Government is a sovereign which can do as it likes with the life, the business, the occupation and the property of every individual citizen. Here in America civil liberty is clearly defined in a written Constitution, and clearly is protected by the courts from invasion alike by the stronger or more self-seeking individual or corporate entity or by the Government itself. Nevertheless, during recent years those who have interpreted our Constitution and our history aright have witnessed with no little alarm a marked tendency in the Government to throw more and more emphasis on the action of government and less and less on the importance of civil liberty.

The thoroughly obscurantist and reactionary doctrine is now taught—and curiously enough it is taught in the name of progress—that the individual has no rights save those which society may by majority vote him. Yet we all know that officialism is slow, that it is expensive, that it is unadaptive, that it is unprogressive, that it has a tendency to tyrannize and a tendency to become corrupt; that once there is created a large official class it is as hard to shake off as the Old Man of the Sea.

Nevertheless, we have drifted steadily toward the old autocratic relation between state and people that existed when there were men ruling and men ruled. We have accepted slowly but surely the great political superstition, yet it is difficult to conceive any form of political doctrine more at variance than this with the fundamental principles upon which the American nation was founded, upon which it has grown to be the nation that it is. We have accepted the doctrine, yet it is the oldest prop of despotism and autocracy; and clearly the despotism and autocracy are none the less despotic and autocratic because we have, as a democratic nation, subscribed to them. We have accepted this doctrine though in the last analysis it rests all government not upon individual right but upon force; though the amazing notion that there is no such thing as privacy, that all of a man's doings and sayings and thinkings and havings are matters of governmental concern, are subjects of governmental inspection and control and interference, is now, always has been, the determined enemy of personal freedom and civil liberty.

The Breakdown of Party System

WE SHOULD abhor the creation of a great army of governmental functionaries, paid by the state, withdrawn from the producing classes, to do clumsily and ineffectively with public funds what private initiative and private enterprise can do far more effectively and with much better results to the public interest. We know that experience has marked off with some precision and definiteness the field in which governmental action is expedient and wise, and in which it may be carried on without interference with the widest opportunity of the individual citizen. The burden of proof, we are now beginning to see, should always rest on those who would transfer any form of activity from the field of liberty to the field of government. We are beginning conclusively to see that fact now. It is imperative that we call a halt now. For the old governmental machinery has not been able to carry the burden of this new business in the efficient manner in which private enterprise and private business and the individual carry their respective shares of it.

Now without doubt one reason why our Government in comparison with private enterprise fails to function lies in the relation between those who think and those who are expected to make things go—between the legislative and the executive functions of our Government. There can be no question that the theory of the whole seventeenth and eighteenth centuries sustained the separation of governmental functions into the legislative, executive and judicial branches of government. It would have been unfortunate if the fathers of the country had failed to separate the judicial from the other two branches of government, and the legislative from the executive. But with characteristic energy we overcame the separation of the legislative and executive branches by the organization of political parties, which nevertheless have, by the exercise of party pressure and party stimulus, facilitated, through long periods of time, efficiency and harmony in the Government.

Recently, however, both in England and America, we have witnessed the very considerable breaking-down of the effectiveness of the party system, which circumstance emphasizes the need of simplifying to the utmost the mass of burdens that we have put upon the Government, and that the Government, with notorious frequency, confounds between the legislative and executive branches. So huge is

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Housekeepers can rest if—

If they take advantage of such labor-savers as Campbell's Beans. This summer, take every possible moment away from household cares and give it to relaxation. Although Campbell's cost you no trouble whatever, they are as tempting and delicious as they are nourishing. Slow-cooked; thoroughly digestible. Serve hot or cold. Order them by the case for convenience.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

this burden, that, clearly—the evidence is in—it is quite impossible for the Chief Executive to handle, amidst the complexities of existing laws, the departments and the scores of other governmental agencies. He cannot—he has not the authority to do so—move and array in efficient formation the departments and other agencies, as, for instance, one can move king and pawns in a game of chess. Very much, and far too much, of the burden of administration therefore falls back on Congress; and in large part because of that fact not only must Congress neglect the mature consideration it is designed to give public questions of large import, not only is wide latitude given for charges and countercharges of waste and corruption and inefficiency, but general dissatisfaction with both Congress and the Administration is greatly encouraged at a time when that dissatisfaction is eminently a menace to our national safety.

At best the duties of legislators are difficult. Theirs is a qualitative job, with the widest implications. It would be amusing, then, were it not so serious, to view the manner in which we apply our national penchant for quantity production to legislation. It has been pointed out, thus, that in 1850, when the population of Great Britain was approximately 27,000,000 in a year when Parliament enacted more laws than in either the preceding or the succeeding year, its record of public laws filled 116 chapters and 831 printed pages. In 1915, when New York State had but 10,000,000, the Legislature of that state passed public laws that filled 729 chapters and 2691 pages. During the four legislative sessions ending with 1914 the New York Legislature passed 3583 laws, filling 11,110 printed pages. During substantially the same period Parliament passed only 250 public laws, aggregating 1682 pages. Again, in 1914 New York passed 582 laws, filling 2388 printed pages, whereas Parliament passed only 91 public laws, aggregating 483 pages. There are, of course, as Harlan F. Stone and other students of government point out, some differences in the legislative systems in the two countries which make exact comparison difficult; but it is substantially true that the volume of legislation in New York—which is not exceptional, but typical, rather, of legislation in most of our states—is from three to four times as great as that of Great Britain, although the population directly affected by English legislation is approximately four times as great as that of the State of New York.

Quantity Output of Laws

AS MR. ROOT has pointed out, during the four years ending December 1, 1913, Congress and the states passed more than 62,000 public laws. And, careful inspection shows, during the six sessions of the Congress beginning with the sixtieth and ending with the one preceding the present, Congress passed 2775 public laws, along with tens of thousands of private laws, such as pension laws, all of which had to go through the slow parliamentary business of introduction as bills or resolutions, reference to committee, report, action, approval by the President. To pass those laws, moreover, during those six sessions, introduced into the houses of Congress, duly handled, there were 200,085 bills, 5197 joint resolutions, 7090 simple and 724 concurrent resolutions—the immense total of 213,096 separate measures.

Men rise in their places in American legislatures and in Congress and, it would seem, propose statutes on the most trivial topics, a large part of which have to do with administrative functions with which in a modern corporate plan Congress would have little concern. Clearly the figures above reflect the fact that the disposition toward irrelevancies is becoming a disease. Clearly they indicate that the Congress must, in the nature of things, lose sight of the real tests of governmental effectiveness.

To lift a great burden from Congress and put it where it belongs there is now on the statute books a very admirable law—one that was a good deal discussed at the time of its enactment, but of which we have heard little since—that could, with slight amendments, be made greatly to simplify the opportunity for confusion between the provinces of the legislative and the executive branches of the Government. This is the Overman Act. It was passed two years ago to give the President very remarkable powers to reorganize and readjust, to reassort and reclassify, the functions of the departments, boards, bureaus, commissions and other agencies of the Government with a view to a more effective administration of the country. It contains two qualifications: First, it is limited to six months after the conclusion of the war, therefore it is still operative; second, it is limited to matters relating to the conduct of the war—and as the war was conducted it is difficult to see what fell outside of this limitation.

If these limitations could be removed and that act could be left on the statute books just as it is, the Congress not only would be freed from continuous problems relating to purely executive matters but the Congress and the people of the United States could hold the next President responsible for hewing to the line on a business reorganization of the departments and other executive agencies.

Also the people would have an end of the disturbing spectacle of what is called in Washington "passing the buck"—that is, passing the responsibility for failure of good government to some executive officer, to some committee of the House or Senate, to some conference, to some other agency.

The reorganization of the executive agencies, along with a national budget, would aid vastly in restoring national confidence in government.

But, after all, these are only means to an end. That end is the better adjustment of the legislative and executive branches of the Government, one to another, with a view to increasing their mutual understanding and interdependence, not so imperatively with the purpose of accomplishing any specific policy as for the purpose of making the Government function more economically, more effectively, more quickly, in response to clearly defined purposes of a majority of the people as expressed at the polls and as represented in Washington by the President and the majority of any House and Senate.

This closer understanding and coöperation might be greatly enhanced by our going backto a proposition that was submitted to the Senate in 1881 signed by eight of the strongest men in Congress. That proposition looked to having executive officers appear on the floor of both houses of Congress, as is done in the English Parliament, to answer questions, to establish direct personal contact between the executive and legislative branches of the Government—which is achieved now, if at all, only in the committees of Congress—so as to enable the men who think to join hands with the men who act. It provided that cabinet members should be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of the House and Senate, with the right to participate in debate on matters relating to the business of their respective departments under such rules as the House and the Senate might prescribe. It provided that these cabinet members should attend the sessions of the Senate on the opening of the sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays, and be in their seats at the opening of the sittings in the House on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, to give information asked by resolution or to reply to questions which might be propounded.

Those Americans who have visited the House of Commons at three o'clock in the afternoon know what interest attaches to the appearance of one of the cabinet, the questions, the answers, and the manner in which the people of Great Britain are enabled not only to get direct information regarding public business and disputed points but also a great deal of information as to what is going on. But I make the suggestion here for the further reasons enunciated by the special committee to which this proposition was referred, composed of Senators Pendleton, Allison, Voorhees, Blaine, Butler, Ingalls, Platt and Farley.

In their report on the bill they said: "The committee isn't unmindful of the maxim that in a constitutional government the great powers are divided into the legislative, executive and judicial, and that they should be conferred upon distinct departments. These departments should be defined and maintained, and it is a sufficiently accurate expression to say that they should be independent of each other. But this independence in no just or practical sense means an entire separation either in their organization or their functions, or isolation, either in the scope or the exercise of their powers. Such independence or isolation would produce either conflict or paralysis, either collision or inaction, and either the one or the other would be in derogation of the efficiency of the Government. Such independence of coequal and coördinate departments has never existed in any civilized government and never can exist."

From the Annals of Congress

THE committee pointed out also that the measure recommended was by no means without precedent in America. As indicated in their report, upon which the Congress, nearing the end of its session, did not act, frequently executive officers have appeared in the halls of Congress. One finds, then, on reference to only one of many instances, in the bare, longhand records of the first volume of the Annals of Congress, the following entry:

"Saturday, August 22, 1789.

"The Senate again entered on executive business.

"The President of the United States came into the Senate Chamber attended by General Knox, Secretary of War, and laid before the Senate the following statement of facts, with the questions thereto annexed, for their advice and consent:

"'To conciliate the powerful tribes of Indians in the Southern District, amounting probably to 14,000 fighting men and to attach them permanently to the United States, may be regarded as highly worthy of the serious attention of the Government.

"'The measure includes not only peace and security to the whole southern frontier but is calculated to form a barrier against the colonies of a European Power which in the mutations of policy may one day become the enemy of the United States. . . .'

"Whereupon the Senate proceeded to their advice and consent.

"The first question, viz: 'In the present state of affairs between North Carolina and the United States, will it be proper to take any other measures for redressing the injuries of the Cherokees than the one herein . . . at the request of the President of the United States?'

"Second question, viz: 'Shall the commissioners be instructed to pursue any other measure respecting the Chickasaws and Choctaws than those suggested herein?'

"Being put, their answer in the negative.

"The consideration of the remaining questions are postponed until Monday next"—when, again, President Washington appeared and sat, on the floor of the Senate.

The accomplishment of a national budget system, the reorganization of the Government's executive agencies, the development of all means looking to better coöperation between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government—all these are great things. They are things of the sort that we must achieve if we are going to make the Government function, if we are going to give to the great mass of the voting population the satisfaction of feeling that when they decide something should be done it is going to be done, in a reasonable length of time, with reasonable expense. The moment you restore the confidence of those who doubt, you number the days of the agitator and the revolutionary; for the reasons to be discontented and revolutionary, for all those who do not make agitation their professional vocation, will have disappeared.

But I think ninety-nine of every hundred business men are unanimous in their insistence that even a national

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Why Full Havana Filler Wins

ROBT. BURNS doesn't believe in trimming his sails to every trade wind that blows. A case in point is his filler—*full Havana*, as you know.

You could move mountains more readily than convince Robt. Burns that his filler should be anything but *full Havana*.

Toned down a little, to be sure, to suit the taste of modern smokers. But even when made milder by special curing and a neutral Sumatra wrapper, Robt. Burns' filler is *full Havana* still.

You see why every Robt. Burns cigar *must, of necessity, be true to type.*

If you want further proof of Robt. Burns' wide popularity, suppose you ask your dealer what success he has with substitutes for Robt. Burns.

General Cigar Co.
DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

ROBT. BURNS
Long Filler
(actual size)
Foil-wrapped
15c
Box of 25
$3.50

Robt. Burns Cigar

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Efficiency Through Machinery

THIS business of preparing for peace seems to be much harder than the job of preparing for war. When we were getting ready to fight everyone said, "Hang the cost," and went ahead. To-day the rope has been shifted, and the cost is hanging us.

About the only thing that appears able to withstand the action of that all-pervading force known as gravity is wages. Once a wise man declared, "All that goes up must come down." But he evidently overlooked a thing or two.

On Monday everything looks lovely. Tuesday the country is tied up by a railroad strike. When this ends we heave a sigh of relief and say, "Now to work!" But the next morning the milk drivers go out, at noon the elevator runners stop, and in the evening the operatives on the ferries tie up the boats and go home. Truly it is one damn' thing after another, and the end is not in sight.

A Modern Elevator for Handling Bales of Straw. Note the Height and Evenness of the Pile

The common tendency when we are subjected to discomfort because of a strike is to blame the men. But a few thoughtful, impartial observers are coming to the conclusion that management in the United States is also partly responsible for present conditions. Solid American workmen with families who are satisfied that they are being given a square deal are not easily influenced by radicals. Too many managers lack in understanding and sympathy for the people they employ.

Strikes are the most serious menace to our national good, for they are seldom local in their effect, and are tending to curtail production at a time when the country needs a large output more than ever before. But let the common people who stand unprotected between the two industrial combatants remember that certain of our managements are selfish, and should not be held blameless for the losses and suffering of an overpatient public.

The railroad strike in April taught several lessons. The striking workmen learned that public forbearance has a limit, and that people can and will run trains themselves if emergency demands. As for the public, it was given a demonstration of the superior value of the electric motor as compared with the coal-burning locomotive. The former is easy to operate and eliminates the use of a fireman.

A number of communities also discovered in April that the time has come when the people must refuse to sit down quietly and submit to every inconvenience that an organized body of workers or employers desire to impose on them. What we need in every town and city is a systematic scheme of defense that will at least insure the transportation of food and people, guarantee coal in the winter and ice in the summer, and protect the health and safety of local residents from all attacks that imperil business and endanger the public welfare.

And while we are trying to find a solution for present social and industrial problems let us not overlook the most important of all remedies, which is the adoption of labor-conserving devices. I have pointed out in earlier articles the deficiency that prevails in this country in the matter of material-handling equipment, and I want to try to show what a great opportunity we have along this line to save millions of dollars for the pockets of consumers.

Less than ten per cent of the freight that passes through terminals in the United States is handled by machinery. Hardly more than one-third of American manufacturers are familiar with mechanical methods for handling materials. Only one-sixth of our docks and piers are supplied with up-to-date mechanical handling installations, and not more than one-fourth of our railway terminals are equipped with modern mechanical handling devices.

There are approximately 2,500,000 freight cars now in use on American railroads. These are moving in trains only 9.03 per cent of the time. Assuming that every car is released before demurrage starts, it has been found that the cars average 22.58 per cent of the time in being loaded and unloaded. This indicates that 68.39 per cent of the time of all cars is wasted by repairs, switching and unnecessary delays. If mechanical means for loading and unloading cars were to be provided, so that one hour might be saved each day for each car, it is evident that the total saving would amount to something like 2,500,000 car hours per day, which would be equivalent to adding more than 100,000 cars to our present supply of such rolling stock. Conservation of this kind just now would be of great benefit to many industries.

A recent investigation brought out the fact that American railroads might save more than $400,000,000 annually in handling charges through the installation of modern machinery at terminals and transfer points. Doctor MacElwee, of the Department of Commerce, figures that there is a waste of twenty dollars a ton on every ton of goods that comes into or goes out of the port of New York. There is a similar waste in all but a few ports in the United States. The exceptions are located chiefly on the Pacific Coast. Seattle is constructing a pier 365 feet wide and nearly half a mile long. This pier has a berthing space sufficient to accommodate eleven ocean-going vessels, and the builders claim that it will be the largest commercial pier in the world. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the foreign commerce of Seattle now totals nearly $700,000,000 annually, and shows a gain of more than 10,000 per cent in twenty-five years.

In all of the leading nations of Europe every important port is equipped with electrically operated cranes and derricks, in addition to winches or other freight-handling devices. Germany has hundreds of these cranes in daily use, while in the United States there are probably less than a dozen such machines handling cargo from ships.

One city in Ohio recently effected a complete installation of a modern method for the handling and transfer of freight between seven railroads and twenty-eight stations located in various parts of the city. The new scheme already shows a saving of 66,000 freight cars which were previously used in transfer and ferry service. One authority estimates that if the same system were installed in New York City $45,000,000 a year would be saved.

Probably the most important feature of the plan referred to is the use of demountable bodies on motor trucks. The next step will probably be the use of demountable bodies on trucks employed to handle general merchandise from the freight stations to the large stores and warehouses in our big cities. This scheme largely eliminates the lost time suffered by trucks standing idle while goods are being loaded or unloaded. When the vehicle reaches its destination the demountable body, or container, can be lifted from the truck by a hoist and the goods removed at leisure. The truck is then ready to take on another container and continue on its route.

The automobile industry is the one line of business that is blazing the trail and teaching American manufacturers the real value of labor-conserving machinery.

A leader in this movement is an automobile concern in the Middle West. In the yards at this company's works are big locomotive cranes handling such materials as lumber, steel and coal. Electric cranes traveling on a bridge are used to load the finished autos after they have been boxed for transportation. In the machine shops a wonderful arrangement of mechanical devices eliminates all unnecessary handling of the various parts that go to make up the finished automobile. Continuous moving conveyors make it possible for the machinist to lift the finished part out of his machine and lay it on the conveyor which carries the part to the machine next in rotation of operation.

In the handling of heavy pieces an electric overhead-chain trolley conveyor is used. This moving chain is equipped with stationary hooks and travels at the rate of about three feet a minute. When a workman finishes a part he takes the piece out of his machine and hangs it on a hook on the conveyor just above his head. In this way the part is carried to the next operator. The first workman then fixes his attention on another piece that is traveling toward him and lifts this part from a hook into place on his machine. The machines and the conveyor are so timed that there is always an empty hook passing as a part is finished, and an unfinished piece is following close, so that the machine will not be idle for long. This conveyor system also provides ample storage for surplus parts and permits these unfinished pieces to continue their travel entirely out of the way until needed.

In assembling the finished parts that make up the car the company has devised a system that insures economy and speed. The plan is to place the axles of the automobile on standards set on an endless-chain conveyor. The distance between the axles corresponds with the fixed wheel base of the car. The conveyor moves three feet a minute, and the various parts are placed and fastened as the unfinished car travels forward. First, the frame is laid on the axles, and by the time this part has been fastened the unit has progressed to a point under an opening leading to the second floor. Here a stock rack with compartments containing all of the parts needed for the car, except the engine, body and top, is lowered by a crane to a position on the conveyor just back of the frame. The men ride and work on platforms attached to the conveyor.

As the outfit moves forward and the assembling continues the conveyor crosses pits approximately twenty-four feet long in which are workmen who install and tighten bolts and nuts on the bottom of the car. If the conveyor is moving at the rate of three feet a minute the men in the pits have no more than eight minutes to complete their work. Next comes a twenty-four-foot opening to the second floor, and here the engine for the car is lowered into place by a traveling crane with electric hoists.

(Continued on Page 37)

Art in the Press Form

YOUR master printer is an artist. A distinctive letterhead may be his subject. He will strive to express in it the personality of the one whose signature it is to bear. His materials are fonts of type, ink and *good* paper. The latter, he knows, is essential in turning out a clean, fine impression of the type face—its delicate serif or shade line.

The Eastern Manufacturing Company has studied those problems of the printer that pertain to paper in the making. It has also followed with interest the success of the United Typothetae in standardizing printing practices.

As a result, Systems has been made a bond of exceptional quality by its rag-content and careful loft-seasoning. Your printer knows it is dependable.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue **New York, N. Y.**
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

Warning to Tube Buyers

Nearly all motorists are familiar with the many imitations of Michelin Red Inner Tubes, and with the fact that such imitations have been unsuccessful except as regards color.

Failing in imitating Michelin Quality some of these inferior tubes are now being offered in boxes closely resembling the characteristic Michelin box both in design and color.

To protect against substitution examine the box carefully, being sure that it is sealed and that you are actually getting a Michelin Tube.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy

Dealers in all parts of the world

(Continued from Page 34)

The workers are now obliged to fasten the engine carefully in place and release the hoist before the conveyor has finished traveling the twenty-four feet.

Later in similar fashion the body and top of the car are lowered into place through openings extending to the third floor. As a result of this rapid and continuous system of assembly the finished automobile is ready to run off the conveyor at the end of a 375-foot journey. In other words, if the conveyor is traveling three feet a minute the car is completely put together in 125 minutes.

It is also worth noting that this same company has an efficient plan for handling all scrap, trimmings, filings and waste. They have located gravity chutes and drops at different points on each floor, and these are connected to underground passageways. A trailer truck carrying a removable box is placed at the base of each chute or under each drop. Just as soon as these boxes are filled with waste material they are hauled in trains to storage bins, where cranes lift and dump the scrap. Electric tractors reset empty boxes under the loading points in the passageways.

A big paper-manufacturing concern is also showing the way to many manufacturers in the matter of increasing output through the installation of mechanical methods for handling material. At this plant wood-pulp logs are lifted from the car or barge by long-armed cranes which carry the logs to the base of an electric log stacker. This latter machine is a great saver of ground area, as it permits the stacking of logs to a height of seventy feet. When needed these logs are loaded onto industrial cars and transferred to the chipping machines, from which point the chips are carried by elevators and conveyors to a bin where the material is stored at the rate of 6750 cubic feet of chips an hour. This wood is moved to the digesters by electric conveyors, just as are the chemicals needed to disintegrate the wood into pulp. In fact, in this plant practically nothing is handled by men, except as it is loaded on or off of a mechanical carrier.

A Cage-Operated Hoist Used to Handle Heavy Timbers in a New Jersey Yard

As an example of the savings thus effected by machinery, it is interesting to note that the equipment installed to stack logs and handle coal, ashes and clay entailed an initial expenditure of $40,000, but has brought about an annual saving of $14,354, divided as follows: In the handling of coal, $3580; in stoking, $7250; and in ash handling, $3524. After deducting $5600 for the year's operating expenses, amortization, and so on, we still find a net saving of $8754 annually, or approximately a twenty-two per cent return on the investment. The company further states that since the new equipment was put in, the power plant is generating twenty per cent more power and handling something like fourteen per cent more coal.

Such plants as those just described indicate plainly the line of advance that must of necessity be followed if American industries are to maintain a place of leadership in the world's business. Competition between individual companies is certain to speed up the use of trucks, tractors, conveyors and cranes in our larger industrial plants. The chief need of the moment, however, is for speedy relief in freight handling at railway and ship terminals.

One of the country's leading authorities on material handling showed me figures recently that indicated savings of from ten to eighty per cent over old methods by freight-handling plants that have put in new and modern machinery. He estimates that the average saving that results from the installation of up-to-date equipment is forty per cent.

Roughly speaking, 1,000,000 men are engaged in freight handling in the United States in railway and marine service. Assuming that these men only get three dollars a day and work 300 days yearly, their total wages would amount to $900,000,000. Adding to this the cost of handling freight at other points, it is evident that transportation and other companies pay out considerably more than $1,000,000,000 annually to freight-handling employees. If we could save forty per cent of this expenditure the amount so conserved would be an item of importance in the nation's industrial life.

Late figures show that 300,000,000 tons of miscellaneous freight are handled twice at marine terminals and 600,000,000 tons are twice handled at railway terminals and stations in this country each year. One-third of the cost the ultimate consumer pays for his goods goes to cover transportation charges. A careful examination indicates that one-half the freight cost on goods given an average haul is due to the high charges incurred in terminal handling. It costs more to load a box of canned tomatoes on a car in Chicago than it does to carry it from Chicago to New York. It also costs more under the present system to transfer a barrel of flour over the wharf to a ship in New York than to carry it on the same vessel from New York to Liverpool.

Whenever any coastwise city builds a pier that is inadequate in length or width, and which is not equipped in modern fashion, such municipality perpetrates a crime not only against its own citizens but against the whole nation, for the goods that come through our ocean ports go to all towns throughout the length and breadth of our land.

The question of handling charges in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or San Francisco is just as much a problem of the man in Iowa or Colorado as it is of the fellow who lives on the coast.

The day of ships that are 1000 feet long is already at hand. With such monster vessels freight cannot be unloaded speedily and economically on piers that are less than from 140 to 150 feet in width. A number of new piers at one of our big ports are being designed with a width of only 125 feet, which is too narrow to permit the installation of railway tracks and proper mechanical appliances. The cost of a pier fifteen feet wider would not be much more.

The United States proposes to compete for the world's trade, but its efforts will be hampered unless more consideration is given to efficient methods and devices for handling freight. In the discharging and loading of a ship the minimum labor cost is about eighty-five cents a ton and is continually increasing. In order to handle 10,000 tons inbound and 10,000 tons outbound, or 20,000 tons in all, the total cost for discharging and loading would amount to $17,000. Through the use of the latest mechanical appliances this handling charge can be reduced to only a little more than $5000. In most foreign ports this latter cost prevails. Therefore, if we continue in our present way what chance have we to gain a strong position in our play for world trade?

One of the greatest oil companies in the world recently purchased a wonderful machine that could be extended into a ship's hold and unload uniform packages of freight weighing as much as 400 pounds each. This machine was put in operation and effected approximately a fifty per cent reduction in the force of twenty-five men employed to do the unloading. This didn't look good to the workers and a strike was threatened. The result is that a beautiful machine is lying idle at this plant and a dozen husky workmen are withheld from much-needed service in other lines of productive activity where mechanical means cannot be employed. This type of coercion, if countenanced and submitted to, would soon convert America into an also-ran in the race for world supremacy.

That our industrial leaders are capable of doing as well as or better than our European competitors is borne out by results that have been obtained in certain lines where a real effort has been made to economize in the cost of material handling. Our coal-carrying railroads are able to handle coal at a rate of five mills a ton-mile, which is a lower cost for this work than has been attained in any other country. On the Great Lakes is a fleet of American vessels employing American seamen and paying American wages, and yet earning a handsome profit because of the low costs in freight handling that are made possible by modern machinery. At the same time great coastwise steamship companies have recently failed and gone out of business, not because ocean-carriage charges are too low, but because the cargo-handling methods employed on the piers and in the terminals are a generation out of date.

In 1914 the United States had few big shipyards and only a comparatively small investment in ships. Our present investment in ships and shipyards is approximately $6,500,000,000, exclusive of war vessels and navy yards. The Government's investment alone totals something like $4,500,000,000, which leads us to believe that if Uncle Sam fails to encourage better handling methods he will at least do nothing to jeopardize his own billions tied up in the shipping business.

Again I say, labor-conserving machinery and lots of it is one answer to the present problem that has resulted from a scarcity of supplies, low production and a shortage of men. No talent or skill is required on the part of managers who solve their difficulties by always increasing prices and making the consumer the goat. The worth-while manager of to-morrow is the fellow who finds his way out through the ingenious application of his own brains to holding down costs by increasing efficiency.

Automobiles and Cooking Costs

THE passenger automobile is a useful and attractive machine, while the motor truck is absolutely essential to industry and a boon to civilization. However, these two types of vehicles are presenting us with a fuel problem that is commencing to be felt in the kitchens of our homes. Approximately seventy per cent of the artificial gas manufactured in the United States is produced by the water-gas process.

This means that 30,000,000 people in this country annually consume 2,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas, in the manufacture of which gas oil or crude oil is an essential.

The gas industry uses annually upward of 28,000,000 barrels of oil, or approximately 1,100,000,000 gallons. The grades of oil hitherto used in the manufacture of gas are now hard to procure. The great demand for motor fuels has brought about developments in the refining processes which have made it possible for the refiners to convert into gasoline those oils which formerly had no value except for gas manufacture and for fuel-oil purposes.

We appear to be approaching the peak of possible production in the present known oil supplies of the United States; and Mexico, because of unsettled conditions and the fact that in certain fields the wells are turning to water, is not yielding up to expectations.

In 1918 Mexico produced less than 65,000,000 barrels of oil, or only about one-tenth of what was estimated as her possible production.

Automobile statisticians tell us that at the end of 1919 there were 7,645,000 registered automobiles in the United States, of which 6,000,000 were passenger cars. It is estimated that the increase in the number of cars that will be put in service during the present year will require at least a twenty-eight per cent increase in gasoline production.

Many people attribute the oil shortage largely to the enormous increase in the consumption of gasoline in motor cars. The demand for crude oil in January was 4,750,000 gallons greater than in December, and though the daily production of oil was 500,000 gallons greater in January than in December, the consumption exceeded the total to such an extent that a large quantity had to be withdrawn from stocks on hand, despite a material increase in imports.

In 1914 we had only 1,700,000 registered automobiles in the United States, and produced less than 35,000,000 barrels of gasoline. The best estimates indicate that by the fall of this year we shall have 8,500,000 registered automobiles in this country, and shall be consuming gasoline at the rate of 105,000,000 barrels annually.

The output of United States refineries in 1918 was divided as follows: Gasoline, 3,570,312,963 gallons; kerosene, 1,825,360,137 gallons; gas and fuel oil, 7,321,397,557 gallons; and lubricating oil, 841,465,767 gallons. The percentage of growth of the oil industry during the past thirty years has averaged 8.54 per cent annually, while during recent years the proportion of oil converted into gasoline has increased far more rapidly than has the production of the crude product. Our consumption of petroleum last year totaled 436,000,000 barrels, and if we apply the normal rate of growth to this figure we find that our consumption of oil products will amount to more than 650,000,000 barrels by 1925.

The question of the moment is, where are we going to get this oil?

A decade or two ago gasoline and benzine were products that could be obtained only at a drug store or in a paint shop. The chief product of petroleum was kerosene, in which the refiner put as much gasoline as the traffic would permit; now the tables are turned and the consumer of gasoline is often disturbed over the fact that his fuel contains too much kerosene. If electricity had not superseded kerosene as an illuminant it is likely that the development of our automobile industry would already have been slowed down by a scarcity of fuel.

It is true that science has come to the rescue and is trying to help save our oil supplies. The operation of oil wells by electric power is effecting a material saving of our precious petroleum. It used to be that steam engines were generally employed in pumping the oil from the wells. In such practice about ten barrels of oil were used on an average per well per day. With electric pumping, where the power is obtained from a modern turbogenerating station, not more than half a barrel of oil is needed for fuel per well per day.

In years gone by the oil operators seemed to forget that their product is irreplaceable and that, unlike corn, wheat and other products of the soil, oil cannot be gathered as an annual harvest. Though in the early life of all fields the waste of valuable gas has been more serious than the waste of oil, the petroleum losses suffered in all of our American fields have been a crime that we are just now commencing to repent. In many fields the vagrant gas has so filled the air that it is only with difficulty that fires have been prevented. As in most lines of industry, the oil producers have started to conserve their diminishing assets only when it has been too late. Clever traps have lately been devised and are now being used in all important fields to save the gas that flows from producing oil wells.

So much for oil and its precarious future. Let me now return to our domestic gas industry, which is greatly concerned just now over the encroachments being made on the available supplies of certain grades of oil by the ever-increasing demand for more and more gasoline. It is true that the volume of oil required for the manufacture of gas is small when compared with the total oil production. But in view of the number of people served by artificial gas and the purposes for which it is used, the importance of an adequate supply of oil for this purpose is second to none. It is not possible for the gas producers quickly to substitute coal-gas apparatus, so very little relief will be forthcoming along this line.

The situation that is approaching, and that is certain to force up the price of gas in millions of homes throughout the country, might be helped somewhat if New York, Philadelphia and many other cities would abolish their laws which measure the value of gas that is used for cooking by a candle power or illuminating standard. Candle power as a means for determining the value of artificial gas for heating purposes ceased to serve any useful purpose years ago, when gas began to come into general use as a fuel instead of an illuminant. Great Britain and other countries long ago adopted the heating standard as the proper one under which gas should be supplied, and similar action has been taken in some parts of the United States, but in many large communities the same lighting standards continue to prevail.

When practically all of the gas produced was used for lighting in the old-fashioned open-flame burners the present laws provided a proper requirement. Now in the face of the most serious oil shortage the country has ever known oil is being wasted daily by the arbitrary enforcement of an unjustifiable requirement. Many engineers have pointed out without avail that artificial gas should be served on a reasonable heat-value standard. When this is done we shall have taken an important step forward in the conservation of petroleum.

In order that the reader may understand certain elemental facts with respect to the gas used for domestic purposes I will devote just a few words to gas manufacture. The outstanding difference between coal gas and water gas is that the first is derived from the simple distillation of bituminous coal, by which distillation the coal is reduced to coke and its gaseous contents driven off. In water-gas manufacture producer gas is generated from anthracite coal or coke, and then enriched by the addition of oil. Both gases have the same general properties and characteristics. Their heating and illuminating values do not differ materially, and from the standpoint of service to the public their ranges of applicability are practically the same.

The water-gas process has come into very general use during the past thirty years. The term is misleading, because water, as water, does not enter into the manufacture. A set of water-gas apparatus consists of three cylindrical shells, the first of which is the generator, which contains a burning bed of anthracite coal or coke which is brought to a state of incandescence by forced draft. The air blast is then shut off and steam is admitted under and passes up through the fuel bed. The heat of the incandescent coal decomposes the steam, the oxygen of which combines with the carbon of the coal and forms producer or blue gas, popularly called water gas. This now passes into the second chamber, known as the carbureter, into which petroleum is sprayed and vaporized by the hot brickwork with which the carbureter is lined. The mixture of blue gas and oil vapor now passes on through the carbureter and the adjoining chamber, called the superheater, and in its passage through the heated brickwork becomes a fixed or permanent gas of high heating and illuminating value. Its subsequent treatment in the scrubbing, condensing and purifying apparatus, until it is finally measured and enters the storage holders, differs in no essential way from that of coal gas.

I have pointed out here that the rising prices and the growing scarcity of oils for gas making are largely due to the enormous demand for motor fuel. It would not be proper to ignore the fact that this demand for oil to make gasoline is supplemented by another great demand, which is for fuel oil to be used in place of coal on ships. Likewise light oil distillates are in unprecedented demand for the operation of farm tractors and other internal-combustion motors. High-grade fuel oils are being used more and more for metallurgical furnace work.

There seems to be small hope for any large increase in our production of petroleum. If the cost of gas in our kitchen ranges and the price of gasoline for our motor cars are to be kept within reasonable bounds every possible and practicable substitute that can be used as fuel must be looked into and its production encouraged. Tests made by the United States Bureau of Mines showed recently that when 800 samples were examined less than thirty-seven per cent of the gasolines passed the government tests for that product.

This seems to indicate that the quality of the gasolines now marketed has decreased materially in recent years. Up until the present time changes in engine design have compensated for these changes in motor fuel. Experts tell us, however, that in the future the fuel must take care of itself, for the designs of automobile engines will not show such betterments as have taken place in the past.

Some oils and gasoline will be obtained from oil shale in future years, but this source of supply is not going to give us early relief. Neither may we expect any material help from the production of benzol and other distillates of coal tar. Even under wartime stimulation the annual production of these products amounted to less than 80,000,000 gallons, which is not a large quantity in view of the fact that we are now consuming in the United States upward of 4,000,000,000 gallons of motor fuel annually.

This brings us to the use of alcohol as a motor fuel. That this liquid will work satisfactorily has been demonstrated beyond doubt. Its nonuse in the United States has been due to economic conditions and not to its failure as a motor fuel. Petroleum products have been so plentiful and cheap that alcohol could not compete with them. That day, however, is coming to an end and alcohol is to have its chance.

If all the alcohol produced last year for industrial purposes were used for fuel it would only make available for motor purposes less than 100,000,000 gallons. The principal value of this product therefore at the present moment is for use as a blended fuel.

The United States Post Office Department is using one such blended fuel in its airplane mail service. The tests show an increase in mileage and power, as well as a saving in lubricating oil. These investigations have also proved that the alcohol fuel produces less carbon in the engine and therefore gives less trouble from fouled spark plugs.

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General View of Gasoline Plant, Showing Crude-Petroleum Storage Tanks in the Distance

THE unusual regard in which the average family holds its Hupmobile is, of course, the reflection of unusual qualities in the car itself.

One owner might tell you the car is remarkably easy on gasoline and tires. Another, that it stays out of the shop. A third, that its performance is really wonderful.

But if they all were to sum up the reasons why they like the Hupmobile so well, they probably would say because it is *exceptionally trustworthy.*

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Independence

FOWLS and quadrupeds domesticated by man gain security at the expense of liberty. In exchange for the freedom of forest and prairie they have the assurance of regular meals in all seasons. They grow accustomed to bondage, become enamored of its softness, and lose the ability to take care of themselves.

As man becomes more domesticated he becomes more a slave to the civilization he fashions. He becomes less a natural animal and more an intelligence living by the machinery intelligence builds. He loses independence of thought and action and is at the mercy of his fellows.

Select a street in any great city and observe the scurrying thousands who jostle one another as they go about their errands. These thousands serve one another. Each is selfishly bent on getting a living for himself, but serves others as a means to that end and is in turn wholly dependent on others who serve him. The street car and the elevator, unconsidered trifles of metropolitan existence, are in fact essential to existence. The machinery of government, the telephone and electric-light systems, the retail shops, the eating places—all these the dweller in a great city accepts as a matter of course. They serve him, and yet they are his masters. Without them he would be helpless. Domestication has made him a dependent. He is skilled in his own task, which is but an infinitesimal contribution to universal service, but knows little of other matters. He has learned to be waited upon. He pushes a button. He is not in fact an individual, but a cog in a machine, an insignificant part of the whole, helpless if left to his own devices and useful only because he meshes with other cogs to drive the wheels of civilization.

As habit reconciles other animals to the servitude imposed by domestication and the helplessness occasioned by coddling, so has habit reconciled the metropolitan to dependence on his fellows. He is not conscious of his helpless state, but boasts of the service a metropolis affords.

The average man assumes that numbers constitute greatness. He weighs merit in terms of bulk. He is proud of his residence in a great city, not because of any good or useful thing the city or its citizens have done, but because of the density of population. Tell him that another city has produced a genius, and he will point to the census figures as proof that his city has greater claim to recognition. He counts it an honor to be one of so many.

This peculiar and universal conceit of dwellers in great cities is pack courage. When one stands at the intersection of busy streets and observes the milling thousands, or looks above their heads and sees the great buildings they have put up to house themselves and their activities, he exclaims, "How great is man!" So an ant might swing on a grass stem to observe the activities of his fellow insects about a hill of their fashioning and exclaim, "How great are ants!"

Let one who in the midst of multitudes is persuaded of man's greatness stand in the company of giant trees in a forest, or stand alone where the surf breaks along a rugged shore, and he will exclaim, "How great is God!"

The point of view has much to do with one's opinions, and a sky line is often mistaken for the horizon.

The proper man, in a natural state, is self-supporting and sufficient unto himself. He will plant and gather his own food, fashion his own clothing, cook his own victuals and speak his own prayers. The complexity of civilization makes interchange of service convenient and desirable, and yet inasmuch as man depends upon another he sacrifices liberty and lessens the measure of his manhood.

The habit of pressing buttons contributes to vanity, but softens leg muscles.

Initiative has become a rare virtue; when man lived in a cave he had initiative or went without his dinner.

Civilization has necessitated factories, shipping centers, teamwork and therefore cities. Cities have become centers of art. Art has lifted man into a higher atmosphere and refined his soul. He has become an intellectual, but in becoming an intellectual he has almost forgotten how to be an animal.

An animal he is and an animal he must remain. If he would remain a proper animal, which is to say a proper man, he must, while cultivating his mind, retain a proper respect for his body; he must, while acquiring culture, retain somewhat of the savage; in short, he must, while pressing buttons, acquire and retain the ability to fetch his own hat and stick when the necessity rises.

If every city and town dweller, and every person whose comfort and happiness are dependent on the service of others, could get away to the wilderness for a part of each year and there exist in some manner by their own efforts they and civilization would be the better for it.

Let a metropolitan who ranks as an able executive and is nevertheless largely at the mercy of those who accept his orders and his tips be lifted from his comfortable berth and set down in an uninhabited place with tools and seed and a little food. Let him sleep on the wet ground until he has felled trees and built a rude shelter. Let him spade the earth and plant to avoid certain starvation. Let him mend garments torn in the brush or wear them rent. When he would ring for a glass of ice water let him lie flat and drink from a spring. Instead of his warm bath drawn by a servant let him splash in a creek. Let him walk barefoot in grass heavy with morning dew. Let him shiver in the night air until he has cut and brought up his own fuel. Let him eat burned and nauseous food until hard experience has taught him to cook. Let him nurse blisters until his hands are hard.

Let him, in short, be a primitive—an Adam cast out of the garden. Let him learn to love the murmuring trees and the good rich earth and know the scent of flowers and the call of birds. Let him make the acquaintance of sweat and the ache of back muscles.

Will a year of it efface his culture or tarnish his soul? When he returns he will know as much of music and painting and literature, and he will know more of men. The easy play of power in his shoulders will give him a new courage; the fact that he can mix his own bread will give him a new independence; and the vitality stored in reserve by a hard existence will make him an abler executive, as communion with Nature will teach him the relative worth of art.

The proper man must first be a good animal. The proper animal fends for itself. The ability to fend for himself, in matters large and small, gives man the proud independence that is his rightful heritage; and there is no greater incentive to endeavor than a wholesome pride in one's proved ability to alight on his feet.

Tender Feelings

SOME people are sensitive. They admit it. Almost they brag about it. Their theory, never quite clearly expressed in words but subtly and persistently suggested, is that God in his infinite wisdom created the common or roughneck variety of mortals and then, having gained a bit of practice, fashioned a superior species of finer clay. These superior persons, being as high-strung as a thoroughbred mare, must be handled gently else their delicate sensibilities will be wounded.

This is the theory, but like many another theory it has the fault of being nonsense.

These sensitive persons who go through life with their feelings sticking out three feet in front and no bumper on are what they are because they have been spoiled by petting and because they have magnified their own importance by one thousand diameters.

If a child receives a new toy each day of the month except the last it will feel abused if it does not receive another on the last day. The girl who has been petted through her teens will think the gods have a grudge against her when her newly acquired husband loses his fortune and she is introduced to a washboard and a tubful of suds. The boy who has been coddled and pampered at home will become as sullen as a whipped pup when required to soil his hands to get his own cigarette money.

The cure for the condition brought about by too much petting is a course in hard knocks. The cure for the condition occasioned by an exalted opinion of one's worth is a second course in hard knocks.

There are exceptional cases, however, that cannot be benefited by this treatment or any other. Persons who have learned to enjoy having their feelings hurt are beyond remedy. They secretly revel in a sense of martyrdom. They are highly organized mechanisms little understood by a crass and sordid world, and they are happiest when most miserable.

These are chronic cases and will pout and enjoy their own sympathy while they remain among unappreciative mortals.

Association

IN A CERTAIN land there lived a great man who was very wise and very good. His name appeared in the papers every day, and when he said something unusually wise, as he frequently did, his portrait appeared in the papers. Infants were named for him. His quoted opinion was sufficient to settle any dispute or discussion, and he was so upright and just and righteous that his enemies were unable to bring any charge against him save that his power was too great. His name was Albert Wright. Those having the honor of his acquaintance referred to him gravely as Mister Wright. The papers referred to him as the Honorable Albert Wright, and even the headline writers, torn between duty and reverence, forgot duty and reduced the size of the type to make room for a prefixed "Hon."

In this same land there lived a person of no importance. Such persons are to be found in nearly all lands. This unimportant person worshiped the great man from a distance and counted himself fortunate when he could stand with a multitude of his fellow citizens and cheer as the national idol passed in his motor car.

One day the unimportant person dreamed an audacious dream. He would become a servant in the great man's house and have the honor of mopping the floors trod by the great man's feet.

Filled with this high resolve, he went forthwith to the house inhabited by his idol and there expressed his ambition to a servant who opened the door.

The servant was at the point of kicking him down the steps as punishment for his insolence when the great man himself appeared and asked the unimportant one what errand brought him there.

"Sir," quavered the unimportant one as he dropped to his knees, "I am come to beg the privilege of mopping the floors trod by your hallowed feet. My only merit lies in reverence for your surpassing wisdom and goodness, and I would count it a joy and privilege to serve you in the most humble capacity."

The great man was kind, as all great men are, and lifted the applicant to his feet.

"You value yourself too little," said he. "I perceive that you are a man gifted in the art of making phrases. I shall make you my official buffer to ward off inquisitive and annoying persons who call at my home."

In his capacity of official buffer the unimportant person exchanged words with many distinguished callers. Those who expressed a desire to see Wright, or Mister Wright, he rebuked gently by asking, "Do you mean the Honorable Albert Wright?"

A year passed, and the unimportant person was one day called into the inner sanctuary.

"You have been a faithful buffer," said the great one, "and I shall now make you my private secretary. You will answer all complaints with Form Six, all compliments with Form Three and all inquiries with Form Nine."

Thus the unimportant one came in daily contact with the man of might, and the glory of it went to his head. He expanded visibly. And as he became more convinced of his own importance he began to discover faults and weaknesses and follies in him who had once seemed unapproachable and infallible.

One day a newspaper man stopped him on the street and said, "I have been told that you are employed by the Honorable Albert Wright."

"Who?" asked the unimportant one. "Oh, you mean old Al. Yes, I'm associated with him. Queer old duck. Means well, but needs directing. Funny how people worship him."

Loyalty

"WHOSE bread I eat, his song I sing," was written by a cynical courtier or a tyrant who was likewise a politician. Loyalty does not consist in fawning on the boss or praising his judgment when it is patently at fault. The courtier might conceivably disobey orders to save the life of his lord and thus be most loyal while most disobedient.

Loyalty is a much-abused word, frequently bent to the service of knaves and used by political tricksters to mark the ballots of the unthinking.

In America each man is a sovereign state willingly allied to others of like independence. Each is the nation in little, and all together form a power sufficient to stand against the world. By the election of officials these sovereign citizens delegate their authority to servants, but they do not wholly relinquish it. They retain the right to veto, and remain the court of last appeal.

When elected servants determine upon any course in matters foreign or domestic they are acting for the whole people. Their course may be wise or foolish—frequently it is an admixture of wisdom and folly. If it is wisdom it will be approved by the people, for Americans are both sane and decent; if it is folly it will be properly damned.

When an elected official who has acted unwisely chides the people because they do not loyally rally to his support one is at liberty to suspect that a close view of power has drawn his eyes out of focus. He has lost the proper perspective. Servants should be loyal to their master; it is not written that the master is disloyal when he does not approve the action of his servant.

Our most patriotic toast needs amending. It should be: "My country, may she ever be right; if she be wrong, God give me grace to right her."

(Concluded on Page 42)

EVERY NIGHT'S A BIG NIGHT

A few of the latest
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
alphabetically listed

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

A few of the latest
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
alphabetically listed

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WILLIAM S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A William S. Hart Production

GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

DINNER'S over, and the cool of the evening calls you out.

Whither-away? To the theatre that is showing a Paramount Picture, of course.

There's where everybody is. There's where the flame of romance burns bright.

There's where the dusk is athrill with pleasure and the whole world sails in view.

Every night is a big night if you only pick them right,

—PARAMOUNT!

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Concluded from Page 40)

He does not serve best who serves blindly. When the blind leads the blind, both fall into a pit. Unreasoning followers transform a king into a war lord. The best citizen is one who uses his head.

When by force of circumstance the country is committed to any policy or undertaking, common loyalty and common sense dictate the course of citizens. When the ship of state moves citizens cannot desert; they must remain aboard to keep her on an even keel and lend a hand at the wheel until she is again at anchor.

If unquestioning loyalty is required when the country is buffeted by circumstance it does not follow that a like loyalty is righteousness when the country is buffeted by politics. Politicians are not the country. Their ends are selfish, and they have little acquaintance with patriotism.

The citizen who is urged to remain loyal to a party should inquire whether the party has been loyal to him. The citizen is the sovereign; the party is but a club managed for the benefit of those on the pay roll, and the citizen's part in its activities is limited to approving the minutes of the last meeting of the directors.

The citizen is most loyal to his country when most loyal to himself. He serves best when he forgets party, consigns politicians and all their works to outermost darkness, and uses his brains to select public servants as he uses them to select his personal employees.

The politician who asks for loyalty is asking for butter on his bread.

Prophecy

FOR the moment the world is standing on its ear. It will in time regain its feet.

When any great upheaval shakes the foundation of the scheme of things men are inspired to prophesy, and they express their resentment and fear by prophesying evil. A certain type of mind is convinced by any deviation from orthodox pathways that the world is going utterly and irrevocably to the dogs. To this type of mind change is catastrophe and the travail of a new birth certain sign of approaching dissolution.

Highbrow gentlemen with taut nerves find in their affrighted imaginations pictures of the world in ruins, with wolves skulking through empty and echoing streets and carrion crows perched on crumbling walls.

They tell us, these romantic reasoners, that Germany will come back strengthened and maddened by defeat, or else fail to come back and by that failure wreck the political and economic fabric of Europe.

They tell us that Russia will establish an orderly government with the help of Prussian genius and will then surrender to Prussia control of her resources and will; or else, failing to establish orderly government, will become an outlaw nation with her hand against the world—an unorganized mob of brutes, sinister and mad, working always to overthrow the good and the clean and the rational.

They tell us that Japan is planning outright theft of Siberia and the whole of China while devoting surplus energy to the building of a battle fleet with which to put America back at the foot of the class; that England, also, is building battle fleets with one eye on America, assured that it will eventually be found cheaper to lick us than to pay us; that France, left unaided to enforce the peace terms, will go stone broke in the endeavor and, failing in her obligations, wish on America a panic that will make all former panics seem puny; that the Adriatic, wet though it be, will kindle a spark to start another world conflagration; that the world will come down out of control if the League doesn't work, and that England will control the world if the League does work; that Germany will be the same old menace if we lend her money to set up shop, and that she can't pay the indemnity if we don't lend her money; that Turkey will be the same bad bird unless properly plucked, and that proper plucking will enrich other nations that have no right to feathers save their ability to take them; that the laboring classes will eventually storm their way to the top, drive out all able men and make a general mess of things; that Capital with a capital C will make an alliance between Big Business and Busy Bayonets and prod workers back into serfdom; that chaos is the goal of the world and utter damnation the portion of man.

These or similar bits of disaster have been prophesied since man first learned the art of speech. When one is very sick he endures patiently and hopes; when the fever dies he develops a grouch and searches for grievances and cause to worry. So a world in the midst of upheaval grins and bends to the task of the moment, but finding the crisis past discovers time for introspection and dismal forebodings.

In all the tangled skein of national dreams and ambitions—in all the indecision and fears of men in high and low places—in all the complaining and doleful prophesying—in all the mad flurry of spending and speculating—in all the chaos of thought and speech and action there is neither menace to organized society nor threat of man's extinction.

The world has known similar reactions as well proportioned to the orgies that caused them. A world war has not added to or taken from human nature. Man is much the same as he was after Waterloo and after the surrender of Lee.

Wisdom makes the best of the present and thinks in terms of the future.

To-morrow or some to-morrow men will think calmly and sanely. A dollar will again be respectable. Men will again be glad of the opportunity to work. It is the part of wisdom to smile at wild sayings—to set to the saw and get acquainted with a savings bank.

Buying High

IN THE heart of town property values are high. In the suburbs property is cheap. The difference is occasioned by demand, not by the altruism of those who own suburban property. Those who have property to sell get what they can. When the city grows out to the suburbs and demand increases, prices increase with it.

The law of supply and demand does not operate automatically to fix prices. It is subject to amendment by human greed. One who sells real estate, shoes or matches fixes his price to meet competition. If there is no competition he feels at liberty to charge any price people are willing to pay. If his first offering is taken quickly he rightly assumes that he has not reached the limit of the public's willingness to be cheated and forthwith raises the price. While purses are full, commodities scarce and buyers plentiful, there is no limit to price save that fixed by the conscience of the seller—and if his conscience becomes troublesome he can assure it that economic laws justify the use of a net when suckers are running in schools.

Immediately following the end of the war people expected a reaction that would bring prices back to normal. They bought warily and waited. If they had held to their resolution manufacturers, jobbers and retailers would have dropped their prices and pocketed their losses. Very likely there would have been a season of hard times, with men hunting jobs and industries hunting money. To avoid or postpone this period of hard times and avoid loss on stocks already on the shelf or in process of manufacture, the seller began a campaign urging the public to buy at once and anticipate further and inevitable advances in price.

The public was stampeded. It began to buy recklessly and the increase in prices became inevitable indeed. Since the seller's first prophecy came true, his second was accepted as an oracle. Always he prophesied higher prices, and always the public set itself the task of proving his wisdom.

This has not been the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. The demand has been cultivated and frenzied by a process wholly artificial, and the people have paid dearly for their credulity.

After all, it is the buyer who deserves censure and not the seller.

The buyer is master of the situation. He can elevate or lower prices at his will. Let him resolve to buy no more until prices are again normal and within a fortnight the seller will be standing at his back door, hat in hand, with a sad story of his troubles and a willingness to take what he may be offered.

There is probably not a family in America that is not spending money for things it does not immediately need. To spend money now for things not essential is equivalent to dividing the family funds in half and tossing one-half in the stove. Spending encourages the seller to further increase of his prices. Each reckless spender makes life more difficult for each other. The peak of high prices will not be reached until the limit of human gullibility is reached.

He serves best who only stands and waits. To-day the saver is the savior. Those who refuse to buy are the friends of humanity. When all regain their accustomed common sense and cling to their money with the wholehearted enthusiasm they formerly displayed in scattering it, the day of the profiteer will end and life will again offer some measure of quiet, comfort and security.

Giving

THE highest praise that may be spoken in truth of man is that there is within him an instinctive hatred of smallness and meanness. That he eulogizes largeness of spirit is proof that he aspires to largeness of spirit. We worship heroes because we find in them the virtues we would possess. The perfect man is but oneself happily grown to an ideal.

Commonplace existence offers few opportunities for the making of heroes. Life is seldom spectacular. A great spirit may toil patiently at desk or lathe through half a century and find no opportunity to spread its wings. Thus each of us finds his fellows commonplace, whereas nothing is commonplace save the environment that makes heroic deeds unnecessary. A hero is but an ordinary fellow on whom the gods have called for service. Within each man's soul is capacity for a moment of greatness.

One cannot justly measure the worth of his fellows without the aid of imagination. One observes a white-faced clerk stooping to end the pain of a broken-winged sparrow in the gutter, and can picture him offering his body to be burned. One observes the supple play of a woodsman's wrist as his ax bites deep into a tree, and can picture the vicious swing of a saber driven by the same wrist in the forefront of battle. We must judge great possibilities by small certainties.

Our habit of thought and manner of living have brought all ambitions and standards within the measure of a dollar. As we gauge success by accumulation of dollars, so we measure generosity and largeness of spirit by gifts of dollars. Our findings are seldom just.

Men who give are actuated by a variety of motives. One may dig a well by the side of the road to cool the parched tongues of travelers in a weary land; and another may build marble fountains in city parks with his name carved in great letters on the base. One may give a beggar a coin because his heart is touched; and another may give a like sum to the same beggar in order to purchase freedom from annoyance. To give is less embarrassing than to refuse.

Frequently one gives to an organized charity because his fellows are giving; he cares little for the charity but much for the good opinion of his fellows, and invests in the one to purchase the other. More frequently one gives because a spoken or printed appeal has roused his pity. He is the victim of emotion, and the reaction opens his purse. The need of this particular charity may endure through the years, but his willingness to give dies with the emotion. This is not charity in truth, but a sentimental drunkenness.

The man who sweats for his money will give generously while he has little, for a fellowship of want binds him to the unfortunate. Yet let him by sweat accumulate a small fortune, each coin wrung from the pain of his weary body, and he will prize his small store beyond any reward that may be offered those who share their substance with the poor. The habit of saving coins so hardly won becomes an obsession. He learns to love them because of what they cost him. If the poor would have money to buy bread let them sweat for it as he did. None are so intolerant of failure as those who have made a little success.

One whose money came to him unearned will value it lightly. As a rule generous spenders are generous only when spending for their own comfort and enjoyment. Their charities do not measure their kindness of heart but their little regard for money that cost them nothing. If money burns one's pockets and he would give it wings, what matter whether it go for charity or frolic? The urge is to be rid of it, to set it on its way. If one gains credit by giving to the poor it does not follow that he gains equal credit if the poor snatch a few coins as he scatters them blindly broadcast for his own idle and thoughtless pleasure.

Two men of equal wealth may give to the same cause, one a dollar and the other five hundred dollars. Knowing their equal ability to give, one promptly condemns the first for his niggardliness and commends the other for his generosity. Yet it may be that the recording angel gives them equal credit. One can imagine him working through his ledgers and muttering to himself: "H'm! Old Billy has turned loose another five hundred—free and easy—scattering it to the winds—and some falls on good ground. I shall give him a credit mark. H'm! And here's the record of old tightwad John. How it pained him to part with that lone dollar! Poor, blind, foolish John! I must give him a credit mark also."

If you would give men a fair measure of praise for their charities take no thought of the amounts they give, nor compare the sum of their gifts with the sum of their possessions. Consider rather the degree of anguish they experience when parting with their substance. For one man gives a fortune with a smile and another of equal wealth feels a very real and very poignant grief when he separates himself from a dime. One who swallows a camel has a large capacity for swallowing; he suffers less inconvenience than he who strains at a gnat.

Europe's reaction has lasted about long enough to be classed as a habit.

We need our alien labor, but we need it to labor—not to talk. We have talkers enough of our own.

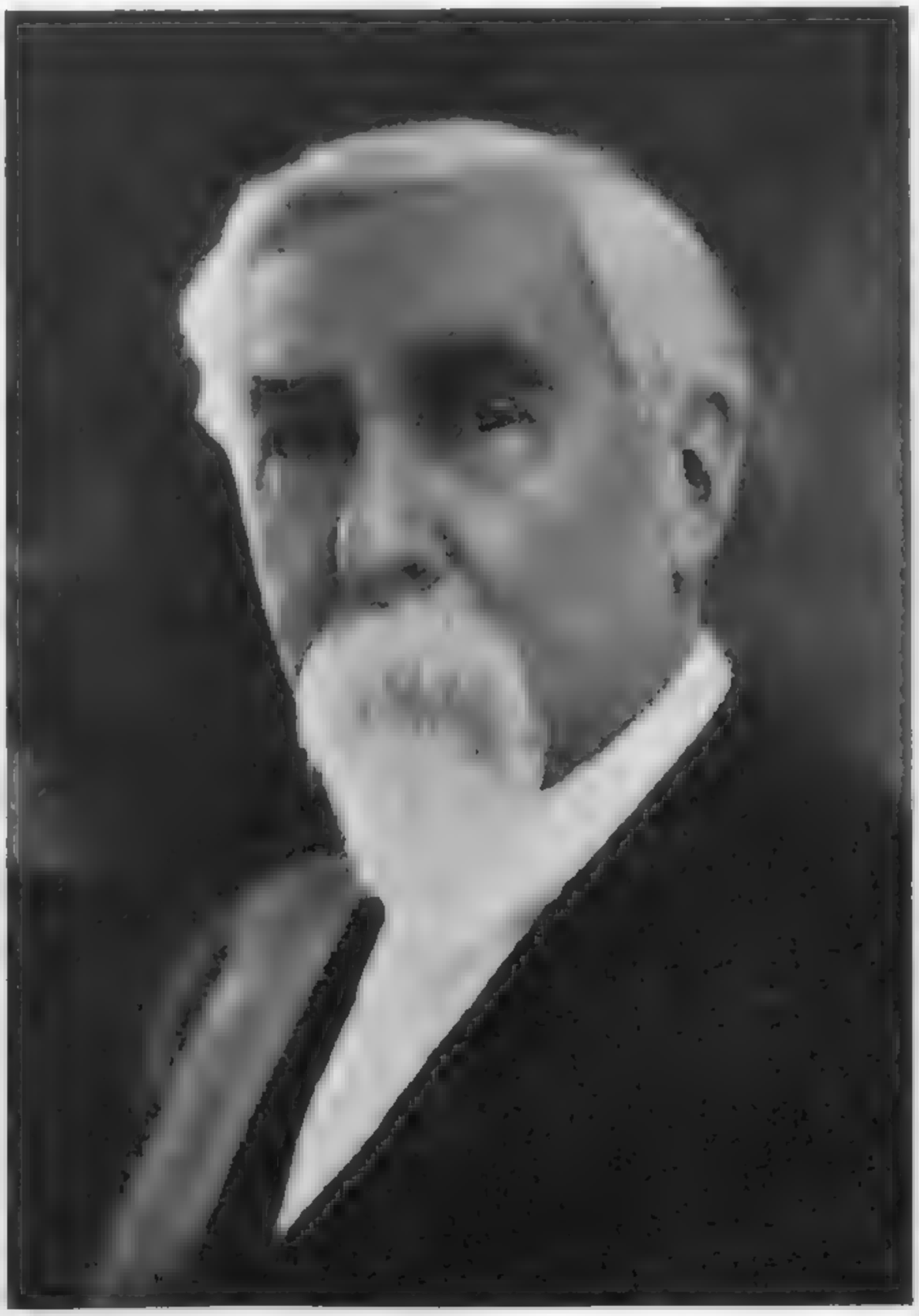
Those who are annoyed because we got nothing out of the Siberian venture should be thankful that we got our troops out.

About all Cuba needs now is a brass foot rail along the water front.

When the quality of a man's work depends on the probability of his getting fired it is time to make the probability a certainty.

Orthodox scheme for remaking the world. Article I, section 1: First soak the taxpayer.

And yet when liberty includes the privilege of burning the neighbor's barn it will probably include the privilege of putting a few buckshot in the one who does the burning.



Henry M. Leland
President Lincoln Motor Company

A Builder of Motor Cars: a Moulder of Men; a Master of Craftsmanship: a General of Organization; a Man whose Standards, and Methods, and Ideals have been Models and Inspirations to the Industrial World

HENRY M. LELAND has been called the father of Detroit's motor car industry.

For more than thirty years he has been recognized as one of the world's master craftsmen, and as a leader in mechanical industry—with a record for doing things—and doing them better than they had been done before.

He is known as a man to whom achievement has been a source of greater satisfaction than has monetary gain.

Mr. Leland comes of rugged New England ancestry, and in New England his earlier life was spent.

There he left the imprints of his genius, and his skill, and though many years have passed, those imprints still remain undimmed.

In the year 1890, he came from New England to Detroit, where for a number of years he engaged in the manufacture of the finer kinds of machinery and precision tools.

He was one of the pioneers in the manufacture of gasoline marine engines.

Eighteen years ago, Henry M. Leland with Wilfred C. Leland, and their associates, brought out an automobile—the first practical and enduring car made in large numbers.

That was followed in almost annual succession by cars embodying intrinsic betterments, greater comforts, greater conveniences and greater utilities. These in their turns became important factors in directing the trend of motor car development.

As an outstanding example of Leland foresight, courage and initiative, one has but to recall their pioneering of the electrical system of starting—lighting—ignition. And where can you find a car that has not followed that lead?

It has been not only a Leland policy but a Leland principle never in their products to adopt a feature whose worth did not extend beyond its value as a "talking point."

They were Leland-built cars that were awarded the Dewar Trophy—the trophy awarded annually by the Automobile Club of Great Britain to the motor car demonstrating the greatest advance in the development of the industry. Leland-built cars were the only American product ever to receive that wonderful and much-coveted tribute and the only make of car thus honored twice.

Few places there are in the automotive world but where the Leland influence has permeated; few but where their codes and their methods have been models, and where their standards have been an ideal and an inspiration.

Always unselfish, access to their ways of doing was as an open book. Always have they given freely of their encouragement to the motor and other industries who sought their counsel.

Notwithstanding each car was a greater car than the car before, the Lelands seemed always to be inspired by an insatiable desire to achieve and to surpass.

The latter part of 1914 marked what was, up to that time, the crowning achievement of their career.

It was then that the Lelands gave to the world the first eight-cylinder, V-type, high-speed, high-efficiency motored car. The effect and influence of this car upon the industry is too well known to call for comment here.

The elder Mr. Leland (Henry M.) insists that to the younger (Wilfred C.) is due the credit and the honor for the conception of that fine car.

July 1, 1917, the Lelands withdrew affiliation from the motor car industry, that they might engage in the production of Liberty Aircraft Motors for the Allied fighting forces.

Those who know the character of the men know that something besides financial gain was responsible for their decision.

The epoch making history that followed, and the tremendous task involved, would require volumes to relate; but briefly:—

The Lincoln Motor Company was formed, and on August 31, 1917 was awarded a contract to produce 6,000 Liberty motors; later, this was increased to 17,000. And the Leland reputation for doing things in a big way and doing them right—was the predominant consideration in making that award.

Fifty-two acres of land were acquired; an adequate plant was erected and equipped with thousands of specially designed machines and tools.

An organization, meantime, was assembled; its backbone was composed of men who had been associated with the Lelands from three to twenty years or more. They knew the character of their leaders and they were anxious to enlist under the Leland banner.

After one year's development and with 6,000 employees, the Lincoln Motor Company was producing at the rate of 50 motors a day.

Notwithstanding past accomplishments, the Lelands have long looked forward to even greater things. They have looked to the day when they might build a motor car that would be a more true expression of their own ideals—ideals to which the new conditions more completely lend themselves.

And now, that day has come.

For years, that ideal car has been taking form, and is about to materialize.

It is a car which, like the Lelands' past achievements, is destined to blaze new trails and to chart the course of fine car making.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICH.

—smart informality

INFORMALITY is the keynote of summer wear; to combine with it smartness and distinction has been our special accomplishment.

"R & W" summer suits for men are in keeping with the spirit of the season; cool, airy, giving one a luxurious sense of freedom together with a feeling of pride in one's appearance.

If you saw them made, in our Daylight Shops, you would feel, too, that some of this spirit is absorbed from their cheerful surroundings.

You will find them at the leading dealers' everywhere.

Makers of good Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Day and Evening Waistcoats, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Summer Clothing, Golf and Automobile Apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

The Noncom of Industry—By Charles Gilbert Hall

TWO workmen were plowing their way down Halsted Street, through the bleak winds of an early winter's morning. The street was full of hurrying men, some of them walking, some of them riding, as many workmen ride nowadays, in their own cars.

"Goin' to leave Jones & Brown?" said one of them.

"Yep," was the response. "Boss gets worse every day. They don't know you're a human bein'. I'm tired of it." He made a gesture of discouragement and added: "How's the man you work for?"

He was all right, the older man said. So Jones & Brown lost a good mechanic, who went across the street to Smith & Green, and is likely to stay there. All because the foreman "don't know you're a human bein'."

Jones & Brown can't understand it. They say that the labor turnover is appalling, and talk volubly of the lack of loyalty in the average workman. They don't realize that in that workman's mind "the foreman is the firm," as one manufacturer puts it, and that the day of brute force is past and gone—dead as Pharaoh's ghost.

Two girls came out of a factory gate at quitting time. They looked tired and hopeless, as people will look when they've been through a hard day. A group of their fellows were gathered outside, waiting for them in animated sympathy.

"And what did he say?"

"He said 'The first girl that puts Number Two coils in a Number Three box is fired.' And me—I'm the guy that makes the mistake. And me and Lizzie here—we're fired."

There was a chorus of sympathetic ah's and oh's. It was very hard to avoid getting Number Two coils into Number Three boxes. Number Twos and Number Threes looked very much alike. Mame couldn't really say how it had happened. She didn't care much either. She'd had trouble with the foreman before, and she don't like him. And losing her job wasn't any particular hardship; she could easily get another. If he had just simply handed her and Lizzie their little blue slips she wouldn't have cared so much. But he had not been content with that. He had taken occasion to add to it a bawling out in the presence of all her friends.

"Made us look like thirty cents," she said.

For two and a half years Mame had gone in and out of this big gate with hundreds of others—girls who had worked a day, and girls who had stayed a week. But of all of them only the dull-minded Lizzie had been there when she had first begun.

The Sympathetic Listener

All through the war, with its tremendous demand for workers, she and Lizzie had stayed on the job—tired sometimes, and half sick sometimes, but always there.

And now they were fired, without warning or notice, when help was a little easier to get, for making a mistake. Such things aren't passed up so readily as they once were. And Mame wasn't inclined to let it go at that.

For a new atmosphere had recently come over the works where Mame labored, and she had sensed it. The industrial noncom was no longer a king in his own right. His claws—to use another simile—had been most beautifully manicured, and the clipping had been rather close.

There were people down in the front office who would listen to you. That was something new to Mame, but it sounded pretty good. She worked her defiant way to the employment office. When she got there she found a woman whose business it is to be a sympathetic listener. She found, too, with all the sympathy, that cold facts were most uncannily arrived at, and that any foolishness was promptly squelched. Everybody, it seemed, was to have a square deal.

It hardly got through Mame's head at first. But that was the new idea—sympathetic understanding and a square deal.

Mame and the patient Lizzie were transferred to another department instead of being thrown out, sore and disgruntled, on a labor market that can ill afford such things.

I asked the employment expert about it.

"That foreman didn't properly represent the company," he said. "We've had any amount of trouble with him. He's a good man, too, in many ways. He knows his department; he was raised up in it. He's been here over twenty years. But he never will learn this new gospel we're preaching—the gospel of the contented shop. He don't seem able to learn that the workers are something more than just so many bolts and nuts.

"Yes," he smiled; "go ahead and make your joke about the nuts. We've got plenty of them. But"—he got up out of his chair and shook his finger at me—"you just don't fail to bear in mind, if you please, that for native shrewdness and ability to see self-interest, and for insight into the business of this concern, these workers have a lot of other people backed clear off the map. Don't you ever forget that. They've got more ideas than some of the executives. And they're all the time busy picking up new ones. The only trouble is that they've got the wrong ones."

The Foreman and the Sarge

"That is only natural; it's accounted for by the lack of education, lack of opportunity, and a general idea that the management is out to do them. And they get that general idea nine times out of ten from our foremen.

"Who put the com in commerce? That's foolish question Number Ninety-Nine. But if you want to talk about the noncom you're in the right place. We're all filled up with the foreman and his faults and his opportunities and his responsibilities these days, until you'd think we weren't giving any time to anything else. And we sure do roast him for fair too. We've just about given up hoping for any good from him.

"'The industrial noncom,' the labor sharps call him. He is the fellow we look to to keep the rank and file whipped into shape.

"I was over in France a year or more, and I noticed in the Army that it takes a mighty poor officer to get in wrong if he'll only just keep an eye on his noncoms. They were the boys to keep the troops straight, and they'd lead 'em into shell fire, and into hell fire, and they'd bully 'em and they'd jolly 'em, and they'd thrash whole nations with 'em.

"The reason they could do it was that they had the confidence of the men. Sarge would see that chow came along, even when chow seemed impossible. Sarge saw that they got shelter when shelter was nowhere in sight. Sarge saw that they were clothed and shod, coddled and browbeaten, until, first thing you know, you had an army—a working unit of irresistible men, where yesterday you had only a mob of untrained rookies.

"How many foremen are looked up to that way by their men? How many manufacturers have an army working for them? I suspect that a big majority these days feel as if their working forces had disintegrated into a more or less uncontrolled mob. There's no cohesion, they can't keep men on the job. There's no such thing as industrial esprit de corps.

"Why? Probably because they don't know how to handle men. The executives don't know either, though they think they do. How many executives can go out into the shop and handle a roomful of workmen so as to keep them fairly busy, efficient and contented, week in and week out? I don't know whether there are many such, but I doubt it. If that's the case what can you expect of your foreman? Here's this man Sweeny. He has all the faults and all the advantages of a man who comes up from the ranks. And one of these faults is intolerance and impatience with the people below him. He can't get the idea out of his head that the road to discipline lies in showing 'em 'where they get off,' as he puts it. The other day he fired a boy. The boy wasn't very rugged, and he put him to handling

(Continued on Page 46)

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

Fourteen Tons

Running on the Sewell Permanent Rubber Road Bed That Travels With the Truck Because It is Built in the Wheel

Scores of the big Truck Operators, Fleet Operators, the country over, are carrying from *one* ton to *fourteen* tons of truck and truck load on Sewell Cushion Wheels.

Sewell Cushion Wheels are a proven product, as well as a proven principle; proven by twelve years of manufacture; twelve years of development; twelve years of use by thousands of companies. This is proven by the fact that there are 45,000 Sewell Wheels in operation.

Sewell Permanent Resiliency is built to last for years, without upkeep, without repairs, and year after year retains the soft flexible Sewell Rubber Road Bed.

Sewell Wheels can be installed on any truck without changing the design or construction of the truck

Branches and Distributors

Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Casper, Wyo.
Dayton, Ohio
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Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
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Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington, D. C.
Wichita, Kans.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Co., Detroit, U. S. A.

Sewell Cushion Wheels

VITANOLA

The Phonograph of Marvelous Tone

VITANOLA FOURTEEN

THE TONE FILTER MAKES THE VITANOLA DIFFERENT

Would you be satisfied *without* the Tone Filter?

Few are—after hearing the Vitanola. Pure, sweet, liquid-clear the music pours forth—practically free from surface noises and outside sounds.

This scientific elimination of outside sounds, achieved through the Tone Filter, is what makes Vitanola the center of attraction among music lovers.

For Vitanola gives you all that any good phonograph can give you in beauty of design and finish, and the Tone Filter adds a quality which is peculiar to Vitanola.

Pick the Best Records Regardless of Make

It's no longer necessary to limit yourself to one make of record. Vitanola plays them all—instantly, without extra attachments.

A Wide Selection of Cabinet Designs

A pleasing variety of cabinet designs, rare woods and harmonious finishes to select from. Choose one that matches your home furnishings.

Valuable Information Free

Send your name and we will furnish, free, information which will prove of real value in helping you make an intelligent phonograph selection

To Dealers: Write today for a real business-building, profit-making proposition—literature and the book, "How to Make a Phonograph Dept. Pay—BIG," will be included.

The VITANOLA Is Distributed by Good Dealers Everywhere

VITANOLA TALKING MACHINE COMPANY

Executive Offices: Chicago, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 44)

stock. The boxes weighed sixty-five pounds. Now, you try unloading sixty-five-pound boxes all day, and you'll find that they get pretty heavy. The boy told him he couldn't stand it.

"'Too heavy, huh?' said the foreman. 'You git back to your work. I'll donate fifteen cents for flowers, if you can't stand it. You git back to work.' The boy stood his ground. 'All right, then; ring out.'

"A machinist's wife was taken ill, and he telephoned the labor office that he wouldn't be able to come to work. That's better than they usually do. Most of 'em go A. W. O. L., and maybe never come back.

"The labor office was polite to the worker, and hoped his wife would soon be better; sent word to his foreman, and passed on to other things.

"The sick wife died. A few days after, the machinist came back and found his job gone. He was a thin-chested, hungry, anxious-looking fellow, and they put him at heavy work that he couldn't stand. He went to the foreman about it. 'Ring out, if you don't like it,' he was told.

"A thing like that gives us a bad lot of advertising. Workmen's sympathies are keen. They hand things like that along from one to another, and the house soon has a reputation that it is almost impossible to live down.

"A girl who had been running a machine for over a year saw other work at which she believed she could better herself. She plucked up courage to ask her foreman about it. It takes a good deal of courage to talk to the boss about such things. But she told him what she wanted and what she thought she could do. 'Get back to your machine. It's all you're fit for. Why you botherin' me about it?' was all she could get out of him, until at last he swung on his heel, with 'Ring out if you don't like it,' and walked away.

"Brewster is another type of foreman. He doesn't say much, and his voice is seldom raised. But he does sloppy work, and his men as a matter of course are sloppy with him. Men don't like to work for him because he doesn't run his department well. One day he had two men moving material. They moved it three times, and each time he ordered it moved again. Men don't like that either. They want clean, live, intelligent supervision."

Maintaining His Dignity

"The third time, these two men ran up against the time-honored problem of how to get a quart of molasses into a pint measure. They had 1000 cubic feet of material and only 800 feet of space for it. They told him there wasn't room for all of it. Brewster asked no questions. He didn't lose needless time arguing about it. He didn't stop to look at the space. He didn't lose his temper. He simply reached for his chewing tobacco, looked at the two cowering men, said, 'Put it where I told you, or you know what you can do,' and turned away.

"Certainly, they knew what they could do. They could go across the street, where rumor said there was a pretty decent labor boss, and go to work over there. They left the plant, disgruntled, and giving us some more of that publicity we try so hard to offset here in the labor office.

"Two boys came into a wood-working plant together. They went to work on the same machine, and they were both promised an advance. One of them got his raise, the other one didn't. Several other boys got raises too. He asked the foreman where his was.

"'No more raises being given out,' was the answer.

"'But I was promised more money,' said the boy. 'You haven't kicked about my work. Why don't I get what the other boys get?'

"The foreman didn't want to renig. He knew he was in the wrong, but he was afraid of his dignity. I mean that kind of dignity that gets in the way of a man's usefulness at crucial times and ruins many an otherwise perfectly good leader of men. So he started to bluff. He raised his voice so that everybody in the room could hear. He got offensive. He blustered. 'No raises bein' made, I told you,' he bawled out. 'Quit if you don't like it.'

"'I won't quit,' said the boy. 'I'm going to stay right here.'

"'All right,' said this paragon of noncoms. 'You're fired then.'

"Not representative instances? Well, we've got a pretty well-organized plant here, and a lot of good foremen. But a big plant is full of such instances, if you can only bring them to the surface. And it's only by centralized employment and discharge that they can be brought under control.

"Who has the right of employment and discharge? The foreman, of course. But he must consult with us. We send him the candidates, too, from which to make his pick. And when he has a man or a girl he can't get along with, or whose work is unsatisfactory, we expect him to tell us what the trouble is, and then we see if we can't make a transfer to some other department."

I wanted to hear the foreman's side of the story, so I went to see my friend Ross about it. Ross has been a foreman for five years.

"What's the trouble that the foreman doesn't get along better with his men?" I asked.

He looked up at me with his slow smile. "There ain't no such trouble, so far as I know," was the reply. "I get along with my men all right. It's quite a trick, I'll tell the world, but I get along all right."

"Yes," I said, "but there are foremen who don't. And you and I both know a good many of them."

The Foreman Is the Firm

"Well, the fact is," he answered, "the thing has changed a lot in the past few years. Five years ago I was working at the bench over there. There were forty-three of us in this department. Old man McIntyre was the foreman then. He had been here forty years. Him and the Old Man had both grown up with the business. They'd worked at the bench together, and they had known the other fellows that had worked alongside of them. Then, later on, they knew the men that worked for them. Then, as the years went on, the Old Man still kept on, getting round through the shop now and then, and he'd talk maybe, or say 'Howdy' to the old fellows that still hung on. Not much of this labor turnover you hear so much about, with them old fellows. The Old Man knew them, and there was what these here labor sharps call 'personality' about the shop.

"Well, it kept up pretty well, too, when the shop got bigger. Five years ago, I said, there was forty-three of us here. Now there are nearer 443. McIntyre had a great way of knowing how to make a fellow feel that he was his friend. He didn't get thick with the men, but he always had the square-deal sign hanging out where they could find it if they needed it. As we grew, there was a hundred or more of us round here, and they all had great respect for his technical knowledge and they liked the old man.

"Personality," he mused, "He had it, all right.

"But now McIntyre's gone. When he died the boys felt pretty bad. I suppose there's a good many foremen might well ask themselves whether their men would care when they are gone. Why, this whole shop shut down to follow McIntyre out to Calvary.

"Well, that was five years ago. You know what's happened in five years. The Old Man came back here the day after the funeral. I'd been keeping things going while Mac was laid up. The Old Man came up to where I was bending over some blue prints. 'Ross,' says he, 'you're to take his place. You'll have to be a damn good man if you ever fill it. But you're to take his place.

"'And, Ross, you can't handle men unless you know they're human. They've got loves, and hates and hopes. And you have got to find out what they are, and recognize 'em. You're the firm, so far as they're concerned. I can't know all of them any more. And somebody's got to know 'em in such a way that they can come to him with anything that's on their minds. You're the firm,' he says. 'And you lose your job, Ross, whenever you forget how to make these fellows feel that they've got you to come to for a square deal.'

"Well, the war come on, and things begun to boom. I had a hundred men, then two hundred, and then even that number doubled on me. There ain't much chance for the personal touch when you have to keep that many men in line. I try to do a little here and there, on my own hook, or

(Continued on Page 48)

Big Production Loss Stopped by a Boy

Every time a high priced operator stops his machine and goes to get oil, cost of production increases—return on investment is reduced. Think how many times this loss is multiplied in your plant every day.

One boy, with a Wayne Portable Oil Tank, delivers lubrication service to every man and machine—and *conserves all this production waste.*

This applies to any plant in any industry that uses machines and machine tools. But this is *time and efficiency* saving only. Note these actual *material* savings effected by Wayne equipment:

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No matter what your storage and distributing needs are, there is a Wayne System to meet them. Production is the big word in industry today. Wayne Lubrication equipment will help you make it a *reality* in your *plant.* Bulletins of information will be sent or expert representatives will call at your request.

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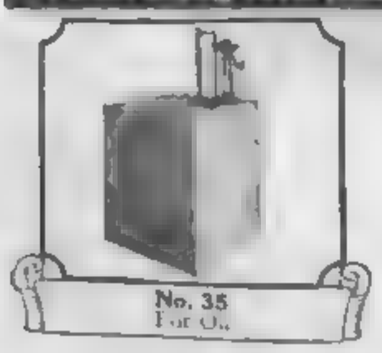

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For Oil (Roller Equip't.)

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SALISBURY AXLES

All things considered, the best criterion of the merit of Salisbury Axles is, we believe, the opinion of the thousands of car owners who have had an opportunity of judging them in actual service. The aggregate of these individual opinions furnishes an impartial valuation upon which others can safely rely.

For more than fourteen years, it has been a source of constant satisfaction to know that Salisbury Axles have never failed to measure up to this most exacting test. They have proven themselves products of strength and stamina, rendering a service of uniform excellence in every car of which they form a part.

From the beginning, we have followed the policy of building our axles so that we could be proud of them throughout all the years of their exceptionally long life. It was but natural, therefore, that the unvarying quality of Salisbury Axles should become established as one of the accepted traditions of the motor car industry.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY
JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 46)

more likely through my gang bosses. But there is always more or less coming and going among the transients, and there's always a certain amount of these chronic disorganizers scattered amongst the boys. They can do a lot of damage to a shop. Good deal like a grain of sand getting inside your watch. It's just simply the nature of sand to start to grinding, and your timepiece will be ruined if you don't keep it clear of such things.

"What's the trouble? No new trouble, at all. Human nature's just like human nature was ten years ago. There's a lot of folks going to tell you that ain't so. But I guess it will stack up, here, right regular, among my men. They're moved by the same likes and dislikes. Not so much ambition, we think sometimes, and mighty quick to take offense. But I guess that's because they've been badly treated. The same old milk of human kindness is, I find, still recognized. I don't mean in a wishy-washy sentimental way. Workmen like theirs without too much sugar. Just quiet, square-deal decency suits them best. That's the milk of human kindness in this shop. The milk supply has gone sour, though, with a lot of foremen—that's the trouble."

I talked with a labor leader who, I happened to know, has given a lot of study to the subject.

Contented Discontent

"I'll tell you what's the trouble," said he. "There's been a lot of talk in past years about business efficiency and standardization and all that, and it hasn't yielded all the rosy results its champions had promised. That's because underneath it all men forgot that loyalty can't be got by treating men like so many machines. But there's a great awakening on that subject these days. There's a big movement on in the direction of humanizing industry through the foreman. The big boss is waking up to the fact. Why don't you go out to the university? They can tell you a lot about it, out there."

"Somebody been talking to you about the industrial noncom, have they?" asked the man at the university.

"Well, they're a pretty good lot of noncoms, now, and don't you forget that, while you're listening to their shortcomings. They're not all good, but they didn't have all good ones in the Army either. You can't get these things all in a minute. It's going to be a slow process. All educational processes are necessarily slow. And the foreman has to be educated. Nothing else will do it.

"But the day of the industrial noncom is here. He's being educated and developed as never before. And that's because the men who officer this army of industrial forces see the need of him. There has always been a general feeling that the foreman was an important cog in the industrial machine, but nothing was ever done to him or for him. There didn't seem to be any way to make him any better or any worse. He was recruited largely by seniority, from the ranks. He was likely to be picked because he was a good mechanic, or more likely because he was a first-class bruiser. No one stopped to ask what he could do for his men—whether he could teach them to be better workmen, whether he had in him that executive force that would make him a leader of men.

"Sometimes he'd been plugging along at the same old bench, possibly ten or fifteen years. It didn't occur to anybody that this record of faithfulness was a knock as much as a boost, that the man who was content to stay ten years on one job wasn't the man to put pep into his fellows, or to bring them contentment. Paradox? Sure! Paradoxes are good things to wake people up with. There are two kinds of contentment. And the truly contented shop is always up on its toes, looking for something better than it's got. And it takes something more than a fossil to lead it contentedly through its discontent.

"When men are contented with working conditions they're pretty sure to be healthily discontented with what they accomplish. There is a healthy stimulus to ambition and self-interest. They want to make more and to do more. By content, I don't mean dry rot, you see. So the new foreman must be a live wire. And that means that he's not staying long in one place. You don't agree with that? Well, he may stay all his life with one firm. But he will not stay ten years at one bench. He'll be pushing his nose into other fellows' work, and learning it. He'll be moving constantly from one job to another—always a better one.

"I knew a fellow, a mere boy, who learned the cabinet-maker's trade. He lived down on the Jersey coast, where they all know how to work in wood—boat builders—catboats, yachts, yawls and such. Just the primitive, out-of-doors village industry, where one or two good workmen put their soul into a boat, and maybe thirty years later somebody is still pointing to that boat with pride in its performance.

"Well, Bill was one of these contented workmen who are never content. He wanted to know how a lot of things are done. He got some inkling of the factory idea into his head, and he started inland. He was about nineteen then. When he was twenty he was a foreman, with sixty men working under him. He was quite a reader, Bill was. He had picked up some ideas about factory management and quantity production and all that, and he had things running pretty neatly before long.

"The manager was one of these fellows who is never happy unless there is a big hurrah about the place. Bill didn't like hurrah. He didn't talk much, and his voice was never very loud. The men used to purr like cats under a kitchen stove when they saw how things had quieted down.

"You couldn't put anything over on Bill. It wasn't that. But somehow a good workman had an unmolested chance to do just about the best there was in him.

"Now, in this business that Bill was in, the manufacturer was always getting orders for work that had to be got out on emergency schedules. One day the manager rushed into the shop in great excitement, found Bill, and handed him an order blank.

"'Got to go at four o'clock this afternoon. Now hustle round, Bill, and get everybody to work on it. Got to get it out, sure. Everybody'll have to rush.'

"It was just the kind of thing that suited this manager down to the ground. Bill said all right, he'd have the work ready. Then he gave each man his part of it, and they all worked along as if nothing had happened, working toward the completed job that was worked out in Bill's mind.

"The manager rushed out again an hour or two later. Things looked pretty quiet to him. He sidled up to Bill. 'Watch out, Bill,' he would say. 'That job's for four o'clock, you know. Where is it?'

"'Bein' made,' said Bill. The excitable manager looked about him. Everything perfectly quiet and easy. Men working leisurely, far as he could see, on their regular work.

"'Better get these fellows hustling, Bill.'

"'It'll be on the shipping platform at three o'clock,' said the unmoved Bill."

The Square Deal Always Works

"It was a long time before the manager quit showing signs of being gun-shy over that ominous quiet that had set in round the plant. Soon Bill was organizing his men for just such division of labor on their regular work. Questions began to come up about pay and hours and all those problems that every factory faces. The manager met it by laying certain plans before his young foreman.

"'You're not treating the men right,' says Bill.

"The manager put his hand on Bill's shoulder.

"'You got too much sentiment, Bill,' said he. 'No man can always treat his men right.'

"'Treat 'em right or quit,' said Bill. 'That's me. You got to treat 'em fair.'

"The men heard of what was going on. They rallied round the young foreman. They'll always rally round you if you've made them believe in your fairness. I tell you, men are always hungry for the human touch and the square deal. Any sentiment beyond that point is sure to react into sentimentality, and die of its own inherent weakness.

"The whole thing went bad. It turned into a lock-out for the whole shop, and Bill didn't handle himself as wisely as he would do to-day. First thing he knew, without intending it, he found himself the men's strike leader. He went over the manager's head, and the Old Man backed him handsomely. And they all went back to work.

"Of course he and the manager couldn't hit it off after that, so he was soon out of a job, and went back to Jersey. There he built up quite a little business. He'd always been in the boat-building atmosphere, and

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This delicious taste is due partly to the quality of beans selected and to the Heinz tomato sauce with which they are prepared. But the main factor is the *baking* in dry heat in real ovens.

When Heinz Beans are taken out of the can, they are never crushed or mashed. Each bean is brown, rich, appetizing, whole and uniform. They are inviting.

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"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

Right Selection

THE selection of the shoe which will give you the utmost satisfaction rests on several factors—cost of material, adaptability of the last and pattern to your foot, authoritative style, and the standing of the maker.

These factors are foremost in the minds of dealers who offer you Crossett Shoes. They know that the style of Crossett Shoes comes combined with durable materials throughout, and in a range of lasts which meet perfectly the varying needs of the individual wearer.

Wear in a shoe is hidden. Hence the necessity of a brand that means something to you when selecting a shoe. The name CROSSETT on your shoes is a definite guarantee of full value and longer wear.

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The CROSSETT Shoe
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he grew to be known locally as quite a man. His boats were sought after, he was mayor of his little town, he was making a little money, his hair was thinning, and his waistline was thickening. And then the war broke out.

"Down at the big naval aircraft factory they needed help. There were fifty hydroplanes to be built by June first. They had been struggling along for several months, and only one of them had been finished. They could build the engines and wings and all that, but they didn't seem able to turn out the big, boatlike bodies. Somebody suggested that it was a boatbuilder's job. So they scoured the Jersey coast from Toms River to Red Bank, and picked up seventy-five or eighty of these old Jersey yacht builders.

"Still, it didn't go. They were patriotic and willing, but they weren't organized. They hired a foreman who was a knower. He knew boat building from A to Izzard. But he wasn't a doer. Then they tried a doer. He knew nothing about boats, but he pushed and drove and bullied, and these yacht-building Jerseymen began to drop off the job. The employment director was one of those dollar-a-year men who was in to help win the war. He wasn't going to give in that easy. He borrowed somebody's tin Lizzie one rainy Sunday morning to plow through the mud, and went up to Bill's place. 'You got to come,' he said. And Bill came."

Quantity-Production Methods

"They had fourteen gangs at work in the big shop, each gang trying to complete a boat, cobbler fashion. Each gang pored over blue prints. Each gang chased up its own stock or tried to steal it from the others, and all of them were working loyally, patriotically to defeat the Hun. But when several months had passed—precious months that could ill afford to be lost—they had not gotten anywhere. Only one boat had been completed.

"In the next ninety days the remaining forty-nine were finished. The only sorrow that seemed to beset this busy Jerseyman was that the last touch was given and the last nail driven on June third instead of June first. They were turning out almost three a day when the armistice was signed.

"The shop had been reorganized. Each of the fourteen gangs had been put at one of fourteen progressive operations instead of trying to build a whole boat. There were no more precious hours lost while men pored over blue prints. Each of the new operations was a simple one, and the gang was soon fully familiar with it. There was no more chasing of stock. Bill saw to that. No more stealing material from the gang next to you. That gang hadn't anything that you could use if you got hold of it.

"An active and healthy rivalry had been established. Each gang was organized. 'I'm a bear for that,' says Bill. The hum of ordered industry had set in.

"'The Old Man used to come out here, to that door there,' said Bill, 'to look round. There got to be just a rhythm to it in here, and a roar, and he used to smile when he would come through the door and hear it. I tell you, it sounded good.

"'Quite a problem to get them old boatbuilders started on progressive, quantity-production methods. And they'd always been used to working outdoors, as you may say, and working pretty much as each fellow pleased. But them fourteen gangs was turning out work, I tell you. I made specialists out of 'em. I used to tell the gang bosses: "Now I'm makin' specialists out of you. You hand it along. You make one out of each one of your men."

"'Pretty hard at first. The first two weeks I lost just a pound a day; fourteen pounds it pulled off of me. But when I got things organized, then it went along easier.

"'I used to talk to the leading men—that's what I call my gang foremen—ten minutes before noon. I'd get them up here in the north end of the shop when there was something goin' a little wrong, and I'd say: "Now, fellows, I'm the man that's standing this. I'm the man they're looking to. Now I've been backing you, and standing by you fellows. Now don't you think you owe me something too? Ain't you going to see me through with this?"

"'They'd always see it. They'd applaud me, mostly, before I got through.

"'Then I always tried to make 'em understand I wasn't too dignified. I tried to do three things—make 'em like me, win their loyalty and hold their respect.

"'One whole gang got careless. Work was sloppy. The leading man had talked to them, and it didn't do any good. So I says: "I know every one of 'em's a first-class mechanic. I know they can do it."

"'The work changed instantly. A man won't take a challenge to his mechanical skill, laying down.

"'I wouldn't have servility. I always keep my eye on the man that's inclined that way; I'm afraid of him. I won't allow no talebearing. "My buddy's a-loafin' on the job," says a fellow. "Now, see here, son," I says, "you leave that to me. That's my job," I says. "And it's up to me to find out who's loafin'. I allow no talebearing," I says. "It's none of your affair."

"'Every man's just as much a gentleman as I am. The biggest problem here is the human equation. They're not machines. I wouldn't want to work anywhere that I wouldn't want the foreman in my home. There's many a foreman that you wouldn't have inside your own door. But that ain't right. It won't do. Back there in the factory I was tellin' about, you remember the manager says you can't always treat a man right. But you can. You don't have to work an injustice on no man. The Golden Rule is all right. I've always tried to live up to it, whether the man's above me or below me. It works fine. It's a devilish good little rule to go by.

"'I worked for a man once who just had one fault. He knew his work, he knew his men, he was fair minded and capable. He knew how to push work through the shops. But he was too dignified; he carried his dignity too far. He was one of these fellows that is all reserve, and he didn't get to his men at all. I used to think I could see him trying, but it was no use.

"'Now I like to go up to what I call my leading men and pick up a piece of work and look it over. "Gus," I says, "looks like mechanics done that job. That's some job!"

"'You bet all their ears are open when you talk like that. They all hear it and they pass it along. And they're just like children, they're that pleased at a word of commendation. I allow no criticism before the men. Anything I got to say, I say it to the leading man, somewhere nobody ain't listening. They're all sure of a square deal; that's the main thing. No favorites, all equal—there ain't no race, creed nor color here. The only thing that goes is the man's quality as a craftsman, and his industry.

"'When I first come here they put me in the pontoon shop, in through that door there. "Well," I says, "this is child's play. Why ain't you turnin' out pontoons?" They're little boxlike boats that you put under the wings to keep 'em afloat when they land on the water, you know. "Why ain't you turnin' out pontoons?" I says. We soon had 'em goin'. Then they sent me in here. Who took my place? I had a man all ready. They just give him the keys and told him he was boss. It is the same way in here. Every gang has a Number One man, who knows just as much as the leading man. I could drop dead; got a man to take my place in a minute. Oh, it functions all right; no theory about it.'"

A "Concrete" Help

"'When they sent for me down here I thought I never could leave my little business up there along the coast. Patriotism was all that brought me. But here I still am. It's got into my blood. I feel like I am a part of something important. Ever hear of the N C 4? Well, here's boats for the N C 5, and 6 and 7 and 8. I feel like I was part of something way out on the frontier line—out on the firing line of civilization, as you may say, where big things are going on.'"

Bill has the key to most labor troubles. It is called sympathetic understanding, and the men have recognized it in all his dealings with them.

"What's the trouble with labor?" I asked an employment manager. He looked at me a minute.

"Nothing's the matter with labor," he answered. "What you mean is: What's the trouble with industrial relations? The employment manager who knows his job these days is just as much a champion of labor as he is of the management of the shop; a good deal more so, in fact. He becomes the representative of the interests of the men to that extent that they recognize the fact and come to him with a hundred things that once were the occasion of friction or worse." *(Concluded on Page 83)*

Keep-Kool

The National Summer Suit for Men

All Young Men—16 to 80

would be more comfortable on hot summer days in a Keep-Kool Summer Suit. Light in weight—smart in style—correct in tailoring. Keep-Kool is more than a trade-mark name—it is the hall-mark of *quality* in fashion and fabric.

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Mighty liners plough across broad oceans with merchandise for Kresge Stores.

For the Kresge Company draws its supplies from the four quarters of the globe.

The Kresge markets are the markets of the world.

Go where you will—travel through countries far and near and there have been Kresge buyers purchasing articles for sale in the one hundred and eighty Kresge Stores.

It is this immense buying power that places upon Kresge counters numberless everyday necessities at prices that surprise the transient visitor, unfamiliar with the Kresge business methods.

It is this vast power that enables the Kresge Company to give a quality of merchandise—a value for the money that at first glance seems unbelievable.

To appreciate what the Kresge Company offers to you visit the nearest Kresge Store and see for yourself the real need it can supply in your home and work-a-day life.

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"May I Wait on You, Please?"

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5¢-10¢-15¢ *Red Front*

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(Concluded from Page 50)

And he began a story of the same old maladies that the world began with—man's injustice and greed, man's failure to live up to his obligations, his lack of sound underlying principles, his laziness and his lack of plain fair-and-square honor.

"Same old maladies," he said. "'Man's inhumanity to man,' just about covers it. I haven't any panacea for it. I'm too much of an optimist to think it can be covered with panaceas. When a man says he's found one I assume he's either a fool or a liar.

"But there are some good things being done that are not panaceas; they are helps. Some of the industrial engineers think they've found something that will help a lot, and they're doing some good work with it. They've dropped such phrases as industrial efficiency and quantity production and standardization; they find that a great many executives are inclined to smile reminiscently at these old war horses who have served so well to cover a lot of theory in the past.

"So now they've started something that's concrete, as the old yard foreman says. I don't mean that it is ivory too. 'Better foremen,' they say. 'With ideal foremen you'll solve a lot of industrial problems.'

"Well, most people can readily agree to that. With the right kind of foremen you can humanize industry. And humanized industry is the crying demand of the hour. It is a demand that is coming from the employer quite as well as from the employee and the labor leader. Everybody is wakening to the fact that it's simply got to be, and that right quickly. A vast amount of good work is being done along that line. One big manufacturer hits it well when he says, 'The foreman is the firm.' To the average employee he is so, without doubt.

"Tony and Joe, sent round to do some little odd job in the park at the front of the factory building, saw a man who the watchman said was the president. He had a smooth face and an air of dignity, and Tony and Joe thought that the watchman was showing them Woodrow Wilson. They learned afterward that the man who got out of his car so briskly and passed them so unseeingly was the president only of Black & White, for whom they are working. But that means nothing in their young lives. Had it been da Presiden' da United State, as they at first supposed, he would have come much nearer fitting into their mental conception of things. But the president of the firm? Why, the head and front of all things in the firm, so far as they are concerned, is Mike, the yard boss. They see Mike more hours a day than they see their wives. He it is who controls their goings out and their comings in. In his rough and horny hands lie the lower justice, and the middle, and the high."

The Foreman Must be a Teacher

"Across the street, at the competing works of Messrs. Red & Blue, their friend Luigi tells them, is da good boss, da gr-reat boss, who is inclined, in a reserved way, to be rather helpful, and friendly, and fair. He thinks of his men, and looks after their welfare. He gives them da sq-uare deal, so much looked up to by all nations. It sounda pretty good to Tony and Joe. They are likely to be working for Messrs. Red & Blue next week."

And so the big problem of labor turnover goes merrily on. The war has made great changes in the relationship borne by the foreman to the firm. One industrial-relations engineer lists twenty-seven duties the foreman is responsible for, and with studies such as these the need of more carefully selected men grows ever more apparent.

Now it has occurred to students of such matters that he must know several things that he has not heretofore been called on for. And above all else he must be able to teach others; and be willing to do it too. He must have none of the old trade fetish idea of keeping his craft a secret that must be divulged only in tantalizing bits of mysterious allusion.

It would be a poor sort of army, indeed, say these students, where the noncoms hesitated about taking the rookies out every morning and teaching them all they are capable of learning, and knocking them into shape on the drill ground. They aren't soldiers at all, and there's nothing that can rightly be called an army until after that has been done.

But the veteran noncom in military life, first of all, knows men. Though it's true that he can do a good many things to them in the Army that would hardly go in civil life, there is one thing that he cannot do: He can't fire a man who doesn't suit him. He knows that he's got to face each problem without that convenient way out of his difficulties. He's got to handle the men that fall to his lot, and stay with them, and see that each one performs loyally, and with every ounce of strength behind his blow.

I sometimes wonder what our foremen would do if they had to face a problem like that. Couldn't pick and choose their men, but just had simply to lick them into shape, and not only get work out of them but loyal work, and supremely hard work. They would surely have to change their present methods.

The Source of Wealth

This right of industrial life and death that now lies in the hands of the foreman has spoiled many a good man among them, because of the easy way it presents out of most of their difficulties of personnel. It is largely responsible for a lot of the trouble that we face in the employment department. The average foreman handles more men than the manager did twenty years ago, and with more complex industrial conditions on every hand. New things are demanded of him. He has become a part of the management. He must have a fairly clear idea about markets and money, salesmanship and production, costs and the underlying laws of economics, according to some of our best experts. He must be well up on technic, of course; not alone the technic of his own department but the routine and the engineering stuff that fit his shop in closely with the other departments of the business. One of these men has said that he is like the neck of an hour glass, through which must pass the quickly surely speeding sands of the business, from the raw materials and production processes at one end of the glass to the departments of salesmanship, distribution and credits and finance at the other. He thus becomes a key to the whole business, and of an importance never recognized so fully as it is to-day.

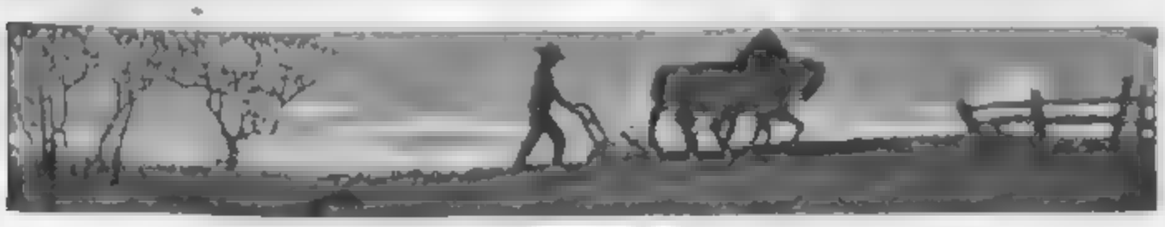
Above all, he must know something about the human side of labor. This is of first importance, and he cannot really do good work to-day unless he knows something of the economics of the business that employs him.

There are perhaps some who will not agree with this point of view. But I predict that they will have to change their minds about it before very long. The workmen themselves are exceedingly keen on such things. If you don't think so, you start an unexpected argument on economics with some intelligent-looking mechanic, and see how soon he will have you on your back, polemically speaking. He'll be full of it, and he'll be ready for you every time you stick an argument at him that has a weak spot in it.

He knows that the source of all wealth is the wise use of human power—combined, of course, with natural resources and the power of machinery. But after all, he will hold, and quite rightly, that the source of all wealth is the wise use of human power.

This wise use of human power was all fixed for us immovably several hundred years ago. We can't get away from that. We've got to treat our men not as so many nuts and bolts—not as a commodity—but as human units. Bill, at the naval aviation factory, had it down pat: "The Golden Rule—it's a devilish good little rule to work by." A good foreman must know how to apply it. He must make his department happy—happy, though, only as it pays, in cold dollars and cents. That's sound economics.

And like all really good timber, this stick is of slow growth. But its grain is very sound.



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"Bigger than Weather"

Genuine Sport Garments

WORN by hunters, trappers and fishermen, who know, because they are not only built on comfortable lines, with all sportsmen's conveniences, but are made of the genuine north country wool which has made Patrick cloth famous.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is essentially a north country product, made of the thick, warm, long-fiber wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

The Patrick label is a sure identification of "bigger-than-weather" outdoor garments that resist wind, cold and moisture.

Ask your dealer for Patrick Wool Products. If he does not handle the line let us refer you to one who does.

Send for the Patrick Style Book, showing Outing Garments, Blankets, Woolen Hose, Caps, Mackinaws, Greatcoats, Steamer Rugs and Auto Robes, also for Elbert Hubbard's book, "Bigger Than Weather," FREE

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
14 Ave. A, Duluth, Minn.

No. 503
Patrick Flannel Shirt

No. 438
Patrick Outing Breeches

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

It Polishes and Protects

Triangle Keeps Shoes New-Looking!

The illustration shows a package of Triangle Milady Cream, the particular Triangle Dressing for fancy glazed kid leathers. It's easy to apply without soiling your fingers, and comes in black, white, and all colors.

There is also a correct Triangle polish, cleaner, or dressing for every kind and color of footwear, from walking boots to satin slippers.

Triangle Dressings are pure. They protect as well as keep shoes smart-looking.

Look for the distinctive Triangle Box at most all good shoe stores.

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., Phillipsburg, N. J.
Makers of Triangle Shoe Dressings and Dri-Foot

The Triangle Line

Presto-White (liquid)—won't rub off. For all articles of white canvas and duck.

Presto-White Cake—For all articles made of white buck leather, canvas, and duck.

Cameo White Kid Cleaner—For all white and delicate colored kid leathers.

Super-White (cleaner)—Cleans and whitens buck, nubuck, suède, and canvas shoes. Also scuffed and badly soiled kid shoes.

Milady (cream) All colors—For glazed kid and shiny leather.

Carbolene (dry cleaner)—For cleaning all articles made of white or colored kid, of calf, satin, silk, and fabrics.

Lusteron (black) Self-Shining—For kid, vici kid, and all finished leathers.

Ebony-Oil (black-friction)—For box calf, kid, vici kid, and buck leathers.

Shine-Well (paste) Black, Brown and Tan—For shoes in all leathers.

Dri-Foot—The Shoe Waterproofing—for men's, women's and children's leather shoes. Good for harness.

This Triangle Product cleans quickly without harm to the skin

FITZ
PRESTO
HAND SOAP

Takes off Grease, Grime, Ink Stains, and Paint. Leaves the Skin Smooth and Soft

SLOW POISON

(Continued from Page 9)

of the West Forties. Only a jutting front of limestone and an elevator man in uniform saved it, or so it seemed to me, from being an old-fashioned boarding house. Its windows, small, as if designed for an African sun, looked northward upon a darkened street. Anne's apartment was on the second floor, and the requirements of some caryatids on the outside rendered her fenestration particularly meager. Her friend, if indeed it were a friend, had not treated her generously in the matter of furniture. She had left nothing superfluous but two green glass jugs on the mantelpiece, and had covered the chairs with a chintz, the groundwork of which was mustard color.

Another man who was there when I came in, who evidently had known Anne in different surroundings, expressed the most hopeful view possible when he said that doubtless it would all look charming when she had arranged her own belongings.

Anne made a little gesture. "I haven't any belongings," she said.

I didn't know what she meant, perhaps merely a protest against the tyranny of things, but I saw the effect her speech produced on her auditor. Perhaps she saw it, too, for presently she added: "Oh, yes! I have one."

And she went away, and came back carrying a beautiful old silver loving cup. I knew it well.

It came from Julian's forebears. Anne had always loved it, and I was delighted that she should have it now. She set it on a table before a mirror, and here it did a double share to make the room possible.

When we were alone I expressed my opinion of her choice of lodgings.

"This sunless cavern!" I said. "This parlor-car furniture!"

She looked a little hurt. "You don't like it?" she said.

"Do you?" I snapped back.

After a time I had recourse to the old argument that it didn't look well; that it wasn't fair to Julian. But she had been expecting this

"My dear Walter," she answered, "you must try to be more consistent. In Paris you told me that I must cease to regulate my life by Julian. You were quite right. This place pleases me, and I don't intend to go to a hotel, which I hate, or to take a house, which is a bother, in order to soothe Julian's feelings. I have begun to lead my life to suit myself."

The worst of it was, I could think of no answer.

A few evenings afterward we dined at the same house. Anne arrived with a scarf on her head, under the escort of a maid. She had come in a trolley car. Nobody's business but her own, perhaps, if she would have allowed it to remain so, but when she got up to go, and other people were talking of their motors' being late, Anne had to say: "Mine is never late; it goes past the corner every minute."

I could almost hear a sigh, "Poor angel!" go round the room.

The next thing that happened was that Julian sent for me. He was in what we used to call in the nursery "a state."

"What's this I hear about Anne's being hard up?" he said. "Living in a nasty flat, and going out to dinner in the cars?" And he wouldn't listen to an explanation. "She must take more; she must be made to take more."

I had one of my most unfortunate inspirations. I thought I saw an opportunity for Julian to make an impression.

"I don't think she would listen to me," I said. "Why don't you get Mr. Granger to speak to her?"

The idea appealed to Julian. He admired Mr. Granger, and remembered that he and Anne had been friends. Whereas I thought, of course, that Mr. Granger would thus be made to see that the fault, if there were a fault, was not of Julian's generosity. Stupidly enough I failed to see that if Julian's offer was graceful Anne's gesture of refusal would be upon a splendid scale.

And it must have been very large, indeed, to stir old Granger as it did. He told me there had been tears in his eyes while she spoke of her husband's kindness. Kindness! He could not but compare her surroundings with the little house, all geraniums and muslin curtains, in which the new Mrs. Chelmsford was lodged. Anne had refused, of course. In the circumstances she could not accept. She said she had quite enough for a single woman. The phrase struck Granger as almost unbearably pathetic.

One day I noticed the loving cup—which was always on Anne's table, which was admired by everyone who came to the apartment, and was said to recall her, herself, so pure and graceful and perfect—one day the loving cup was gone.

I was so surprised when my eye fell on its vacant place that I blurted out: "Goodness, Anne, where's your cup?"

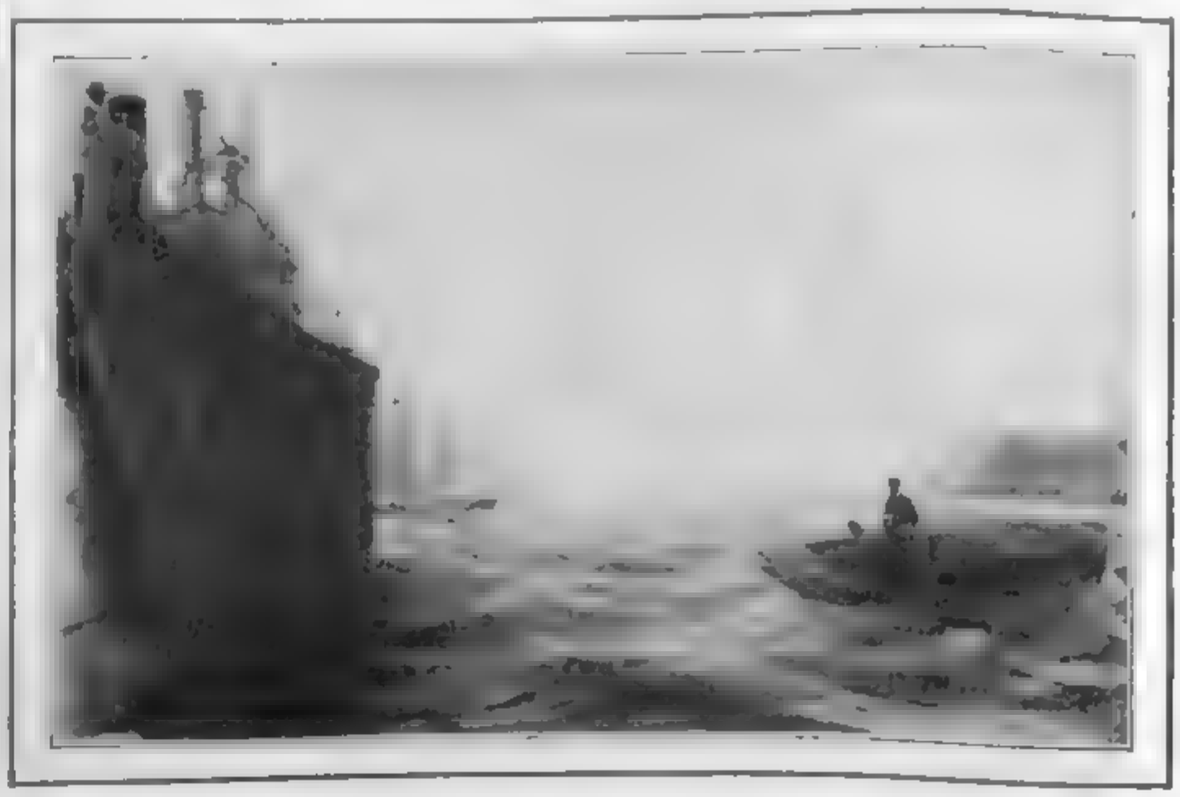
The next moment I could have bitten out my tongue. Anne stood still in the middle of the room, twisting her hands a little, and everyone—there were three or four of us there—stopped talking.

"Oh," she said, "oh, Walter, I know you'll scold me for being officious and wrong-headed, but I have sent the cup back to Julian's son. I think he ought to have it."

Everyone else thought the deed extremely noble. I took my hat and went to Rose. Rose was not very enthusiastic. A beautiful letter had accompanied the cup. We discussed the advisability of sending it back; but of course that would have done no good. The devilish part of a favor is that to accept or reject it is often equally incriminating. Anne held the situation in the hollow of her hand. Besides, as Rose pointed out, we couldn't very well return it without asking Julian, and we had both agreed that for the present Julian had better remain in ignorance of the incident. He would have thought it mean-spirited to allow any instance of Anne's generosity to remain concealed from the public. Rose and I were willing to allow it to drop.

I was sorry, therefore, when I found, soon after, not only that everyone knew of the gift but that phrases of the beautiful letter itself were current, with marks of authenticity upon them. It was not hard to trace them to Anne's intimates.

(Concluded on Page 57)



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DESPITE the fact that many other five-passenger cars sell for less money, the purchase of a Paige "Glenbrook" is really an indication of thrift rather than of extravagance.

Thrift takes into consideration not only price, but value. It aims at securing a full measure of value for every dollar expended.

It was this principle which guided us in the designing of our new model. We embodied in it all of the qualities essential to comfort, sturdy dependability and lasting satisfaction. We built it as we thought a REAL motor car should be built—free from any compromise that might impair its mechanical excellence or long life.

It is quite logical, therefore, that this smart five-passenger should appeal to motorists who believe in true economy—the sort of economy that consists in getting the greatest return for the least expenditure of money.

It is on this basis that we ask you to consider our cars.

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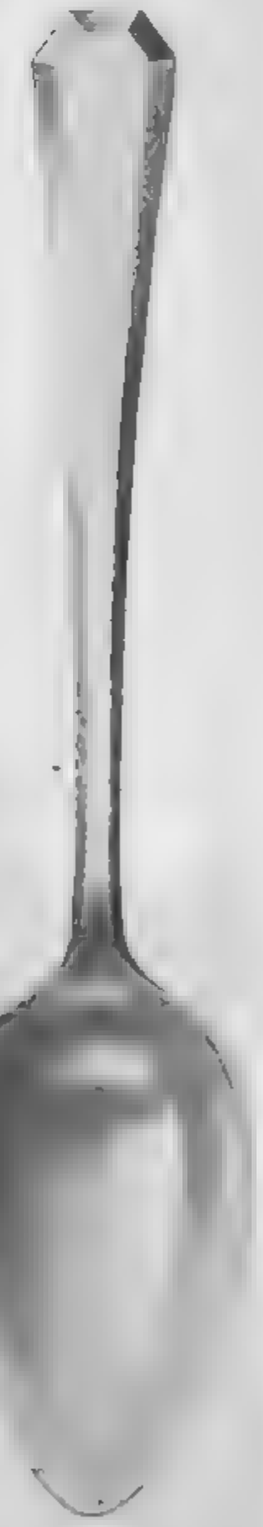
$4.00 the Dozen



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(Concluded from Page 54)

I have no idea to this day whether Anne was deliberately trying to ruin the man for whom she had sacrificed so much; or whether one of those large, unconscious, self-indulgent movements of our natures was carrying her along the line of least resistance. There are some people, I know, who can behave well only so long as they have the center of the stage, and are driven by a necessity almost moral to regain such a place at any cost, so that they may once again begin the exercise of their virtues.

Anne's performance was too perfect, I thought, for conscious art, and she was not a genius. She was that most dangerous of all engines, a good person behaving wickedly. All her past of high-mindedness and kindness protected her now like an armor from the smallest suspicion. All the grandeur of her conduct at the time of the divorce was remembered as a proof that she at least had a noble soul. Who could doubt that she wished him well?

If so, she soon appeared to be the only person who did. For, as we all know, pity is one of the most dangerous passions to unloose. It demands a victim. We rise to pathos only over the dead bodies of our nearest and dearest.

Every phrase, every gesture of Anne's stirred one profoundly, and it was inevitable, I suppose, that Julian should be selected as the sacrifice. I noticed that people began to speak of him in the past, though he was still moving among us—"As Julian used to say."

He and Anne fortunately never met, but she and the new Mrs. Julian had one encounter in public. If even then Anne would have shown the slightest venom all might still have been well. But, no, the worn, elderly woman, face to face with the young beauty who had possessed herself of everything in the world, showed nothing but a tenderness so perfect that every heart was wrung. I heard Rose criticized for not receiving her in the same spirit.

The next day Julian was blackballed at a philanthropic club, at which he had allowed himself to be proposed merely from a sense of civic duty.

Over the incident I know Anne wept. I heard her tears.

"Oh, if I could have spared him that!" she said.

My eyes were cold, but those of Mr. Granger, who came in while her eyelids were still red, were full of fire.

She spent a week with the Grangers that summer. The whole family—wife, sons and daughters—had all yielded to the great illusion.

It must not be supposed that I had failed to warn Julian. The supineness of his attitude was one of the most irritating features of the case. He answered me as if I were violating the dead; asked me if by any chance I didn't see he deserved all he was getting.

No one was surprised when in the autumn he resigned from his firm. There had been friction between the partners for some time. Soon afterward he and Rose sailed for Italy, where they have lived ever since. He had scarcely any income except that which he made in his profession; his capital had gone to Anne. He probably thought that what he had would go further abroad.

I do not know just how Anne took his departure, except that I am sure she was wonderful about it. I had ceased to see her. She has, however, any number of new friends, whose fresh interest in her story keeps it continually alive. She has given up her ugly flat and taken a nice little house, and in summer I notice she has red geraniums in the window boxes. I often see a nice little motor standing before her door—the result doubtless of a year's economy.

Whenever her friends congratulate her on the improvement in her finances she says she owes it all to me—I am such an excellent man of business.

"I admire Walter so much," I am told she says, "though I'm afraid I have lost him as a friend. But then, in the last few years I have lost so much." And she smiles that brave sad smile of hers.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Breaking the Rules

THE simon-pure fly fisherman looks on anything but feathers as anathema. As to worms, live minnows or, worst of all, live frogs, they can of course be considered only as more than criminal. There are some fly fishermen who admit that when the trout won't take the fly they will descend to bait. But what would you say of a simon-pure, 99.5-carat fly fisherman who would resort to frogs—I don't mean frogs on a bait rod, but frogs on a fly rod?

It happened in somewhat the following way: I was in the mountains; there was a ranger; there were two saddle horses and a large, competent white pack mule; also, at a distance of twenty miles or more, there was a meadow high up in the mountains through which ran a certain river reputed then and there to have real trout in it. Need it be said that it took the ranger and me only a short time to throw a pack on the aforesaid white mule and hit the trail for the high places, while the sun was shining and the birds were singing, all on a summer's day?

My friend was a real mountain man. He put a pack on Old Sleepy, the white mule, which stuck to the government aparejo tighter than wax all through the many miles of slipping and stumbling up hill. We did not mind the difficulty of the trail—that was what kept the flivvers down below; and the distance was so great that no one could walk it and get back the same day, whereas the number of men who had available a competent white pack mule thereabouts made no great total. So after we had ridden for an hour or two Harry and I turned and grinned at each other, all on a summer's day. We knew we were going to get them. I had been on that stream before, and he had had word from it this very season.

The weather was good, we had grub enough for a day or two and bed enough for a night or two. No one could catch us by mail or telegraph or telephone, there were no strings to us, and we knew the trout were up there. I hated to do it, it looked so much like a cinch.

It did not look so much like a cinch when, shortly after noon, we struck the lower end of our meadow, away up in the clouds. We could not see a fish move in the water as we rode along the banks, nor was there the rung of a single rising trout to be seen on any of the dozen splendid pools which three years before I had found alive with trout. Someone had been there. My elk meadow, then waist high in waving green grass, now was grazed down. Cattle had been there, where they did not belong. The sand bars were tramped up which once had been virgin.

"Don't worry," said the ranger. "The fishers can get about so far up and then they have to quit and start back to get down before dark. We'll go a little farther on and not go back to-night."

"Friend," said I to him, "your words have a familiar sound. All my life I have been hearing about just last week, and just next week and just over the hill, and just a little farther on. But all right, Bill, and sick 'em, Tige! We'll go a little farther on."

It was toward the middle of the afternoon when, at the end of our little "farther on," we concluded to off-saddle and see what we could find. We were more than twenty miles from our starting point, hungry and tired enough, and as yet curious whether the trout were going to be there or not, after all. We left the dim trail, which led up the valley to a far-off ranch, and threading our way among some beautiful clumps of the mountain pines at length cross-cut the stream which we had left some miles below. Here the grass was taller. The sky was blue, the wind very refreshing. We could not see a track of anything, and for once it seemed as though we had got away from people.

We had no tent, so it did not take us long to pitch camp. We threw the aparejos on the top of a stump, piled our grub outfit underneath and threw the slickers over all in case of rain. We cut a little bough bed, and threw our single bed roll down on that, not spreading it down until we might need it later on. Our rod case we stood up under a spreading tree. Our collapsible canvas

An Invention

which has revolutionized July

Think how many new delights Prof. Anderson gave summer when he invented Puffed Grains.

The milk dish now has Puffed Wheat floating in it—thin, flimsy, toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Breakfast brings the choice of three Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.

Puffed Rice now adds to berries what crust adds to a shortcake. Or a nut-like garnish to ice cream. And between meals hungry children get some Puffed Grain crisped and buttered.

Every day in summer, millions of people now enjoy these supreme food delights.

Now berries
Have Puffed Rice mixed in to form a delightful blend

But don't treat them like mere tidbits

In afternoons
Children get Corn Puffs doused with melted butter to eat like confections.

These flaky, flavory bubble grains seem like food confections. But two are whole-grain foods, remember. And all are scientific.

They are made by steam explosion. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals so ideally fitted to digest.

They are all-hour foods. They make whole-grain foods tempting. Let children find them handy, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

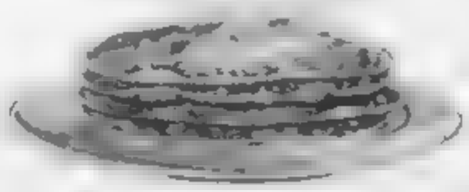
Corn Puffs

All bubble grains

Also puffed rice pancake flour

Now ice cream
Is garnished with these airy, nut-like bubbles.

Also new-day pancakes



Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour—self-rising. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy, and it tastes like nut-flour. Order Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you will serve the finest pancakes ever tasted.

The Quaker Oats Company

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Every Anniversary

No Gift is more appropriate for Life's many milestones than

A Macey Bookcase

No Gift is more pleasing, abides longer, or becomes more intimate.

It is the constant Companion of Eager Youth, Newly-wedded Voyagers, Declining Years.

Macey Quality and Beauty of Design keep pace with Progress and Refinement in Homes both modest and pretentious—

The World Over

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creels—things of themselves abominable, and tolerable only on a pack-train trip—we fished out of the pack. Harry, with what I saw was genuine camp skill, got a practicable fire going and in a jiffy we had some real coffee and some bacon and a bit of bread; so that very presently we were ready to explore the stream.

It was a beautiful water, but evidently it had been hit hard. The trout were far more wary than I had found them earlier on that same river. Here in the upper meadows the stream offered pretty much its usual characteristics—a series of fine deep pools with shallow water between. Though it looked as though later there might be rain the sky still was clear and the water very bright and still. I found that a long line was necessary, also a quick wrist, for the trout at that time were as wild as deer. In spite of all that, however, we began to put a few of them in the baskets, nothing very large, not over three-quarters of a pound, though once in a while Harry would yell out about some good ones which would rise but would not fasten. He was fishing just at the head of a splendid deep hole.

Fast and Furious Fishing

We had not very much fishing time left that day, and when it was clear that we had enough for supper and breakfast Harry drew out of it, looked after the two horses and the durable mule and started the supper fire, while I walked on downstream to see what could be done. I have never seen prettier trout water in my life, but the game could not have been called an easy one. There were some trout there, but apparently someone else had educated them. I worried out a half dozen more, I presume, rather nice ones, some round a pound. On the whole, though we could not call our trip thus far a screaming success, we had got about all we had come for and were very happy that night, high up in the mountains, all alone, eating trout and some more trout, and swapping Western yarns. It did rain a little on us before we got to bed, and may have rained a little more that night, but under the tarpaulins we did not care. In the morning Harry certainly treated me finely—he was willing to turn out and cook the breakfast while I was trying to get into my wet waders once more. More bacon and more trout and more coffee—how much of those things one can absorb up in the mountains!

My friend had only his high leather boots, and had not quite the range and trajectory of a man fitted with waist-high wading trousers; so he hung along the near side of the creek while I crossed the stream a number of times to work a series of splendid holes which I found. We got into a part of the stream which evidently had been less fished. While my companion went on ahead across lots I stopped on a little gravel bar at the foot of one hole and at the head of another. Below me I had seen the side of what I knew was a big trout and I therefore decided to go to the big salmon flies—Jock Scott, Black Fairy, Black Dose, and one or two others, all tied on 1–0 hooks. I soon found that this was the answer. I had been taking some fish on the smaller flies, but now the big ones began to come. Out of the one hole above me I took four fine fish, which began to make my basket strap cut down.

It was plain now that we should get all the trout we cared for, so I walked slowly up the stream, casting only at the good places. On a high bank I passed near to a shallow run, and down in the shallow water I saw a regular grandpa trout, three or four pounds if he was an ounce. He was wild, and I could not raise him. Then I began to see other signs of good fish in that part of the water, and at length found a crossing place, afterward starting back downstream to meet my friend, whom I had not seen for some time.

By this time the morning was quite overcast and a slight drizzle was falling. One does not mind that. I had all the good salmon flies I wanted, as fine a fly rod as any man ever laid hand on, and I knew that there were good trout in that part of the water. In fact, I proved that a few moments later when, in casting into a narrow and deep run close to the bank, I saw a big yellow form rush through the water and eat my salmon fly—he did not strike it, just ate it. It took me several minutes to persuade him to come out on the gravel bar to which I had fought him. I took another and yet another splendid trout in this same run. The legal daily limit was twenty fish. I began to put back trout now, though I was not up to my limit, because the day was still young. I called to Harry, but could get no answer and from where I was I could not see him.

It now began to rain. All at once our valley was cold and cheerless. Things looked gloomy. It was not a hard rain, but fell steadily. There was nothing in the world to suggest good fly fishing. And yet under precisely those conditions I had three-quarters of an hour of the fastest and most furious, the easiest and most productive trout fishing I ever had in all my life anywhere. I would not call it the sportingest fishing I ever saw, because it was too easy and too certain; but as to taking one big trout after another, that little hour or so beat anything I have ever known.

Below there was a wide flat hole a hundred yards long, sixty broad. A bank beaver was working there and I could see him every once in a while. There were some big trout working there also, and sometimes I had to figure quite a while to tell whether it was my beaver or some trout smashing round in there. Above me the water was narrow and deep. I found one little spot close to the bank out of which I caught three splendid trout, putting them all back.

I now began to experiment, and I learned something more about trout fishing. We had started in the day previous fishing small flies, 8's and 10's, sometimes 6's. Now I had laid aside my salmon flies, and was using the brightest of bass flies, as large as 3–0. I could not find anything in my pockets they would not take! I had one old bass fly, black and white, as big as the tail of a rooster, on which I had twisted a wire loop for a head, since the gut loop had long ago rotted off. If you had told me that any trout in the world would look at such a thing I should have thought you crazy. And yet, just in the way of pure experiment, I caught four trout on that fly, each of them over three pounds, one over four pounds. I kept only two of these.

A Trout at Every Cast

All alone, up there in the mountains and in the rain, with my rod dripping water and the face of the stream broken with the falling rain, I walked up and down a fifty-yard sand bar and caught trout for perhaps the best part of an hour, until I was getting ashamed of myself, though I was still below my limit, since I had put back so many trout. I found one little place, not much bigger than a pocket handkerchief it seemed to me, about forty-five or fifty feet from where I was standing, where I was practically sure to nail a trout every time I cast. As this was an extraordinary angling experience, such as comes to very few trout fishermen in America at any time, I should like to be very accurate in describing it. I think I caught five straight trout on five straight casts at that one spot—I never use more than one fly on a cast—and I should say I took a dozen all together at that spot, half of which I put back, before I concluded that I had satisfied all my remaining curiosity and was ready to take my basket and start for camp. I believe I could have killed fifty trout there had I liked. I was sure of one thing—that I had seen the craziest bunch of trout, and had had the strangest angling experience I ever had met.

But let us go softly. No one is ever at the end of strange experiences with trout. One more remained which, I think, capped everything I have ever known in big trout fishing. I hope it is clear that we had all the trout we wanted and that I was not disposed to kill any more. I hope also that it is clear that I have long years ago practically discontinued all sorts of bait fishing for all sorts of fish. I have not used even a spinner on trout for how many years I would not like to say. So I presume it was, after all, the spirit of novelty and adventure and love of investigation which led us to do what we certainly did do that very morning in the rain up in our mountain valley.

My dozen or so of big trout and my wet waders made my walk through the wet grass rather slow when I started back to camp, so I was glad when I saw my companion standing at a bend below me. He did not seem to be moving very much but was looking into the water, acting rather strangely, as it seemed to me. Once in a while he would quit the spot and walk abstractedly at the edge of the river, kicking in the grass, then perhaps bobbing down and making all sorts of fool motions. I knew perfectly well what had happened to

(Concluded on Page 60)

ECONOMY

is measured by its ability to serve. The gold in the mountain, the seed unplanted, the ship at anchor, the invention neglected, these are of no more value than is the hoard of the miser or the spoils of the stranded buccaneer.

We spend that we may economize. Great brains, great brawn and great credit co-operate to effect an economy in effort, time or costs; and give an increase in safety, comfort, or happiness.

Science and finance pour their resources into development until an ounce of effort becomes ten-thousand-horse-power. Years and many men are devoted to tunneling rivers and mountains that time, labor and money may be economized in transportation.

Transportation provided enlarged distribution and so made possible the economy of mass production. Selling gave yet greater scope to production and encouraged new growth in industry.

Advertising strengthened the arm of selling and made possible that last vital contact, the producer with the consumer.

At the dictation of necessity advertising became a mighty power for economy—economy in the elimination of time in securing a market, economy in selling costs, economy in production costs, economy in holding the loyalty and enthusiasm of employees, economy in establishing credits and securing capital, economy in stabilizing consumption.

Economic values are established on the basis of service. Advertising serves in proportion to the intelligence expended upon its production and distribution.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Concluded from Page 58)

him. He had gone crazy. Living alone so much, out in the wilderness, men do go crazy that way. I wondered a little bit how I was going to get him down to some sort of sanitarium, because he was such a good cook and such a good packer that it did not seem right to leave him alone in the mountains.

He looked up when at length I approached him. I saw that he had a frog in his hand, a nice green meadow frog somewhat longer than one's finger. He grinned and jerked a thumb toward the river.

"Get a frog, neighbor," said he, "if you want to see some fun. Beats anything I ever ran against!"

He had three or four fish on the bank, perhaps half a dozen, and they were whales—any one of them over four pounds, perhaps an average of four and a half pounds. Also I discovered that his rod—a steel rod such as he found most durable in his mountain work—was broken at the top of the middle joint. He was casting flies the best he could with the piece of metal and a frog.

"You watch 'em," he said to me. "Just look at 'em now!"

We stood on the bank five or six feet above the water, which there ran six or eight feet deep. There were the usual pieces of bog, streamers of floating grass, and so on, under which trout hide in such a river. But down there in that piece of open water there were a dozen or more of these monster trout swimming round and round, moving up and down, flirting this way and that. Without a doubt or question they were on the feed. I never have seen so many large trout together in any one pool in all my life.

"Didn't see a one of them when I came in here," said the ranger. "I lost my big Grizzly King a while ago, and broke my rod on one of these fellows because I did not have a long-handled net like yours. You have seen how many frogs there are in the grass? Well, I thought I'd try one. When I threw him in you ought to see those trout! I have been fooling with them ever since. Look, now!"

There was no chance in the world that these trout did not see us, for we were just above them and leaning over, not fifteen feet away; but they showed no fear whatever. When Harry managed to drop his frog above them four or five of them made a rush for it. The big one which got it swam off slowly and deliberately, acting just as a hen does with a worm, trying to get away from the rest of the flock.

Landing the Grandfather

It did not seem to make any rush at all or to be in the least frightened, though struck hard and full. It was a splendid trout, thick in the shoulders and of the deep golden color which the large fish of this stream have. We could not say that the fish made any kind of fight—it just walked up and down and shook its head. At length I tried to land it in the net, and making a bad pass the fish swam away. Apparently it had not been hooked at all. I was obliged to apologize for my clumsiness.

"That's all right," said the ranger. "They do that right along. They won't swallow that frog, but just hold it in their mouths and swim round. You can't hardly hook them. I don't know how many I have had hold of, and that's all I really caught. Go get you a frog and see what you can do. Did you ever see a trout act this way before in all your life?"

I certainly never had. The evening before, on the same river three miles below, the trout had been small and wild, or apparently were such. Here, with three-pound, four-pound and five-pound trout right under us, looking right into our faces and feeding from the hand, the situation was certainly reversed. I was willing to say that the man does not live who knows all about trout fishing.

I cast over these big trout several times with the fly, but do not recall just now whether I fastened one or not. All the time Harry was having trouble in finding frogs enough to feed his pets. At length my own curiosity got the best of me. I kicked round in the grass and found a frog small enough to pitch out on the fly rod. I don't remember now whether I really landed more than one trout or not on the frog, but I did kill on the frog the largest fish which we got on the trip, and the circumstances were so singular that I think them worth setting down.

We were on the deep side of the river, and there were holes and caverns under the meadow banks and under the turf bogs which lay here and there. Under the weather conditions one would not have needed to cast a fly very far. On a fly rod one can never cast a frog very far with safety to the rod. I just wanted to get hold of one of those old whales which were so much bigger than anything I had had that day; so I managed to make a long swing of a cast and get my frog on the water. Harry had given me a hook, as I now recall it, but perhaps I was just using the big salmon fly.

At once I saw, directly beneath my feet, a very large trout swim out and make straight for my frog, which had fallen perhaps twenty feet above it. The frog went out of sight and I struck. The fish was very large, as I found when I began to play it—which I did for three or four minutes, I should think. At length, when I thought I had it tired enough—and I certainly was crowding it hard—I called to Harry to bring the big landing net, which was standing up in the grass. Just at that instant my line went slack. The fish was gone! I saw it swim slowly back and go in under the bank, about thirty feet below where I had raised it.

"Had hold of grandpa that time!" I said to my friend. He nodded, because he had seen the size of the fish as he came up. "I guess that's about the biggest one we've raised," said he. "Well, he's gone, anyhow. Skinned your frog up, didn't he?"

He had skinned the frog up precisely as a bass does. As nearly as I can tell he had held the frog in his mouth crosswise and the hook had failed to drive far enough into the hard roof of his mouth. The weight of the frog, and its depth below the surface, would of course make it harder to set the hook with a fly rod, which really has very little power—you cannot lift a pound weight off the ground with your best fly rod.

Harry went back to his amusement with his flock of trout and I stood and looked at the place where my trout had gone away. Idly I cast my mutilated frog above the spot—and idly that same trout came out and ate that same frog again!

"Got him this time!" I yelled. "And I bet I strike him this time for fair." So I did strike him for fair, twice or three times, as hard as I could.

"Holler when you want me," said Harry unconcernedly, looking over his shoulder, for he was playing another trout, easy three and a half pounds, at the same time, fifty yards below me.

This time my trout lasted perhaps two or three minutes on the rod. My frog fly came away again, showing white this time. My trout went under the bank twenty feet below where I last had raised him.

I am entirely aware that there is some risk in telling of our experience on that bank, for fear of the charge of drawing the long bow; therefore I will say I do not remember whether it was three times or four times that I fastened that same big trout, lost him and saw him swim under the bank at the end of each fight. I think it was four times. But by this time my blood was up. My fish refused to strike again, and I felt that honor was at stake. I believe I had forgotten that I had a fly book on my person, and all I wanted was another frog. By this time Harry had another trout or so on the bank and after a time I got another frog—a small one, not so attractive as my first one.

"By golly, Harry," said I, "I'd give a hundred dollars to have another go at that fellow—I bet he'll go five pounds."

"He'll do that all right," said Harry, "but I suppose every trout has some place where he draws the line on the fool business. If he's been obliging enough to give you three or four fights I don't see what kick you've got left. He's not apt to come again."

But that is just what he did do. He did come again, apparently just as bold as ever, as free from fear as if I were not in sight. He moved slowly, deliberately, at an even rate of speed and not showing the least agitation in the world. I could see his great side as he crossed the stream to where the frog fell—I had cast it out in order to draw it in close to the bank lower down. He struck it with a final little quick run and a flirt of his head, and for the fourth or fifth time—I cannot swear which—I struck that same trout, by this time some sixty or seventy yards below where I first had raised him. It does not sound a very credible tale, but that is the truth about it.

This time the hook sank deep enough to hold. So large a trout as that, in deep water, and on a six-ounce rod, is slow and hard to handle. This was not a fast fish, but at times he made very long and steady runs. When he got deep it was hard to raise him. He passed through our school of Harry's trout several times and scattered them, one or two sometimes following curiously, as they did when Harry was playing some of his other trout. We were straight up above the fish, however, and the water was not bad, so we began to feel after a while that we really would get the old fellow this time. It came out in that way. After quite a long wrestle my companion managed to get the net under him and he came out kicking, not excitedly, but very strong in the net. I cannot just now tell whether the hook was very deep in his jaw or not, because by this time I myself was so excited that I don't remember whether Harry or I loosed the hook or whether it fell out of his mouth. But at last we had him, and he was some trout.

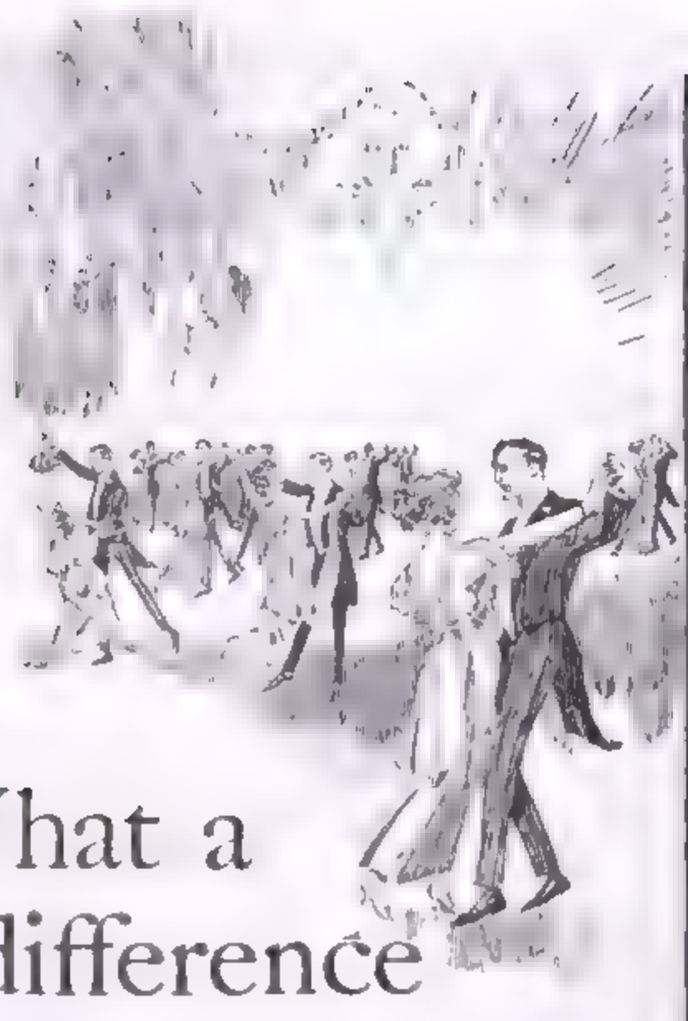
Frog-Eating Trout

Did we lay this trout on the greensward and admire him a few brief moments, and then, with a little apostrophe to his gameness and his beauty, slip him back again into the purling stream? I should say we did not! We put him in the game sack, that's what we did with him.

When we had concluded this little operation we had between us more fish, I think, than I ever before helped carry into camp, and all we cared to take, though we were still inside the limit. Nearly all of Harry's take were these old whales which he had located. He had lost two or three on the way up, and we tried to raise these, and indeed did so, but did not fasten any other trout; not that we much cared now. It was a long way downhill that we had to go, and we had to cook a meal and pack up and clean our trout.

It was a noble catch that we had, the finest with which I ever had anything to do, and as the circumstances were so unusual and so much in proof of the general unaccountability of wild trout, it seemed to me that the facts were worth setting down. I can't say that I would recommend frogs for fly fishing all the time, but if anyone tells you that the native mountain trout will not eat frogs you may take it from the ranger and me that he is entirely mistaken. That is just what they do eat when they can get them; and as that was a fine frog country, I am inclined to think that is why those trout grew so large. Big feed, big fish, is an old saying.

How would you get a fine bunch of trout down out of the mountains on a pack mule if it were left to you? If you had kayaks or panniers or even a good packing box of some sort which would not crush under the lash rope the thing would be easy. In our case we had nothing of that sort. We took my trifling canvas creel and stiffened it all we could with boughs, using it for one pack to hold half the dressed fish. Then to balance it we made up another pack of trout in one of the mantas, or pack covers, which we had along, putting some hoops round that the best we could and lashing it into a solid package. Then adjusting our two fish packs as well as we could between the lash-rope angles we cinched up and got the load home without a slip—bed, grub, outfit, trout and all. The trout were in good condition and a lot of our friends enjoyed them.

In our take we had several trout over two pounds, some over three, some over four and at least one over five. We put back half as many as we kept and could have doubled our catch if we had been so disposed. We had no means of weighing the big fellow, but I understood he went four and three-quarters dressed at the settlement two days after he was caught. He certainly was some fish, and that certainly was some fishing experience; and as to trout, you certainly never can tell.

What a difference light makes!

THE front hall of your home is the face of your home; and the lights in your hall are its eyes.

They see your guests before you do, and send out their welcoming ray. Their gleam of farewell follows into the night long after the door has closed.

When their glow is clear and steady it's easy to forget how important they are. But let them once flash when they ought to be dark—*then* is when you realize what a difference light makes.

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PROMOTED

(Continued from Page 21)

For years there had been tumbling about in his brain a number of story plots. Many an hour of thought had he given to these possible stories—created his characters, named them, developed them, associated intimately with them. Now he would recreate them, make them live and talk and act. And he wrote his stories, wrote them carefully, recast them and rewrote them and glowed over them when they were finished. One after another they were returned to him without comment.

He set to work and composed a number of poems, the kind of poems he had so successfully contributed to his college paper—little bits of humorous rime with touches of sentiment scattered through them here and there, but his verses found no editor who discovered in them anything deserving of more than the formal printed rejection slip.

Once he hurriedly scribbled a little skit, a two or three hundred word description of an incident he had witnessed in the street. The publication to which he sent it, an obscure advertisementless, dying sheet of a dozen pages, bearing the name Chirp, sent him a check for one dollar.

He laughed when he saw the check. It was the first time he had laughed for weeks. For a long time he sat and looked at it. Then he laughed again, folded the bit of paper and stowed it away in his purse. That one dollar was to be the sum total of Redding Kingslake's earnings from his pen. It was the first and last thing he ever sold.

One day he traveled to the big city fifty miles distant, determined to seek employment in one of the daily newspapers published there. At the offices of the first paper he visited he got no farther than the glass door opening into the managing editor's office. There fear and trembling seized him. He was about to apply for a job for the first time in his life—and he did not know how! Before him, but a few paces distant, sat the great man whom he had come to see, busy over his paper-littered table. The inborn timidity that had ever been a part of Redding Kingslake's life now overpowered him—he could not go on. He dropped his hand from the door knob, turned and fled downstairs and out into the street.

In the middle of the afternoon he sought the offices of the other daily. The evening edition was being rushed to press. He heard the rattle of a score of typewriters; saw young men hurrying in and out of the big room into which he had wandered; saw other young men in shirt sleeves bending over their tables writing rapidly; saw messenger boys running here and there; marked all the hurry and bustle; sensed the feverish excitement and eagerness of the workers; felt ill at ease; felt himself out of place; felt that it would be impossible for him ever to become a part of that mighty machine of so many human parts, and turned and walked away—left the building, passed into the street and sought the depot and returned home.

That night he again sat down at his table to write—to write a letter to George Daniels to ask him if he could assist him to procure work.

George Daniels' reply was not what he expected it to be after having listened so many times to the Widow Daniels' comments on her son's brilliant achievements with the company by which he was employed. George Daniels stated that while he was in no position to offer his friend anything himself, being merely a cost clerk in the accounting department of the Stickney Steel Company, he had no doubt that by speaking a good word to the general auditor, which he would be glad to do, a place could be found, and he suggested that his friend come on at once and make his application in person.

A week later Redding Kingslake was an employee of the Stickney Steel Company and in the hands of Dan Starwood, a youngster of twenty, being broken in on the job of production clerk for three of the steel mills of the great plant. Dan Starwood was youthful—in thought, in speech, in action was he youthful. And with his youthfulness went cleverness.

"I've only been on this job six months, but old Four Eyes—that's our chief clerk, you know—is putting me over with Dawling, the stock clerk. More money there, and it's a step up too. There's absolutely nothing to this job—it's a snap all the way through. The hardest thing about it that I've found is to string it out so old Four Eyes won't catch you loafing and shove some other work over onto you. You've got four or five hours each day to do the trick in, but you can eat it up and have it digested in two—that is, if you're handy with figures. Still, there have been fellows tried out here that couldn't do it in eight hours. But they were turtles for speed—the kind that use long division in dividing twenty-four by three and have to have a pencil and a scratch pad to find out how much four times nine is. This little old squirrel cage here will do nearly all the work for you if you'll only trust it."

As he spoke he drew forward over the desk top a queer-looking apparatus—a celluloid-covered cylinder that revolved and moved back and forth in a cagelike box of celluloid-covered bars. Both the cylinder and the bars were thickly covered with minute figures.

"You call that the squirrel cage, do you?" laughed the new clerk.

"Yes—doesn't it look something like one? It's your man Friday—it does all the dirty work for you. Look here now—I'll start you off. You work from these sheets, which you will find waiting for you here every morning. This sheet tells you that yesterday a tough-talking boy at the rod mill—Mike McGinty is his name—weighed in 485,325 pounds of steel billets, which were rolled into rods. This sheet here informs you that another tough-talking boy—his name is Harold James—weighed out 455,234 pounds of Number Five rods. What's the percentage of rods? Set the squirrel cage—here—here, like that, and there's the answer—ninety-three and eight-tenths per cent. From this third sheet you get wise to the fact that another tough-talking boy—you'll find out how tough they are—he weighed out 16,500 pounds of scrap—cobbles, cut ends, twisted rods, and so forth. What's the percentage of scrap made? Set the squirrel cage—like this, and that, and there's your answer—three and four-tenths per cent. Now you're given a set figure for roll scale—old Four Eyes changes that now and then, but just at this time it happens to be one and six-tenths. Now ninety-three and eight, three and four, and one and six gives you ninety-eight and eight, doesn't it? That leaves you a dead loss of one and two. That one and two is what went up the flue dead loss, you know. See?"

The new clerk nodded his head.

"I see," he said. But he didn't see—the rapid work of his youthful instructor had mystified him, left him wool-gathering.

"Nothing to it at all," the young demonstrator repeated. "Anybody ought to be able to cut this job. Oh, you don't have to be a college graduate to work here. Had much education?"

"Oh, some," replied the pupil.

"Well, I never had. I quit school when I was in the eighth grade and went into the mills and took a job on the scales. Old Four Eyes has treated me mighty fine and I've gone ahead in good shape. You'll find everybody here calling this place Stickem Steel Works, because, as they claim, the company keeps a man stuck on one job till he gets old and dies or goes to the poorhouse. But don't you believe that! If a fellow's got any kind of ginger and ability in him he'll get on. Lots of them do stick and never get anywhere, true enough, but they're the kind that are too slow to catch a bad cold. You don't happen to know George Daniels, do you?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well, take him for an example. He started in on this job you're starting in on, so I've been told. Where is he now? In the cost division, and I guess it's a pretty safe bet that he'll be chief there some of these days. He didn't have to stick on any dinky little job like this until he died. It's all right to call the place Stickem—I do myself—but it gives you the wrong idea.

"Now we'll run these little jobs through—get everything spread on the production sheets, you know—and then I'll take you out into the mills and introduce you to the rollers and show you where you'll have to stick up the sheets every day."

Two or three hours later in a dingy, dirty little building back of the noisy rod mill young Starwood introduced Redding Kingslake to Jerry Bullfinch, boss roller. Jerry Bullfinch struggled up from the chair in which he was sitting and put out a huge greasy hand.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kingslake," he said as he dropped back heavily into his chair. "Dan here is a trifle younger than most of the guys we have on this job of yours, and you're a trifle older, I reckon."

"Yes, I'm afraid I'm getting a rather late start in the steel business," returned Redding, smiling.

"It's always best to get started early at whatever you're going to do in life for a living," murmured the big roller.

"That's very true," agreed the newcomer.

"Down to the fight last night, Jerry?" Dan Starwood asked the roller.

"You know it. Some scrap! I didn't see you there."

"No, I had another hen on. Tell me something about it."

The roller lighted a black cob pipe and with enthusiasm began a description of the prize fight he had witnessed. After several minutes, at a break in his flow of words when he paused to relight his pipe, Redding spoke:

"If you gentlemen will excuse me I'll go into the mill and watch the work there for a few minutes."

The talk of the two men did not interest him nor did he understand much of it.

"Sure, go ahead!" said Starwood. "I'll be out there in a little while. No hurry, you know—there's plenty of time."

The roller finished the history of the big fight.

"I wish I'd been there," regretted Starwood.

"You ought to've been there, Dan. You don't get to see a fight like that every day in the week, I want to tell you. Who's this new guy you're breaking in?"

"Blamed if I know—Kingslake is his name."

"Looks pretty soft to me."

"I think he is soft. Mighty few prize fights you'll talk over with him, Jerry. Sunday-school chap, I'd say. He seems to be a nice enough sort of fellow though."

"Think he'll cut it?"

"It'll sweat him, Jerry, if I'm any judge. He always shoves back his cuffs when he starts to write and when he makes a figure he draws it. He'll have to get over that or he'll be working overtime. I grabbed that stuff the first day I saw it, but I doubt if he knows what we've been doing all morning."

Thus Redding Kingslake went to work in the offices of the Stickney Steel Company, coached in his new duties by a youth many years his junior, one who boasted of having received practically no schooling, who sneered at the pettiness of the work he had to do, who found making a living as pleasant as eating peanuts, as he one day put it.

But to the new production clerk the dinky little job, as young Starwood called it, loomed large and forbidding. He found the task of getting the percentages worked out, the tonnages determined and the whole spread on the production sheets hard and distasteful, and he trembled lest he make mistakes. Mathematics had never attracted him—it had been his hardest study. George Daniels had helped him with his arithmetic in his early school days; his algebra he had slighted when in high school; in college he had skimped his geometry and trigonometry and calculus.

The problems he had to work out each day—indeed they were little more than examples—were of the simplest, as he perceived, yet he could not put faith in his calculations. He was always afraid he had made errors. Nor would he trust the mechanical calculator in the readings it gave him, but must check back and back each time he used it. Dan Starwood, still keeping him under supervision, was annoyed.

"I tell you, Mr. Kingslake," he declared emphatically one morning when he found his pupil verifying some percentages he had just obtained from the calculator—"I tell you, you never will get next to this job so you can handle it if you don't cut out that tomfoolery! The squirrel cage is more accurate than you are—a whole lot! Grab off your figures and sock 'em down and forget them! I've been here a week now breaking you in on this job and I'm getting tired. I want to get started in on my new work some time this year."

And to Jerry Bullfinch the young man confided that day: "I'm not breaking in any future auditor for Stickem, Jerry, believe me! Nice fellow and all that, Jerry, but he's certainly nix on that kind of work."

"Well, I tried to get him to set down and have a little chin yesterday," said the roller, "but he was in a humping big hurry. 'Thank you, Mr. Bullfinch, I'm afraid I haven't time,' he told me. Oh, no, he won't last long, I guess."

But he did last—he lasted a long while; he outlasted Jerry Bullfinch. For he mastered the job Dan Starwood turned over to him, and so satisfactory was his work that Chief Clerk Brinkerman let him fill the position four years before he moved him up to another position that paid a slightly better salary.

But only by a mighty effort had he mastered the dinky little job. For days and weeks he concentrated on work with numbers, giving his whole thought to the handling of figures, poring over long columns of his own making, training himself to add rapidly and correctly, to subtract and divide and multiply with dispatch and accuracy. Not at his desk alone did he use every moment of his time in such pursuits, but in the poor little room he had rented in an obscure street a half mile from the mills and offices he busied himself each evening until a late hour with pencil and paper, laboring with numbers.

"My living is to come from my work with them," he would tell himself again and again. "I must become skillful in handling them—I must learn all there is to know about them."

And for many a dismal week after his coming to Stickney Steel he allowed himself no time to glance at a book, hungering though he was for the printed page.

The world was now a place of terror for him—he was afraid of it, shuddered each time he caught a glimpse of its ugly side, shrank away from it. He dreaded the daily walks from his room to the offices, from the offices to his room, along the dirty streets, past the gray, smoke-stained houses with their bare cheerless yards. He dreaded the mingling with the men of the office—he could not understand them; they talked a language different from his, were interested in things of which he had never heard. He dreaded the trip he must each day make into the mills to post up the production sheets he had prepared, from which the workmen were to learn what tonnages had been credited to them. The bedlam of sound that struck upon his ears, the red flames and multicolored smokes shooting from the furnaces, the mightiness of the work being done about him—it appalled him, made him shrink, made him shiver. The sight of half-naked men heaving and tugging and sweating before the doors of the furnaces, grunting and pulling over curling, twisting bars and blooms of red iron and steel, with their lumpy muscles slipping and crawling about over their glistening shoulders and arms, intensified the feeling of weakness and helplessness that was now ever with him, and he would hide his soft white hands in his pockets and hurry on, eager to rid himself of his little errand and get away from the sight and sounds of the mills.

He did not become acquainted with the millmen as Dan Starwood had been—he was afraid of them; he did not know what to say to them, how to approach them, and when he would walk past a group of them sitting about the furnaces or rolls he imagined they laughed at him, once his back was turned. Nor did he make acquaintance with Jerry Bullfinch, though the big, jovial roller courted that acquaintanceship.

"Set down, Mr. Kingslake, set down, and let's chew the rag a while," big Jerry would say, invitingly kicking out a chair and waving a black greasy hand toward it.

"Thank you, Mr. Bullfinch, I'm in something of a hurry—I'm a little behind with my work to-day."

And the clerk would leave his sheet of paper and hasten away.

One day he found the roller in an unusually happy mood.

"Set down, Mr. Kingslake, set down!" he urged. "Set down and—psst!—how'd you like to take a small smile with me?" He winked a twinkling eye and, pulling partly open a drawer in his battered knife-whittled desk, disclosed to view a bottle of whisky.

"Thank you, Mr. Bullfinch—I never drink." (Continued on Page 65)

ROTHSCHILD
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ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.
"All the new ones all the time"
St. Louis Chicago

(Continued from Page 63)

"No? Well, that's nothing against you. What do you say to a good smoke then—a genuine Porto Rican smoke?" From another drawer he lifted a long black cigar. "Set down and fog up, Mr. Kingslake. You've got plenty of time. Why, Dan Starwood spent an hour or two with me every day when he had your job. He said it was a snap of a job. Set down!"

"Why, really, I'm sorry, but I don't smoke."

"Well, gee-whiz! Gnaw a chaw off my plug then! Here! Let's be sociablelike!"

"Oh, no—I never use tobacco in any form."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The mill boss shook with laughter. "You're a card, Mr. Kingslake, you're a card! But I don't say which one of the deck! Ha, ha, ha! You don't drink, you don't smoke, you don't chew and I've never yet heard you say a naughty word. What in thunder do you do, Mr. Kingslake? A man's got to be a man in some way or other."

Redding Kingslake smiled a sickly smile and left the dirty little office, hating his job as he had never hated it before. He hated his job, loathed and despised it, yet from the first he was constantly fearful lest he lose it through some act of incompetency, through some error made—perhaps Brinkerman would let him go because he was so slow in his work. What would he do if he should fail here and be discharged? The question was continuously in his mind. And he lived in an agony of suspense through those first six months of service, frightened whenever he saw anyone approaching his desk carrying some sheet of paper which he recognized as one he had sent out, starting when his name was called, trembling when at a buzzer's summons he started for the chief clerk's private office.

Four years as production clerk! It was the office's record for that position. The office was sympathetically interested.

"There's one yonder that old Stickem will stick," said the office, talking over the case of Redding Kingslake. "He'll be here, tinkering about on some dinky little job after a whole lot of us are gone—up or out. That's the kind Stickem likes to get hold of—the kind that plugs right along, saying nothing, asking for nothing, never kicking. He's all right, nothing the matter with him at all—a mighty nice fellow, only he's not there with this kind of work. He should have had something better long ago, but he lacks pep. Too bad! Well, one thing is sure—he'll never beat us to an auditorship."

Thus the office talked.

Those four years of Redding Kingslake's service as production clerk had brought numerous changes in the offices of the accounting department of Stickney Steel. New clerks, new accountants, new bookkeepers, eager and ambitious, filled with enthusiasm for the work that lay ahead of them, had come in; old clerks, old accountants, old bookkeepers, sour and bitter, disappointed and discouraged, had gone out—some of them discharged, some of them quitting to look for better jobs. There had been promotions, demotions and standstills—changes of every kind known in office life.

George Daniels in that time had passed from the cost division to be head of the ledger division, to return and become head of the cost division, and it was believed by the office that he was slated for another change—that he was to become an assistant auditor.

Dan Starwood had handled stocks, stores, outgoing shipments and pay rolls so successfully that the chief clerk had taken him into his own office as one of his assistants.

Chief Clerk Brinkerman had made so good a record that an outside firm had learned of him and had taken him from Stickney Steel.

There had been no change in Redding Kingslake's work in those four years, it is true, but there had been changes in the man himself. He was stronger now in individuality, he was more confident—the old fear of losing his job had to a great degree left him and with it had gone much of his timidity and humbleness, but he was still lacking in those qualities that would help him to forge ahead—he would always be lacking in them, he would never be able to acquire them. His work, his surroundings, his associates he found less distasteful, but he had never come to like them. Though he would now and then sit down for a short talk with Jerry Bullfinch and though he had come to know a few of the millmen by name and would sometimes pass a few words with them, the dread of the daily trips into the mills persisted.

Hope of getting away from Stickney Steel to earn his living at work more congenial he had none—he had from the first accepted this as his lot. More than once he had written it down in his conscious self that he was doomed to failure; that he was to be nothing more in the world than one of that great army of strugglers for existence that eat, sleep, work, die and are forgotten quickly, having left in the world no permanent record of efforts made, of things accomplished.

Already he had begun to plan to make the closing years of that colorless existence he saw stretching out before him secure against want, safe against physical suffering; already he was beginning to hoard little savings, denying himself comforts, pleasures, trifles he wished for, storing up against the days of dark December; already he was figuring far ahead, calculating how much money he would have at forty, at fifty, at sixty.

Books—he wanted books, but he dared not squander his money on them. He could get books at the public library and he was a steady patron there, but they were not the same, those books—they were not his books. He wanted to hide the walls of his cheerless little room with shelves and to cover those shelves with books, his books, with which he could become familiar, grow intimate with, learn to know and to love. But he dared not spend money for them—he was saving, saving to be safe from the world when he could no longer work. But he would not deny himself wholly—he bought one new book each month.

Four dreary dragging years on the one petty job, and then began that long slow movement upward through more dreary dragging years, with a tiny increase in salary at great intervals, but with more work added, harder work, more particular work—he was stock clerk, receiving clerk, order clerk, checker, rate clerk. His advancement was not steady. New men came into the office, younger men than he, cleverer men, men with initiative and gall and bluff, who passed over him, taking the positions he had been waiting for and expecting to get. But he could say nothing—he realized they were better workmen than he—he made no protest.

And he grew old, prematurely old; he grew gray; he began wearing spectacles, and his body, never rugged and robust, grew thin and angular, and the office began to speak of him as Old Slats—not jokingly so much as pityingly. For the office loved him and respected him—the office had long ago come to feel that he was out of place there; that he was deserving of something better, something finer.

George Daniels, always friendly, never cordial, would sometimes pause at the clerk's desk to speak a word or two. George Daniels had—as the office had predicted he would be—been made an assistant auditor. He was well satisfied with his attainments and with his prospects—George Daniels expected to be general auditor of Stickney Steel some day.

"Well, Redding, how are you getting along out here?" he asked one day, pausing at the rate clerk's desk.

"Very well, George, very well, I suppose."

"You're going up, Redding, you're going up nicely. And I'm glad to see that—mighty glad indeed."

"Thank you, George. I might say that you are not slipping backward."

"True, Redding, very true. I am making a success of it—I have accomplished something here. Let me see—how old are you, Redding?"

"Just a year younger than you."

"Ha, ha! Quite so—I'd forgotten. That makes you forty-four. Getting along, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are, George."

"Strange that you should have turned gray while I have not. Yes, we're getting along in years. We'll have to hurry from now on, Redding. I'm wondering whether it will be Smalley or I who will go up when Donwood leaves. If I get the place, Redding, I'll look out for you—I'll hurry you on."

"Thank you, George. I shall be very grateful."

But neither George Daniels nor Henry Smalley went to a higher position very soon thereafter. General Auditor Donwood continued to hold his office, to do his work and

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to give satisfaction, aged though he was. Nor was he ready to retire when the big consolidation took place, the consolidation that swept the Stickney Steel Company along with a score of other iron and steel concerns scattered over the country into one giant corporation. Stickney Steel retained its name, its individuality, a few of its old officials, but J. V. Donwood did not remain. And neither George Daniels nor Henry Smalley succeeded to his office. There came a new man, a young man, an outsider, to be general auditor of Stickney Steel.

Redding Kingslake had by that time reached the position of freight clerk. As positions then went at Stickney Steel, it was a rather desirable one. The holder of it enjoyed the distinction of having a flat-top desk and a swivel chair in a small room, he being the sole occupant thereof. And for those days the salary paid was good, unusually good; so good indeed that it had enabled Redding Kingslake to revise his plans for the future, to shorten the time before him when he could buy a small place in the old town in the East where he had attended college and with the remainder of his savings invested in safe bonds retire to a life of peace and quiet, to read and study, perhaps to try again to write, and to grow old, care free, unharassed by the world. His calculation told him he could safely quit work when he was fifty-five. Five years more!

Before he had been raised to the position of freight clerk he had thought it wise to change his manner of living somewhat, to improve it—he could afford to spend something more freely. He had abandoned the little room in the obscure dirty street where he had lived so many years, and in a quieter pleasanter quarter of the city, in an old-fashioned mansion, once a home of wealth but now degenerated into a rooming and boarding house, he had rented a large attic room. It suited him. Its isolation appealed to him—he could live there, read there, dream there with little chance of being bothered by chatterers who talked of things that did not interest him, that bored him.

His book allowance he had increased from one to four a month and the array of volumes which he set up and arranged on the shelves he had himself built was not an unimposing one. But he wished it were larger.

Settled in his new quarters, he was almost happy. It was very quiet up there in the long evenings and through the restful Sundays. It was pleasant there too—when the weather was pleasant. It was close, hot, stifling there through the hot dead days and nights of August; when winter came and the piercing winds poured in from the north across the near-by lake it was cold up there in the big attic room, for the small gas stove that had been furnished him inadequately served the large chamber. Downstairs he could have joined the chatterers about the great open fireplaces, but he preferred to shiver alone rather than to be uncomfortably comfortable.

Sometimes he would draw out from his trunk his old rejected manuscripts, to reread them and ponder over them and wonder why they had never sold. Twice he tried to improve them by rewriting them, certain they possessed merit, revising and recasting them with the greatest care. Submitted to magazines, they were promptly returned. His short stories worked over suffered a like fate.

He could not write! There came a day when he told himself that for the last time, when he bundled together all his manuscripts, carried them to the basement of the big house and burned them. He could not write!

All of his efforts had been unrecognized, had brought him nothing.

But no! There was the dollar, the dollar paid to him by the owner and editor of Chirp. He had kept the check through all the years he had it safely put away. One day in a moment of whimsicality he took it from its hiding place, went to a store and purchased a tiny frame in which he framed the faded piece of paper. He carried it back to his room and hung it on the wall above his little writing desk.

"Pay to the order of Redding Kingslake one dollar.

"THE CRICKET PUBLISHING COMPANY."

"And I was going to make my living with my pen!" He laughed bitterly as he sat contemplating the faded bit of paper in its tiny frame. "Not by the pen but by the pencil—figuring tonnages and percentages and freight rates and costs!"

Five years more! It was a pleasant thought on which to dwell—that day of release. Five years more! He repeated the words often to himself. Then they became—four years more. That was better—four years would quickly run by. Four years more! And then—the consolidation.

With the consolidation came new officials, new ideas, retrenchment, a reduction of the office force, a cutting and slashing of salaries. Stickney Steel must make more money, for the stock of the corporation to which it now belonged called for big dividends.

Redding Kingslake learned that his substantial salary was to be cut squarely in two. Not only that—he was no longer to enjoy the luxury of a flat-top desk, a swivel chair, a private office. He was sent back to the big noisy main office, given a high desk and furnished a high stool on which he could perch or by which he could stand, as he chose, to get out his work. The new general auditor had ideas. Stickney Steel had been too easy with its office help; it had pampered it; office men should not enjoy such luxuries as low desks and chairs and private rooms—luxury promoted idleness. And Stickney Steel had been paying its office men too much salary. There were plenty of efficient men to be had who would do the work for half.

That high desk, that high uncomfortable stool, that noisy room, that halved salary—they brought Redding Kingslake to the edge of rebellion. If he only dared rebel he would—but he didn't dare. But it was monstrous, it was cruel, it was unjust, he told himself over and over. What now of his carefully figured-out plans? Four years more of that treadmill grind? Aye, four years more and an added indefinite number of years before he could hope to go free. He feared to put his pencil to paper to revise his old calculations. Fifty-five? He would be sixty-five, seventy—more, no doubt!

The day following his notification of the change in his affairs he did not come to work. Instead he visited the savings bank where he kept his account, drew out five hundred dollars in currency and went to the bookstore in the city which he had been patronizing in his modest way for so many years. They knew him there, from the manager to the youngest clerk. "Old Browser" they called him. Every Saturday afternoon or every Saturday evening he was there, wandering in and out among the tables and shelves of books. No one ever bothered him trying to sell him something—he was allowed to make his selections alone.

This day he was busy about the tables and before the cases and shelves almost all day, and when at last he went to the manager's desk he carried a number of slips of paper on which he had been writing.

"I should like to purchase these, Mr. Cooper," he said quietly.

The store manager looked over the lists with surprise showing in his face.

"You mean—all of these, Mr. Kingslake?"

"Yes."

"Sit down, please. It will take me a little while to assemble the prices and to figure out your discounts."

The order amounted to a trifle more than five hundred dollars.

He did not go to work the next day either. By noon the books had been delivered, and all the afternoon and until far into the night he was occupied with unpacking them, arranging and rearranging them on his shelves, admiring them, gloating over them, glancing through them, reading a page here, a page there. It was his great debauch, the first and the last of his life.

On the third day he was back at his treadmill task, perched now on the high stool at the high desk, figuring away at his interminable examples.

The future, the day of liberation—he ceased to look forward to it, he no longer speculated on it. More than ever now was the big attic room a place of refuge; more than ever was it like home to him. And when his day's work was done he would leave his joyless task with his figures, his pink and blue and yellow freight bills, and hurry to it, to hide himself in it and revel in its peace and quiet and isolation, with his books, his own books stacked and heaped about him.

The new auditor for Stickney Steel accomplished much with his new ideas, with his salary cutting, his reduction of the office force—accomplished so much in the way of lowering costs of operations and in effecting savings that at the end of five years he was called to higher things in the affairs of the corporation. And George Daniels was named to succeed him—George Daniels was at last general auditor of Stickney Steel.

"The boys out at the offices call the old place Stickem," said Dan Starwood to his wife one night, "but Stickem Steel never stuck George Daniels. George Daniels has been made general auditor. He's getting pretty old, it is true, but age doesn't set heavily on him—he looks to be a man ten or fifteen years younger than he is. And he would have had the place long ago if the consolidation hadn't come along. The consolidation hurt all of us—it set us back, checked us. I'm glad he got the place. It means something to us, Doris. He told me to-day that I am to be made third assistant as soon as Halford leaves, which will be very soon."

"You have certainly done well there, Dan," said his wife.

"Oh, Stickem never sticks any of its employees if they have ability. Old Slats—that's what we call Redding Kingslake—is stuck as he properly should be. He's out of place there with us—he hasn't the making of a first-class office man in him. Poor old chap! I like him, I think a whole lot of him—everybody does who knows him—but his case is a hopeless one. He'll die on that high stool of his, figuring out freight costs. I believe George Daniels would do something for him if he could, but he can't—there isn't any place for him higher up. Too bad, too."

We fully expected George Daniels would do something for Old Slats. We expected him for one thing to give the old freight clerk a flat-top desk and a swivel chair. That high desk and that high stool, we well knew, meant weary hours of torture for a man of his frailty and age. But George Daniels did nothing. We expected the general auditor would find a position for Old Slats that would mean less driving work for him—we knew he could easily do it—but George Daniels did nothing. In his now exalted position George Daniels seemed quite to have forgotten his one-time boyhood chum and friend. We never saw him at the desk of Old Slats now, speaking to him as he had formerly done occasionally.

We watched Old Slats grow older and older; watched him grow grayer and grayer, thinner and thinner, more and more stooping, less and less alert in his movements, and we became aware that he was finding it hard, almost impossible to keep his work up. We learned that he was coming back to his desk two or three evenings of each week to labor over his bills and vouchers for three or four hours. We wanted to help him, offered him our assistance, but he would put our offers aside, thanking us and assuring us that he was doing very well, telling us that he didn't object to a little overtime work now and then.

His case became a subject of frequent discussion among us. We knew he ought to have an assistant. Not only should his increasing years and his growing disability have been considered, but the increasing volume of business as well, the additional work he was requested to get out. We wondered why Chief Clerk Daly did not give him a helper; we wondered why George Daniels did not do something—it would have been so easy for the general auditor to lighten the load the old man was carrying.

One day Fred Jenkinson, who was more intimate with Daly than any of the others of the office, went to the chief clerk and made a plea for his old friend. Daly heard him through sympathetically.

"I agree with you, Jenkinson," he said. "I've thought of doing what you suggest—I wanted to do it, but Daniels vetoed the proposition very decidedly when I put it up to him. He said Kingslake would soon have to retire anyway on account of his age and infirmity and that it would be a bad precedent to establish—giving him an assistant. Give Old Slats a helper and a half dozen others would be demanding helpers so he thinks. I am genuinely sorry, Jenkinson, but I can't do a thing."

Four years as third assistant auditor without a change, without any prospect of a change, and Dan Starwood had come to believe that Stickem Steel was planning to attach him to that particular job for the rest of his life. And he began casting about quietly for a new position with some other firm. To his surprise and delight he was offered a place with a Pittsburgh company. He at once gave notice of his intention to leave.

Who would get Dan Starwood's place? The office found speculating on this question a most exciting diversion through the days that followed the report of Starwood's resignation. Would it be Daly? Or would it be Lane or Jenkinson? The office liked Daly none too well; it thought something less of Lane, therefore the office believed, the office was confident, that Jenkinson would be the favored one.

One afternoon Jenkinson came to a group of us where we stood discussing the eventful question. He was smiling slightly—not a smile of amusement, but rather one of pity.

"What do you think, fellows?" he said. "Old Slats wants Dan Starwood's place!"

We looked at him incredulously.

"Seriously, Jenk?" asked Bronson.

"Yes, I have just come from talking with him. He believes his long term of service here with Stickem entitles him to it and he wants it as a recognition of his faithfulness as an employee of the company. Of course he expresses his wishes better than I am doing. He says his years will not permit him to continue here a great while longer and he believes he could satisfactorily fill the position for——"

"Of course he can fill it!" broke in Alcott. "And he ought to have it! If I can do anything to help him get it I'll do it! I've been for you, Jenk, but now and henceforward I'm for Old Slats for that job!"

"That's all right, Alcott—I'm glad you feel that way about it," said Jenkinson. "I hope you all do. I'd be mighty glad if I could surrender my prospects, whatever they may be, in favor of him."

All of us felt as did Alcott and we said so. And the word flying about from desk to desk that Old Slats wanted to succeed Dan Starwood, the office suddenly sheered from Jenkinson as its favorite candidate and centered its hopes on Old Slats.

"Just the thing!" declared the office emphatically. "The very man for the place! Why wasn't he considered before?"

The office talked enthusiastically, but the office did not feel enthusiastic—no one really believed Old Slats had a chance. It was humorous, his candidacy, pitifully humorous.

There was serious talk of sending a round-robin petition to George Daniels, to be signed by everyone in the office excepting Daly and Lane, recommending Redding Kingslake to the position to be vacated by Dan Starwood. But there was hesitancy. What good would it do? What right had the office to interest itself in George Daniels' affairs? It might cause trouble. And while the office hesitated over the round robin Jenkinson came from another talk with Old Slats.

"He is going to ask Daniels for the place," he told us. "He's working up his nerve for the ordeal. He's frightened already. I could have cried, fellows, while he was talking to me about it all. I know he's lying awake nights thinking about that promotion which he hopes to get.

"'I don't care at all about the extra money it would bring me,' he told me. 'That would do me no good now—it is too late. It isn't the money—it is something else, something intangible that I want, something that will let the world know that Redding Kingslake did not wholly fail in life.'"

The office knew the day Old Slats had elected to go to George Daniels' office—knew it when he came to work that morning, saw the determination written in the gray wrinkled face, and for three hours, for four hours, for five, the office waited nervously, impatiently, for him to go; waited and worked steadily and with an unheard-of silence for the big room, a silence that continued during the fifteen minutes he was absent from his desk on his mission, that continued after his return until the office could glance furtively at the aged face and study for a moment the expression it carried. What the office saw there caused it to chuckle, to grin, to laugh—it suddenly became noisy, clattery, boisterous, until Chief Clerk Daly came to the door of his private room and looked out, frowning.

"He was very nice to me, Fred, very friendly," said Old Slats to Jenkinson that afternoon just before quitting time. "He told me he had been thinking about me of late and he hoped and believed he would be able to help me along. He didn't definitely promise me the place, but something in his

(Continued on Page 69)

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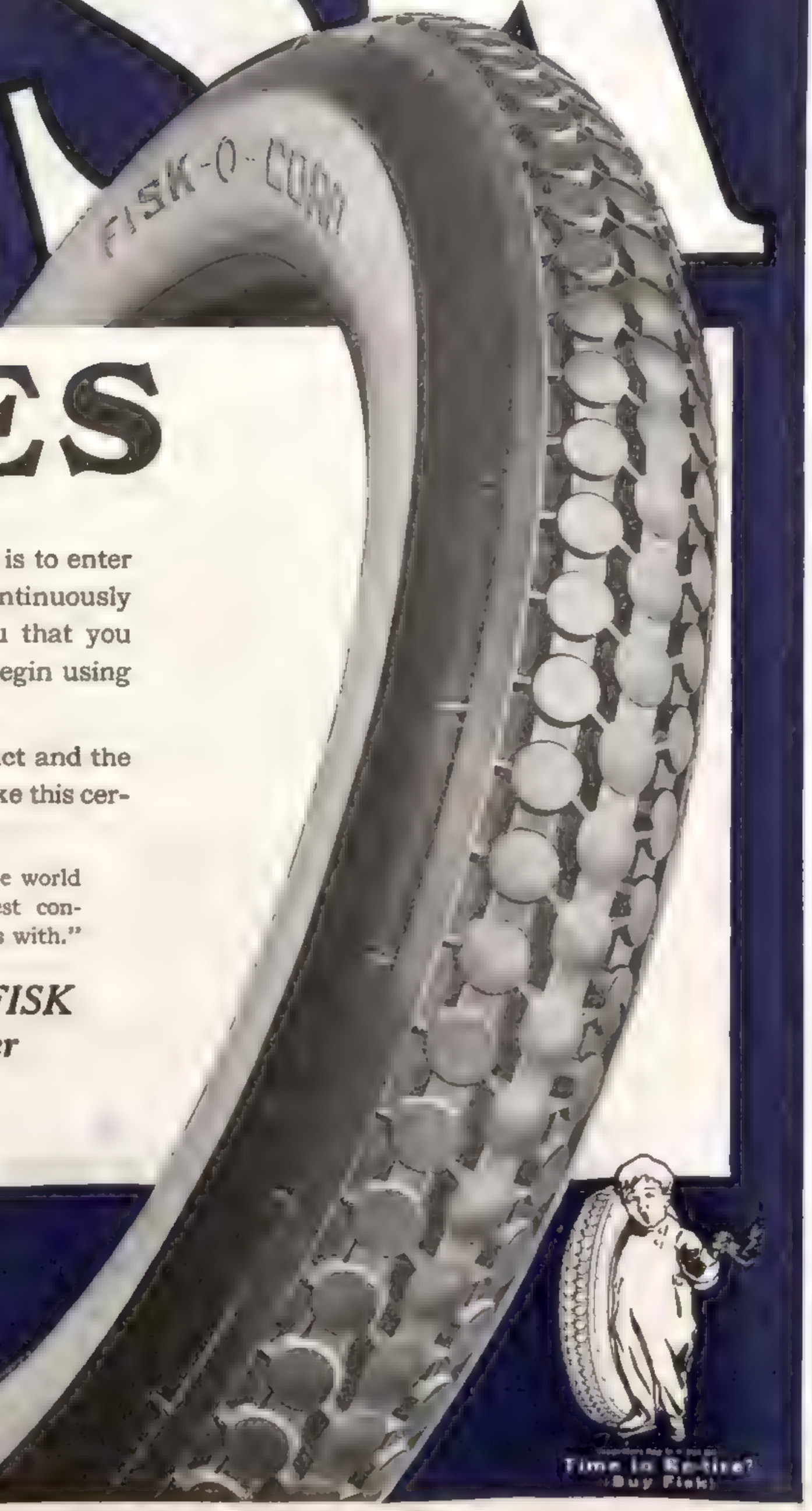

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(Continued from Page 66)

words and manner lead me to think I'll get it. Yes, I believe he'll do it. George is a good fellow—we were boys together and I know him well."

The next day George Daniels wrote Daly a personal note on his own little typewriter, using the queer script type he always used when he had to notify an employee that he was to be promoted. Daly was appointed third assistant auditor to succeed Dan Starwood.

And that same day Redding Kingslake received a letter from a doctor in the town where he had been born and where he had grown to manhood, notifying him that his brother, John Kingslake, was dying in a hospital there and requesting him to come there at once and take charge of matters that had to do with the sick man.

John Kingslake was dead two hours when his brother reached his bedside in the hospital. He had been lying ill there a long while. Believed to be in affluent circumstances, he had received the best of medical attention and nursing and nothing had been denied him in comforts and even luxuries. Toward the last he had confessed that he was wholly without means and it was then quickly learned that not only had he lied to deceive after falling sick but that he had contracted numerous debts about the town before he had been taken ill.

Redding Kingslake took charge of the dead body and had it buried in the family lot in the old cemetery where his father and mother lay. He paid all the debts his brother had made and he paid the enormous hospital and doctor bills that were presented to him, drawing on his long-hoarded savings for the huge amounts. Then he came back to us—back to Stickney Steel.

We were discussing Daly's appointment, a number of us, and the unexpected elevation of Barstow to the chief clerkship, the morning of Old Slat's return. Bronson saw him first.

"Look yonder!" he whispered. "He's back!"

We turned and saw Old Slats entering the big room where we worked. He had come to the office direct from the railroad station and was carrying his cheap battered traveling bag. His thin worn overcoat was buttoned tightly about his throat, for it was a cold raw day of midwinter. He was older and grayer and thinner than we had ever seen him—older and grayer and thinner than when he had gone away a few days before.

He waved a gloved hand at us, spoke a word of greeting to the clerks whose desks he passed and hurried over to his own desk, where he began tossing aside and scattering the pile of letters and papers that had accumulated there in his absence.

"He's looking for a letter from Daniels," whispered Alcott, who was standing at my side. "Let us go over and speak to him."

We walked across the room to his desk, Alcott and I, and shook hands with him. His bony hands were chill as ice and he was trembling with cold. He started to speak to us, but a fit of coughing seized him, and he leaned his head forward to the top of the tall desk until the paroxysm had passed.

"I'm afraid I've caught a slight cold, boys," he said faintly. "I got my feet wet at the cemetery at the burial of my brother. I won't try to do any work here to-day—I'm pretty tired. I just came by to see if there was any personal mail for me. I'll report to Daly and go home."

"We've kept your work up in pretty good shape," I told him. "We left all the office and mill mail lying here as we thought you might wish to look over it before filing it."

"Thank you—that was very good of you. I'll speak to Daly and then go on down to my room for the rest of the day and go to bed. I'll stop at the drug store and get a bottle of medicine and by to-morrow I'll be ——"

He broke off in his speech and pulled a sheet of paper from the pile that lay on his desk. It was a freight voucher he had made up the day he had been called away.

"Barstow!" he exclaimed as he looked at the signature it carried. "Why did Barstow sign this voucher? Is—has Barstow been made chief clerk?"

I nodded my head.

"But Daly—where is Daly?"

"Daly quit," lied Alcott. "Daly quit in a huff because he didn't get Starwood's place."

"Oh!" The coughing again racked the old man's body. "Now that's too bad really. I always liked Daly. And Barstow is chief clerk! Well, well! I expect I should speak to him then."

"No, no—you go on," said Alcott. "I'll tell him you're back and that you are not feeling well."

It wouldn't do, we knew, to let him go in to see Barstow—he would probably find Daly there.

"Very well, boys," he murmured, "I'll go home."

He did not come to the office the next day, and the morning after, when we saw he was not coming, Jenkinson telephoned to his landlady. Mr. Kingslake had a severe cold, she reported. He expected to be out in a day or two.

"We must go to see him to-night, some of us," said Jenkinson.

It was bitter cold that evening after dark as we three—Jenkinson, Alcott and I—walked down the street to the big dilapidated house where Old Slats had his room. A keen piercing wind blew in from off the ice-covered lake and the air was a smother of snow and sleet. We shivered as we hurried on, warmly clothed though we were.

"We should have come down here last night!" growled Jenkinson as we turned in at the gate. "Why didn't one of you think of the right thing to do if I didn't?"

The landlady of the house opened the door to our ring and directed us toward a stairs. Jenkinson had been there once before to visit Old Slats and he now led the way through the gloomy hall, up the long curving stairs, through another long and gloomy hall to the narrow stairway running up to the third floor.

We had shivered outside and we now shivered up there in the big garret room. The stove was a tiny inadequate affair and the gas blaze burning in it was weak and sickly. We saw Old Slats lying in his bed, heard his torturing cough, and we knew he was trembling with cold.

"Ah, boys!" he whispered, reaching out a cold bony hand. "I thought some of you would be looking me up. My cold has struck in pretty deep, but I think I'll be all right by to-morrow or the next day."

Something told us he would not be all right by to-morrow or the day after or for many days—we saw a desperately ill old man before us.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked him.

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary! I'll be all right—it's just a severe cold, nothing more. Ah—Fred, did you—did you find any personal letters on my desk yesterday or to-day?"

Jenkinson stirred uneasily.

"No, I—I forgot to look," he lied.

He had looked, not for the letter, of course, but he had been at work at the desk of Old Slats that afternoon for two or three hours.

"Fred, tell me—did Daly quit? Alcott said he quit. Or has he been made ——"

"Daly quit," lied Jenkinson again. "Daly went to pieces when he learned that he wasn't to get Dan Starwood's place and he packed up and went in a hurry."

"That's too bad!" whispered the sick man. "Daly was a nice young man. I always liked him and I believe he liked me. I'm sorry. And—there was no letter?"

"Not that I know of. I'll look to-morrow. Here, let me fix your pillow so that you'll be more comfortable."

"Thank you, Fred. Now let me rest a few minutes—I'm tired."

I walked across the room to a great shelf of books and stood there reading the titles. Alcott moved up to my side.

"Not our kind of books, are they, Scud?" he said. "Not the kind we read."

"I am familiar with none of them," I returned.

Jenkinson was standing before a little writing desk looking at a small framed bit of paper on the wall above it. As I turned toward him I saw there were tears in his eyes. I went over and read:

"Pay to the order of Redding Kingslake one dollar.

"THE CRICKET PUBLISHING COMPANY."

I did not understand—I did not know the significance of that bit of paper at that time, the tragedy it represented.

"I'm going downstairs and telephone for Doctor Grayson—I won't ask Old Slats' permission," Jenkinson said to me.

The doctor came while we were still there, as did the ambulance which he sent for immediately after a glance at the sick man, and we assisted in carrying Old Slats down from his cold garret room and saw him started for the hospital.

"Grayson told me it is undoubtedly pneumonia," Jenkinson muttered as we stood watching the ambulance rolling away in the gloom. "Now you fellows understand, of course, that we must keep the facts about Daly's appointment from Old Slats. It would kill him if he learned. Spread the word about the offices to-morrow morning the first thing you do. If anyone should go to the hospital he must go there prepared to lie. I'll tell Daly—and I'll tell Daniels too!"

He went to Daniels the next morning.

"Did you know Mr. Kingslake is seriously ill—with pneumonia?" he asked the general auditor.

Daniels looked up from the paper he was studying.

"Is that so? I heard he was not out to work yesterday and the day before."

"If it is pneumonia, as Doctor Grayson thinks, he may die—he is in no condition to withstand a sickness such as that."

"Too bad, Jenkinson, isn't it? Kingslake is a fine man."

"He hopes—he believes you are going to appoint him to succeed Dan Starwood."

"Oh, no, no! Why, I've already named Daly! Doesn't he know?"

"He doesn't know and he must not know! It would kill him. He told me you let him believe you would consider his application for the position favorably."

Daniels' face flushed.

"Nonsense! I gave him no reply that would warrant him in saying that. I told him I could probably do something for him. I didn't mean in the matter of that appointment—of course not! Kingslake is impossible, Jenkinson. Why, the idea is ridiculous, absurd!"

"He is waiting for your letter. If he finds out you have appointed Daly—well, we may then look for the worst, and quickly too."

"Oh, I don't think so—nothing like that. Pshaw!"

"But if it comes to that—if we see that he is not going to get well, why not deceive him? Why not let him believe you've appointed him? That would be—it seems to me—a big thing, a handsome thing to do."

Daniels stared at the young man before him.

"You mean ——" he began slowly as though he did not understand.

"I mean that you write him a letter appointing him third assistant auditor of Stickney Steel."

The general auditor made a gesture of annoyance. "You're talking nonsense again, Jenkinson—worse than nonsense. How could I do a thing like that—making a mockery out of my work here? I'm afraid sentiment is getting the better of your good sense, Jenkinson. Sentiment and business never accord, let me tell you that, young man! And if that is all, Jenkinson, I am busy."

The nurse at the hospital would not admit us to see her patient that evening when we called.

"He is very bad," she said. "It is pneumonia—an aggravated case."

The following evening she admitted Jenkinson.

"He has been asking for Mr. Jenkinson," she said. "I am acting against the doctor's orders, but I think it best for him to see you—it will probably quiet him."

Fifteen minutes later our companion came out of the sick room and joined us. He was visibly agitated and for a little while he seemed to be unable to speak. Then he said: "He wanted to ask me if I had brought the letter for him. That was all he spoke about—the letter from Daniels."

Alcott and I said nothing.

"By heavens, he shall have that letter!" burst out Jenkinson. And he turned and left us abruptly. We wondered at his words.

"What is he going to do?" said Alcott.

"I have no idea," I replied.

What Jenkinson did we afterward learned.

He went to the offices of Stickney Steel, took a heavy screw driver from the desk of a stenographer and forced the lock of the door opening into George Daniels' private office. In the desk of the general auditor he found a sheet of paper with that official's name at the top. He turned to the table in front of the desk, on which stood George Daniels' little typewriter, inserted the paper between the rollers of the machine and struck a few letters on the keys. The result was not what he wanted and he began working with the machine.

George Daniels' typewriter was the only one of its kind in the building. The general auditor was very proud of it, delighted in showing it to his friends and in explaining its possibilities and found pleasure in writing on it. The little machine possessed a multiplicity of interchangeable types—italic, script, commercial, standard, Gothic, Old English and a score or two others. It was a matter of a moment to change from one style of type to another.

The general auditor liked to toy with the perfect little mechanism; he liked to write his more important letters himself if they were not of too great length; and he liked to use different styles of type for different kinds of letters. We of the office knew those letters of his—a glance at one and we could tell its nature without having read a line of it. A letter of commendation from George Daniels—there were few of them—came written in large Gothic type; reproofs, criticisms, call-downs came to us in italics—there were many of them; a purely business communication was typed in standard; a friendly note in élite; a notification of promotion in the beautiful clear-cut vertical script the machine wrote. Some of us had received letters in script type—every one of the office knew the significance of the type.

Jenkinson had broken into Daniels' private office to write a letter to Redding Kingslake in script type. There were a dozen other machines about the building which he could have used, but he knew that none of them would answer—Old Slats would have doubted, would have been suspicious, would have asked questions hard to answer.

He found the type shuttle he required in a drawer in the table, inserted it and slowly wrote his letter, spoiling several sheets of paper in his effort, for he knew little about a machine. When he had finished it he signed George Daniels' name at the bottom, imitating the general auditor's scrawly, sloppy signature as closely as he could. Then he turned out the light and left the room.

We had no opportunity to speak to Jenkinson the next day—he was always busy, always bent over his desk. He showed no interest in the talk about the forcing of the door to the private office of the general auditor, nor did he say anything to any of us about going to the hospital that evening. But he went there—went alone.

"He has been asking for you again, Mr. Jenkinson," said the nurse. "I'll let you in for a few minutes—don't stay long. He is very bad to-night."

"Ah, is that you, Fred?" whispered the sick man as Jenkinson stepped over to his bedside. "I've been waiting for you. Did you—did you bring the letter?"

"Yes, I have it—here it is. Shall I open the envelope for you?"

"Yes, please."

The old voice was trembling with eagerness.

"There—there it is."

The bony hands reached up and took the sheet of paper.

"I will need my glasses, Fred. Will you get them—no, wait! Why, I can read this easily! I don't need glasses! Think of that, Fred!"

There was silence in the little room while the aged eyes, now strangely, unnaturally bright, traveled back and forth along the typewritten lines, one after another, down the page to the great scrawly sloppy signature—George Daniels. The sheet fell to the bed coverlet and the bony hands dropped beside it.

"I thought George would do it—I knew he would do it! George is a good fellow. We were boys together, George and I. Fred, I feel a hundred per cent better already. I'll be out of here in no time. And look at my hand, Fred, how steady it is! And my eyesight! Why, I can't recall when I ever read before without glasses!"

He picked up the letter and again read it through.

"Oh, I knew George would do it after what he said to me that day! He has given me a great deal of pleasure by doing this. I'm not going to be in his way long though. I understand things—I'm getting too old to be of much service further. I'll resign shortly—quit work for good. I'll manage to get along, though I'm not in the position I had hoped to find myself at this age. I had planned to retire and ——"

The door to the sick room opened and George Daniels walked in. He hesitated a moment near the door, then came slowly toward the bed.

"Well, Redding, how are you feeling to-night?" he asked. "Sorry I could not have

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come to see you before this, but I've been so very busy."

A smile broke over the face of the old man.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, George. I've passed the crisis, I think. I'll be out in a few days, I'm sure. Your letter has roused me wonderfully—it is better than any medicine they have given me. I just got it a few minutes ago—Fred brought it. I knew you'd do that, George. Thank you, thank you very much.

"The letter? I don't understand ——"

"This, George—your letter appointing me to Starwood's place. It was mighty fine of you to do it, George, for I'm aware that I'm not worth much to you. I appreciate it, I assure you."

Daniels took the letter from the bony hand that held it up. His eyes ran rapidly over it, and when they came to the great scrawly, sloppy signature at the bottom the man's face flushed an angry red.

"What is this?" he demanded excitedly. "Where did ——"

His raised voice was suddenly stilled as Jenkinson's hand shot out and gripped his arm and Jenkinson's lips breathed the almost inaudible command, "Shut up!" Something he saw in the tense, drawn face of the young man standing beside him—out of the line of vision of the sick man on the bed—scared him and he remained silent.

"It was generous of you, George. It means much more to me than you suspect, much more. A few years ago and I wouldn't have cared, but lately—well, I've changed. Not wholly a failure now—that's it! An assistant auditor of Stickney Steel! It means something! I think I'll—I think——"

The voice died away in a tired sigh, the gray head sank wearily upon the pillow. Jenkinson bent over the pallid face.

"How do you feel now?" he asked in a voice shaken with emotion.

"Tired, Fred—and old—very old."

The nurse came into the room and went to the bedside. She gave a quick look at her patient, touched his hands, his face.

"He's dying!" she whispered. "I must bring Doctor Black!" And she ran from the room. It was very still there. Then the dying man's fading lips moved.

"I knew it—boys together—thank you, George."

Jenkinson turned away and burst into tears. George Daniels looked at the young man with wondering eyes. Then his face twitched and his lips trembled. He leaned over the old gray form in the bed, raised the bony hands and placed beneath them the letter he had been holding. Then he turned and hurried from the room.

Sense and Nonsense

Including the S. E. P.

AWHISNANT runs a live weekly called the Press, in the town of Bend, Oregon. Some time ago the newspapers out his way fell to boasting of the numbers of subscribers they had. Whisnant's local rival printed a few impressive figures to show how well his paper was doing.

Not to be outdone, Whisnant took steps. One day his paper came out with the following statement, in heavy black type, streaming across the front page:

"THE TOTAL COMBINED CIRCULATION OF THE BEND PRESS AND THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST AMOUNTS TO CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN TWO MILLION COPIES A WEEK."

Liquid Assets

IN THE spring of the present year when the Eighteenth Amendment was really beginning to make itself felt, a Texan died. While the funeral services were in progress at the late home of deceased, two of the men mourners stood on the front porch of the house lamenting the passing of their friend and praising his virtues.

Said one of them: "There wasn't no finer feller anywhere than what Bill was, but the main trouble with him was he wasn't very forehanded. He lived up to everything he made. Here, now, right in the prime of life, he ups and dies without leavin' no estate at all, so far as I know."

"The hell he didn't leave no estate!" exclaimed the other. "He left mighty nigh a gallon!"

Hard to Look At

A WELL-KNOWN writer recently had an unhappy experience with a moving-picture concern, the head of which had made him hundreds of glowing promises only to break them.

"What kind of man is this Mr. ——?" an acquaintance inquired of the author while on an outing.

"That's a little difficult to answer," replied the writer. "But—well, you know there are perhaps a thousand different portraits of Judas Iscariot in this country and Europe, drawn according to the imagination of the artist. No two of them look alike. But all of them look like that fellow."

Some Undertaking

THEY have been having a lot of fun lately, the newspaper paragraphers have, with a New York undertaker who undertook to cure death of its sting by printing full-page advertisements in the daily press pointing out what a pleasure it was to all concerned to be buried under the auspices of his establishment. Over in New Jersey, a negro undertaker took pattern from the example of his white contemporary.

In a weekly publication circulating largely among persons of color he had printed a display advertisement calling upon the subscribers, when in need of funerals, to patronize one of their own kind.

At the bottom of the column he concluded his appeal with the following verse:

Blest be the tie that binds;
Tho' death thy form may shake,
Call in a brother of thy race,
And let him undertake.

Parental Grief

AN OIL promoter who lives on the Pacific Coast journeyed all the way across the continent to have an operation performed. When he returned home a group of his friends gave a party in celebration of his recovery.

Along toward the shank of the evening—that is to say, about three o'clock in the morning—the guest of honor was observed to be weeping bitterly into his glass. One of his hosts inquired the cause of his grief.

"I've just been thinking," murmured the stricken one between sobs.

"Thinking about what?"

"Here I sit all happy and comfortable and everything," said the mourner; "and to think of my poor little lonely appendix three thousand miles away among a lot of total strangers!"

First Aide for the Idle

IN A GOLFING party down in Florida of which George Ade was a member, an elderly gentleman was very much interested in getting Ade's ideas on life.

"Mr. Ade," he asked, "how can a man past fifty, practically retired, spend his time, even though he has everything he wants, without work?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Ade. "It's pretty nice to spend a winter down here golfing. Then if a man has a big country home like mine in Indiana he can go there in the spring and sit out on the porch, in the beautiful sunshine, and listen to the hardening of his arteries."

The Road to Royalties

KARL K. KITCHEN, Broadway theatrical writer, tells of a popular music composer a story that has the flavor of poetic justice about it. The composer appeared in the office of his publisher one morning and with calm assurance laid upon the publisher's desk a check for $278.

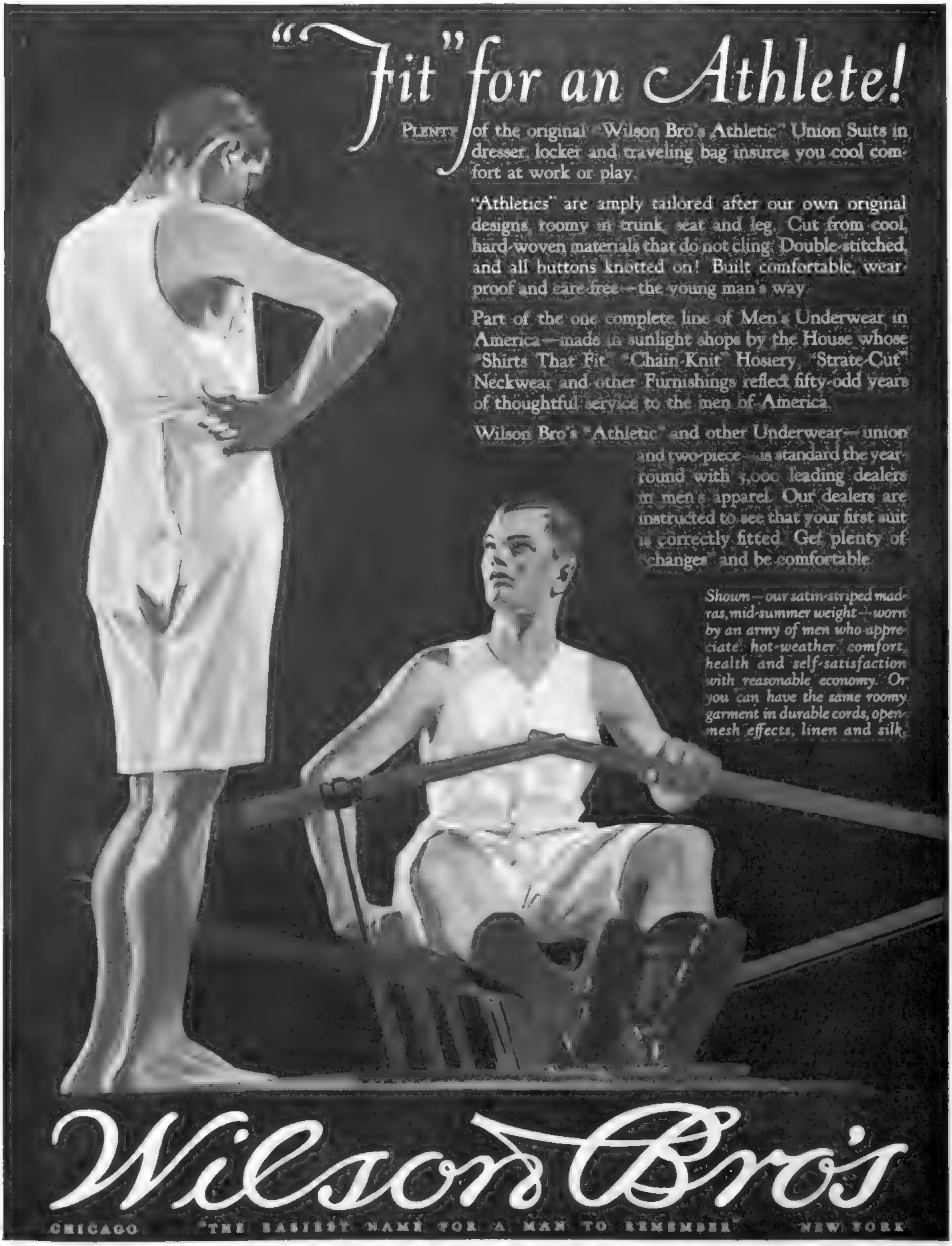
"You can destroy that," he told the publisher, "and draw one for $562, please."

"What's eating you!" the publisher exclaimed somewhat ingloriously, in his bewilderment. "That's your royalties to date on your last song."

"Oh, no, it isn't! I want a check for $562."

"Do you insinuate that this firm is actually resorting to ——"

"I insinuate nothing. I make a simple statement. I want $562 in royalties instead of $278. For the first time in my life I can be positive as to the amount. I married your bookkeeper yesterday."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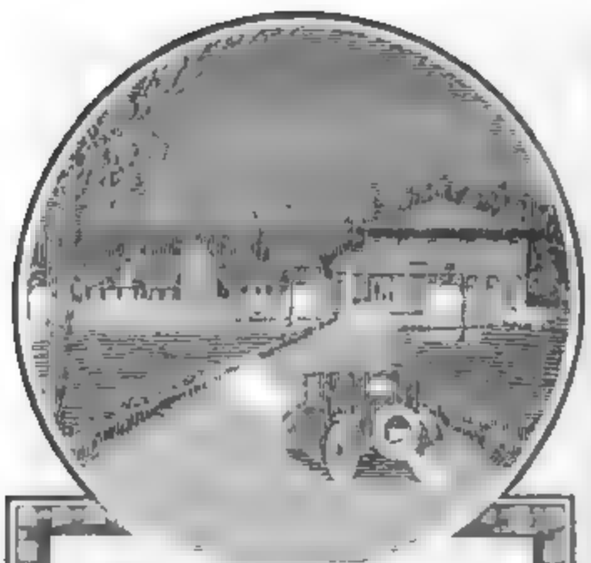

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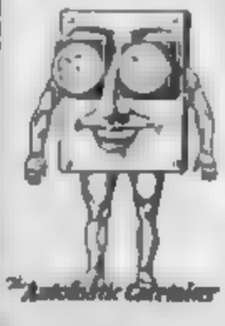

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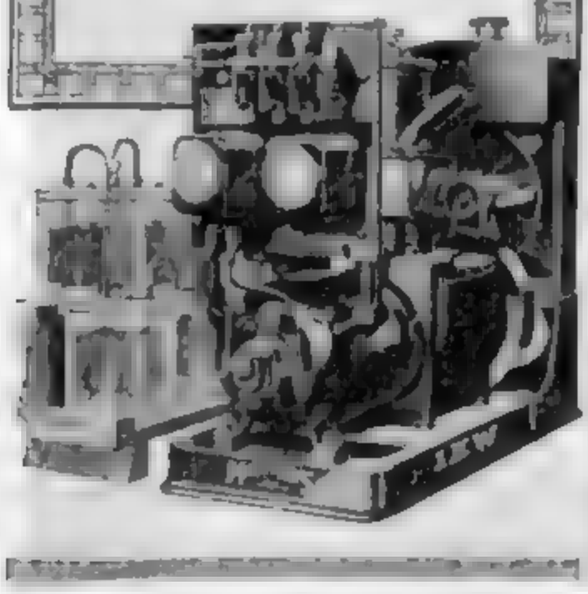


STRETCHING THE DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 23)

still, however, comparatively cheap, and it is susceptible to many suggestions from the modern cookbook. Casseroles, stews, roulades—these are only a few of the fancy-dress balls in which the good old chuck steak takes part. It is all such disguises, all the ways and means of making the low-priced food appetizing, which the woman who wants to save is learning to-day.

While on the subject of meats, let us go back to the business woman of whom I have spoken. "Every time I go into a butcher shop and hear a woman asking the butcher to dress her chickens," says she, "I feel exactly as if somebody had announced that if the salesgirl would chop off the bodice she would be glad to take the dress. Long ago when I was a girl I learned from a French grandmother the waste of this procedure. I myself always use both the chicken's feet and head. The former, of course, must be skinned and cleaned. After this process they, together with the head, make the most wonderful soup stock in the world. The fact of it is that every time I buy a chicken I get exactly one more meal out of it than any other woman I know."

Wasting the chicken is, however, as nothing to the way we were accustomed to wasting our garden. We treated this exactly as did the Choctaws their rations—we ate it up on the spot. Now, inspired partially by economy and partially by the ever-widening appreciation of the vitamines which green vegetables contain, we make the summer garden a winter storehouse. Even the city woman has taken to canning. And demonstrators all over the country are teaching old-fashioned housewives, whose only impulse toward vegetable preservation was the drying of corn, the magic of the cold-pack method.

Economy in Clothes

This cold-pack method is saving homes all over the country hundreds of dollars a year. It stops at nothing. Not only all manner of vegetables but also meats and chickens are preserved when at their freshest and cheapest. Nowadays even the beet top is canned. And what is not canned is brined or salted. Thus we have learned to put salt on the tail of the dandelion green and so catch it for our winter table. "Beet tops and dandelions—who ever heard of such doings?" might exclaim our grandmother of the lavish nineties. But grandma didn't have to think of such small things in those good old days of five-cent sugar and eighteen-cent butter. And as she knew nothing about tracking the vitamine to its shy lair, she fed her menfolks on the unhygienic winter plenty of sausage, fried potatoes and mince pie.

The numerous food economies which we are practicing to-day are, however, only one way of getting a little extra work out of the laggard dollar. Just as important is the subject of clothes. In this respect we have three resources: One is to wear our old ones; the second is to shop round for the cheapest ones; and the third is to make over what we have.

In availing ourselves of any of these possibilities we again have to overcome much in the way of national temperament. The same love of leisure which has always prompted many an American woman to order her food from the nearest shop has inclined her toward buying the first hat and dress that happened to please her. And the same childish desire to pretend that we were richer than we really were has operated most destructively here. Even the wife who might condescend to do a little juggling with the left-overs from the table spurned any dress casseroles or millinery stews. And even now, as has been said, Fifth Avenue—and by this is meant the fashionable thoroughfare of every American town and city—is filled with women who will dress no matter what the cost.

The fact of it is that these women—and they don't all wear skirts either—buy very frequently because of the cost. Go to any honest sales people working in the fashionable shops of New York and you will hear the same story. They can't sell low-priced garments. If they don't put a big price on their wares many of their customers feel that they have been imposed upon.

"The other day I tried to sell a woman a blue serge frock at $100," confides the saleswoman in one of these shrines of fashion. "She was positively insulted. I had to show her something at double the money before she could be appeased."

The man who sells neckties in a shop on Fifth Avenue has a similar tale to unfold: "Tell a lot of men nowadays that they can have a tie for three dollars and a half and they begin to let things drop about the big deal they made last week. You can see they're just crying to be stung. And they won't go away soothed until we let them have something at six or seven dollars."

A Gilbertian twist of things surely! Customers yearning for a bandits' den and aggrieved if an ingénue should meet them on the doorstep! The poor shopkeepers plodding away at the unwelcome trade of piracy just to keep their custom! Strange as is this tale, it is true. It has been brought about largely by those whose wealth is of recent accumulation. For, as has been said, the people who are used to the dollar have grown to love it. Needless to say, they do not go in for this musical-comedy kind of shopping.

To illustrate this last statement, to show that reducing expenses has become almost as fashionable a topic as reducing avoirdupois used to be, I need only mention a tea into which I dropped the other day. The hostess was a woman who owns a house in the most fashionable section of the city. She never has been butlered, but she has always kept up a three-maid-power establishment and she has always been remarkable for tasteful—not label—dressing.

"Well," she announced to the assembled company, "I wish to thrill you all. The clothes I have on cost me exactly the price of several spools of thread. This velvet skirt I am wearing is part of an evening dress I had five years ago. I made it over with its present Algerian hem, and then I took the Chantilly lace from a ten-year-old afternoon dress and engineered this tunic blouse."

"But I didn't know you could sew, Sally," remarked one of her guests.

"I never could," retorted the hostess; "not before these shops ran up the skull and crossbones. But this winter I have been taking a course in dressmaking and this is the result. If I had bought this dress at Madame X's to-day I would have paid over $200 for it."

Let me interpolate right here that since the dollar sickened and wasted away women are making their own clothes to an extent that has not been known since the days when our great-grandmothers used up candlelight to put those infinitesimal tucks in great-grandfather's cambric shirts. A woman who is in charge of a dressmaking school connected with a big department store told me only the other day, in fact, that her course was being embraced so avidly by the wives of men with comfortable incomes that she had hardly any room nowadays for the professionals.

Bargains in Hats

But to go back to the tea. The hostess' account of how she had come out from the moth balls a butterfly was followed by tales of various expedients on the part of her guests. The last contribution to the general theme was made by a well-dressed woman whose smart little brown hat everybody had been admiring.

"Four-sixty-five," she announced. "B.'s basement store."

"What!" cried somebody. "You, the prop of L.'s, going to a basement store!"

"Of course I went there," replied the former patron of the smart shop. "I go anywhere that I can buy cheap. I tell you my limousine has learned more about New York City and forgotten more about Fifth Avenue this past winter than any Greenwich Village poet."

The reference to this basement millinery creation brings me back to the absorbing narrative of my own misspending life. It was this spring's hats which finally reformed me. In March I decided that I would buy a spring hat. So did the saleswomen in the high-priced salons which my benevolent spirit has heretofore prompted me to endow. I could find nothing under thirty-five dollars, and any model that might have failed to create a spirit of thanksgiving in the hearts of my enemies cost at least fifty.

And what did these models embody? Nothing; absolutely nothing! Some of them were of straw with a wreath of flowers that would have faded in less than a month. Others were mere thwarted samples of silk without any trimming at all. A patent-leather hat was done in kindergarten stitches of bright wool. There were several exhibits of uncombed straw that looked more like huts than hats. And among them all one noted constantly those glazed shiny black affairs that look like a hansom on a dark night.

"Wonderful line—just perfect for you!" murmured the saleswoman as she tried on something that looked like the boudoir cap of Rameses II.

Perhaps, too, she was right. Perhaps it was perfect for me. If so, the essence of its perfection lay in the fact that it completely snuffed out ears, eyebrows and all the main stopping points of my face. Yet as I felt her press that jade-green bonnet lovingly in upon my bump of location, as I saw in the glass before me her manicured fingers encircling my cranium, I felt suddenly a strange lack of enthusiasm.

"Wonderful line!" she cooed again. "An exact copy of one of Varon's models!"

That "line" business is the ether they always administer to you before the surgical operation on your purse. Yet, as I have said, I somehow failed to succumb this March. I looked at that silly jade-green affair without one vestige of anything that might be saved for another season and before my eyes passed a whole procession of the useful things I might get with its forty-dollar ransom.

"No, thank you," I said firmly. "It's too expensive." And I walked out of the shop.

The Plumes of Yesteryear

My new vision had steadied my soul. I didn't care whether that saleslady thought I was able to buy the hat or not. It did not trouble me that her last glance said, plain as day: "Piker!"

It was a real moral victory. For when you have gained the higher point of view which enables you to overlook the scorn of saleswomen and waiters you have taken a tremendous stride in economy.

As a matter of fact, the subscriptions to the hat charities have been sustained more regularly than those to any other form of dress. Even women who have learned to save on dresses and wraps have been so impressed by that good-line talk—incidentally that good line of talk—that they will pay any absurd price for a wisp of straw garnished by one silk tomato and a sprig of parsley. In the old days we were certainly more economical in this direction. True, a woman occasionally paid forty-five or fifty dollars for a hat, but in those times a hat was an investment, not a charity. For a bonnet at such a price generally had ostrich plumes on it; and ostrich plumes, as everyone knows, may be used season in and season out. Indeed, many a woman to-day is saving in that very way. She is putting the plumes of yesteryear, cleaned or perhaps dyed, upon a new hat that may have cost several dollars.

Now that our millinery has become geometry, however, it doesn't last. Nothing is more perishable than the famous "line." It takes only a month or two to have that good line become a bad line. Hats will get out of shape. Nothing can stop them. And when that happens we must perforce live on memories.

Nor are the famous handmade flowers they sometimes put on our millinery any more rugged of constitution. Last year, for example, I paid forty dollars—I expect to think of that some day when I am eating stew in a state institution for a hat because it was wreathed in handmade flowers of a very ravishing blue. Alas and alas, those blooms were soon a ravished blue! They faded to the spectral tints of boarding-house wall paper before the last of April, and I spent the remainder of the season in a five-year-old black hat given me by a wealthy cousin who never paid more than ten dollars for a hat in her life.

It is not really strange that some preternaturally gifted women have realized the nature of such flowers. That they have done so is revealed by an item which I read not long ago from the pen of a leading fashion authority.

This was the buoyant gist of the paragraph: A great many of the younger set at

(Concluded on Page 75)

Congoleum is the ideal low-priced, sanitary rug for
—summer homes,
—bungalows,
—cottages,
—camps,
—summer hotels.

The rug illustrated is Art-Rug No. 320. In the 6 x 9 foot size, the price is $9.75.

JUST what your porch needs. And the colors are beautiful!

"You know, I have half a mind to get one for our little veranda—it needs a rug of cheerful design to make it livable, and we do almost live there in the hot weather! . . . . but I really did intend to avoid heavy expense this season."

But already her hostess is assuring the enthusiastic guest of the economy of her purchase.

"*Congoleum rugs aren't even expensive at first,*" she points out.

And the woman who appreciates labor-saving devices soon finds more than simple economy of first cost in Congoleum Rugs.

On the porch especially, summer breezes ruffle up woven rugs annoyingly. But Congoleum refuses to be moved even by a strong wind—it lies perfectly flat—a source of real comfort when porch chairs are constantly being moved about.

Best of all, the day's work done, the tired housewife delights in the cool retreat of her porch and its clean attractive rug.

It is quite unnecessary to roll up Congoleum to save it from the storm. In fact rain merely washes it clean and bright as new!

No woven rug could submit to hot summer suns, and wind and rain, and emerge as fresh and unspoiled as Congoleum—sanitary, waterproof and durable.

3 x 4½ feet $2.40	6 x 9 feet $9.75	9 x 9 feet $14.25
3 x 6 feet 3.20	7½ x 9 feet 11.85	9 x 10½ feet 16.60
	9 x 12 feet 19.00	

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

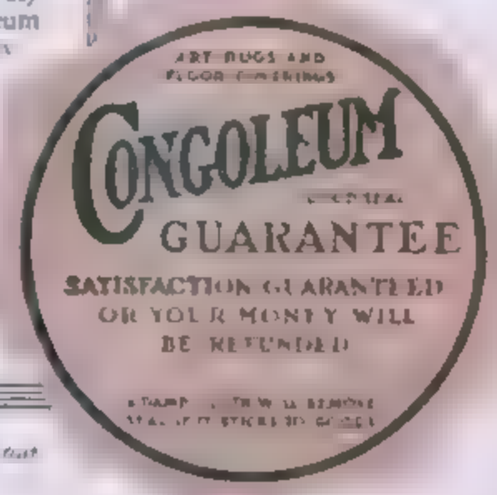
Always Look for the Gold Seal

One of the features of Congoleum, especially reassuring to the housewife, is the absolute safety of her investment. When she sees the Gold Seal she can be perfectly sure that her rug will preserve its soft, lovely tones; will be durable, sanitary and easy to clean, for the Congoleum Company is back of the words "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded."

There is only one grade of Congoleum and that is Gold Seal Congoleum—identified by the Gold Seal shown herewith. Look for it!

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO
MINNEAPOLIS DALLAS BOSTON MONTREAL

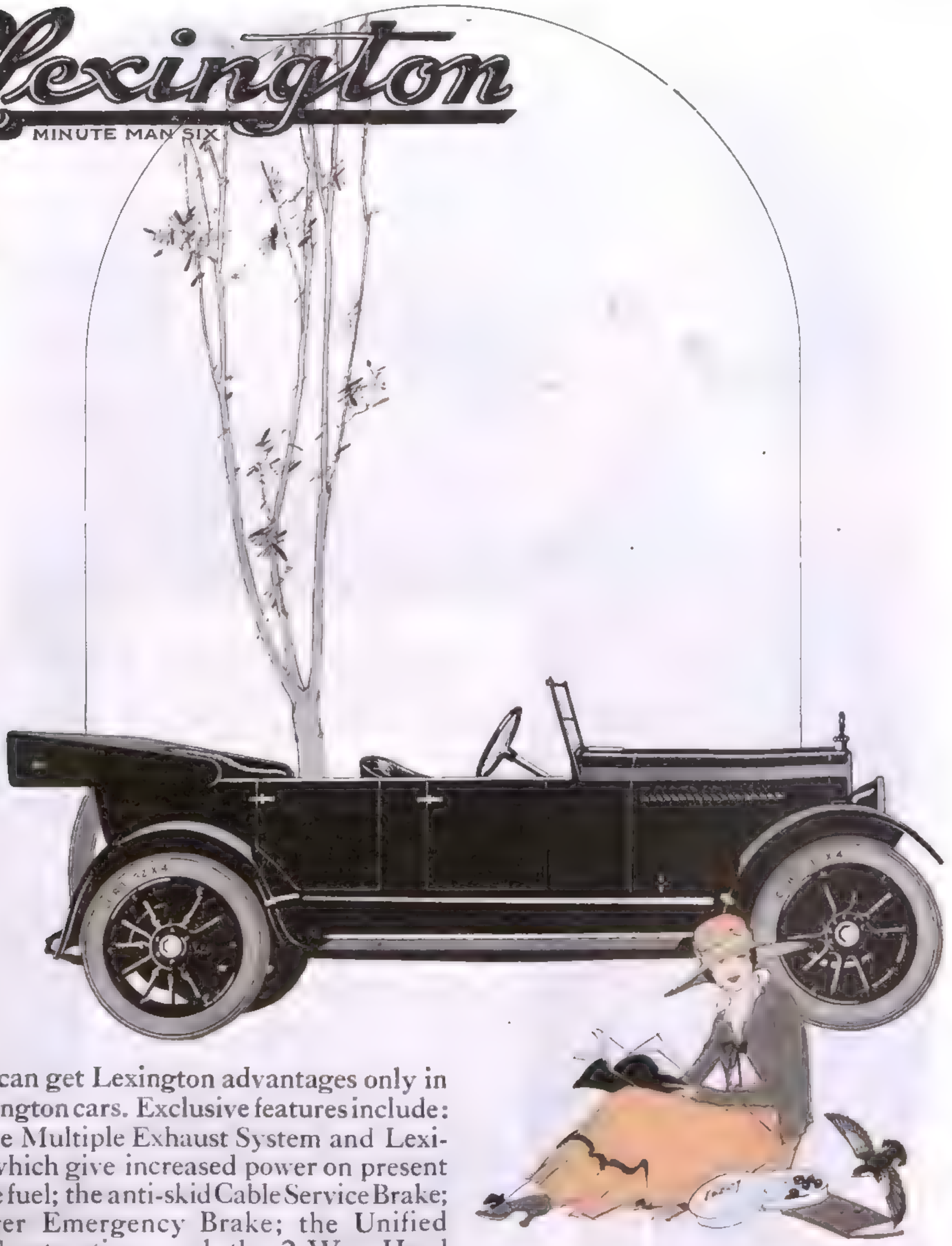


CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

Always look for the Gold Seal. It is your protection against imitations.

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



YOU can get Lexington advantages only in Lexington cars. Exclusive features include: the Moore Multiple Exhaust System and Lexi-gasifier, which give increased power on present low-grade fuel; the anti-skid Cable Service Brake; One-finger Emergency Brake; the Unified Frame Construction; and the 2-Way Head Lamps that always give *full light without glare*.

Let your Lexington dealer show you this beautiful, touring car or write to us.

Touring Car, $2185; Thoroughbred (Sport Model), $2285; Lex-Sedan, $2585; Sedanette, $3150; Coupé, $3150
f.o.b. factory

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 72)

Miami have been wearing simple broad-brimmed hats of straw trimmed with wreaths of flowers such as you may buy at the five and ten cent stores. The cheapness of these wreaths enables one to have many changes and the flowers are always as fresh-looking as if they had just been picked.

Truly an optimistic note, and one that is sustained by a visit to these low-priced shops. Here you are surprised at the number of fashionably dressed women hovering over bunches of flowers at ten cents a throw. Similarly, too, your belief in the underlying sanity of the American public is reënforced by the new sort of custom that has come to the basement sections of department stores.

"They arrive nowadays in their limousines," reports the millinery buyer of one of these bargain centers. "The other day, for example, two of the most fashionable women in New York came in and each of them bought three hats. One of those hats cost eight dollars and my new customer reported that she had seen the very same thing in a smart specialty shop at thirty-five dollars."

The "line" has, indeed, enabled the able fisherman for high millinery prices to bring up almost any catch. So has this chic habit of putting little or nothing on the hat. Undoubtedly there are specimens with lines at the high-priced places, but these are frequently mixed with models as unlined as the brow of a child. They have, in fact, been bought at the same wholesale marts from which the low-priced shop obtains its wares.

Profiteering in Hats

This statement was borne out by a Sixth Avenue millinery buyer to whom I talked the other day. "Not long ago," said he, "I went to one of my regular wholesale houses and ordered some straw sailors at about four dollars each. Incidentally I heard that the manufacturer had sold a number of the same model to Madame M., who is supposed to sell nothing but handmade hats. I put my hats on sale at about six dollars. What did Madame M. do? I sent one of my assistants up to find out. This was the report: Madame M. had taken the same little straw sailor, appliquéd it with a few isinglass flowers, put in a new lining, added to this her magical label, and put the sailor out as an original creation at thirty-five dollars.

"This sort of thing is not unusual. It happens time and again. The specialty shop will take the very same wholesale hat that we have, wind a Turkish towel about the crown, stitch it with bright wool in a dark room, or add some other little thoughtful touch, and sell it for three or four times what we are getting. Now what I want to know is, why does the American woman stand for it? Why doesn't she buy the hat at our price and then add her own original touches? Why does she pay Madame M. twenty-nine dollars extra for putting in some worsted stitches or cutting out a few crazy flowers that would keep her four-year-old child amused for half an hour?"

Of course the answer to this query is that Madame M.'s label means more to many women than do the twenty-nine dollars. It may truly be said that the American woman loves to be well labeled much more than she loves to be well dressed. Murmuring "Two lumps and lemon, please," there is nothing which gives her such a sense of being right with her soul as to say casually to the woman beside her: "Just a simple little thing I picked up at Hirtwelder's."

The same thing is quite as true of dresses and wraps as of hats. The specialty shop's chief specialty is often the price they make you pay for their label. Thus the buyer for an unassuming little shop in an unfashionable neighborhood was telling me the other day that he had seen in a certain Fifth Avenue temple of fashion a serge frock which he himself sold at twenty-five dollars marked up to sixty-five dollars.

"We bought from the same manufacturer," he mourned. "The only difference was that he was in a smart neighborhood and I am not; that I sold my goods on the rack and he made believe his were one-of-a-kind pieces. One other thing, too, made the chasm between us. He was selling to people who were looking for high prices and I was selling to those who were looking for bargains."

To go back to my own reclamation. The far spiritual advance made by me when I told the millinery saleswoman that her jade-green Egyptian ear snuffer was too expensive was a mere hinterland compared to the far coast line I reached in my quest for a gingham dress.

As may be surmised, I myself in years gone by have gone in somewhat for label worship. Consequently, in spite of my millinery experience, I wended my way to one of those ferny grots where nobody ever sees anybody else and where anything but a whisper seems impious.

"And how much is it?" I asked the question regarding a little gingham dress with white organdie collar, cuffs and sash which the saleswoman had just brought out.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," replied she affably. "Isn't it the smartest thing in the world? We just brought this over from Paris. Of course it's the only one of its kind in New York."

One hundred and fifty dollars for a gingham dress! Accustomed as I was to walking the gangplank, some sturdy pioneer stock asserted itself right here. I told the saleswoman that I could afford no museum pieces and walked out of that shop, never to return.

The following week as I was going down Fifth Avenue I saw exactly the same model displayed in a department-store window. Here it was ticketed fifty-two-fifty. Even that seemed somewhat extreme for the sort of little dress you put on Monday morning to go after the lamb chops. So I quelled my raging thirst for gingham until I had made a further search.

Being a member of Gideon's band had its reward. I located that roc's egg of a gingham dress, that marvelous one-of-a-kind creation, in a basement department at eighteen-fifty. Of course the workmanship was not so good nor the material so excellent as in its costly duplicates, but then, after all I'm not proud. I don't demand tremendous artistry in a gingham dress any more than I do in my tea towels. I took the dress at a saving of more than $130.

Before leaving this gingham idyl, it is interesting to learn the full history of the model which I finally captured. The woman assistant of a famous American manufacturer had bought the original Paris model which I had found in the fashionable shop. This manufacturer had copied it in the fifty-two-fifty dress of the department-store window. This in its turn had been bought by a certain basement buyer and handed over to a manufacturer who, because of the tremendous quantity of his output, could afford to make it up to sell at the retail price of eighteen-fifty.

Bargains for the Seeking

It is only one straw to show which way the wind blows. The story of that gingham dress is reiterated time and again in every kind of merchandise. Even now you can get bargains if you look long enough. For, as the buyer whom I quoted in the beginning of this epic said to me, the market is flooded with merchandise. And to get what you want at the price that you want merely means overcoming laziness, fear of what the saleswoman and the unknown people on the street are thinking, label worship and love of pretending that you are richer than you are.

Of course the simpler and more fervent economizers these days are not buying clothes at all. They are like those members of the medieval religious orders who vowed that they would not change their clothes until the siege of the city was raised. Until such time as the beleaguered dollar is relieved they are wearing what they have in stock. This course appeals much more to the average man than to the average woman. Yet for once there are alleviating circumstances in the matter of frills. Never was there a year when everything was so much the style as it is to-day. I am more or less of a professional fashion writer myself, one whose rhapsodies upon the Algerian hem, I may add proudly, are known from coast to coast, and I know whereof I speak. After reviewing the modes of this spring I have decided that you can wear anything more recent than the frocks of the original Floradora Sextet and get away with it. Also anything antedating Floradora.

Never, in fact, were there so many different types of women's clothes. You can wear a life preserver or a doughnut about your hips, or you can go clad as an Egyptian priestess. You can loop up your petties at the sides after the style of the lady of the Elizabethan manor, or you can draw them in about the ankles so that you feel just as free as if you were moving about in one trouser leg. You can sing, "Hip, hip, hoop stay!" and go abroad to ball or rout in one of those wired skirts with which the Velasquez Infanta was wont to take up all the parlor furniture. Sleeves are entirely a matter of temperament. They are just as likely to be long as short and to be tight as wide.

Suits are likewise variable. Surely, every one of us women ought to be able to find something old enough to be in style.

How to Make Clothes Last

That one of us did so is revealed in the story of the New York débutante who appeared at a recent ball in a brocade frock with the little tight bodice, the wide skirt and the drop-over-the-shoulder sleeves that, along with other modes, are now being affected.

"Where in the world did you get your new dress?" asked everybody.

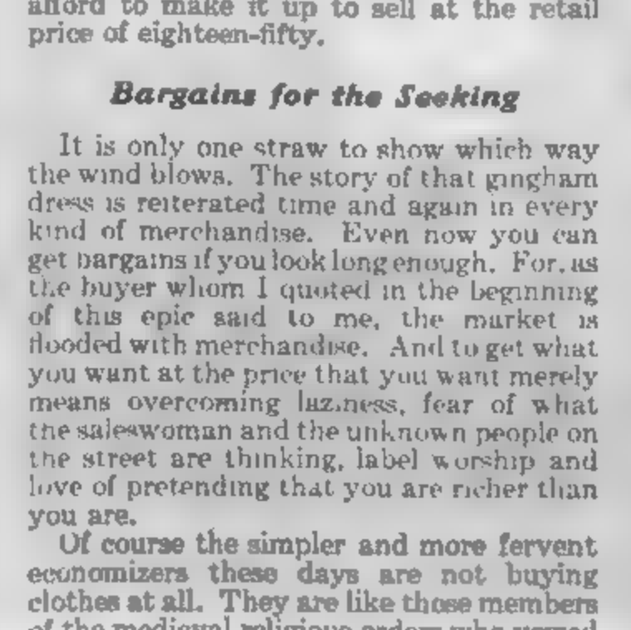
"Out of grandma's horsehair trunk," she replied. "It was one of her wedding frocks."

Nor is the variety of mode the only leniency of fashion this year. Never was a time when every material could be applied so freely to every other material. The most antisocial and morose of fabrics have succumbed to this infection of good-fellowship. Consequently we see all such partnerships as serge suits with organdie pleatings, taffeta and organdie Georgette and knitted wool. Throughout the whole winter the fashion of having skirt of one material and bodice of another has contributed much to the woman bent on economy. And out of two old dresses worn perhaps ten or twelve years ago we have been able to shake up a perfectly good new dress.

Of course up until this time the failure to take proper care of our clothes has been linked up with our general indifference to the details of living which make for economy. To-day we are all learning our lesson. It is that the life of every garment may be prolonged almost indefinitely by those little attentions always being recommended to husbands by the priestess of the woman's page.

In asserting this I can do no better than to revert to the business woman whose household economies I have described. "My clothes wear so long," says she, "that people are always taking them for new ones. One reason for this is that I never wear the same garment on two successive days. I am particularly scrupulous about shoes, which I know from experience wear just twice as long if not worn continuously. I further prolong their existence by applying to them every few months one of the waterproof preparations that you can find for sale at any shoe shop. I am careful, too, the minute I come into the house to wipe every bit of dust from them and to put them on their trees. As a matter of fact, I dust everything else as soon as I come back from the street, for nothing destroys fabric of any kind so quickly as the dust that is allowed to remain in it for even a short period of time."

Of course such details will not come with any comet rush of splendor to many of us. Even before the dollar hanted to its present figure quite a few people observed such rules of a garment's hygiene. Now if we wish to hold on to the slender wisp that is left of our national coin we shall observe them more and more. For it is attention to such small details that constitutes economy, and it is only by economy that the dollar will ever convalesce.



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THE KIND OF CLOTHES GENTLEMEN WEAR

THE PREVAILING high prices, due to causes beyond our control, are, at least for the present, inevitably what they are. The cost of the finest materials and of expert workmanship is unavoidably high.

But value is not to be measured entirely by price; value depends also upon satisfaction and enjoyment From the point of view of value, we may sometimes say that we get a thing for less than it is worth, that the price we give for it is less than the total satisfaction it affords us.

We believe that the best costs less because it gives more; that value, not price, is the true measure of economy. Kahn Clothes are rich in Value.

For summer wear, Kahn Clothes combine ease and comfort, with style that has the accent of distinction.

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WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS TO-DAY?

(Continued from Page 15)

divisions, and most of the workers never get off their own division. From the nature of the case they are not all in one place, under the eye of far-sighted superiors looking for talent in the ranks. A stenographer in the office of the vice president is in a better position to attract favorable notice than many a loyal and efficient worker out on some branch line. That is, the stenographer has good luck and the branch-line workers have bad luck.

But even in the most concentrated types of business, such as a bank, most of the workers fail to attract attention to their good qualities. The presidents of two of the largest banks in New York City in discussing this subject with me, but not for quotation, agreed that it is only with exceeding difficulty that they are able to learn of clerks in their own banks who should be promoted. I doubt very much whether these or any other bank presidents would have made such a statement if they had expected to be quoted. One of them said that a clerk had been promoted because he had gone to an official of the bank and had suggested that he be allowed to handle the stationery supplies of the bank. This may have seemed a nervy thing for the clerk to do, but he gave reasons why he could save money, and, in fact, after being given the job at his own request saved $12,000 the first year.

In other words, merely hard work is not enough to get one ahead. It never spells success unaided. A recent newspaper advertisement on Americanism told the story of Andrew Carnegie, and implied that such an advancement was possible for anyone. "There is no toll to pay," added the little sermonet, "except industry and good behavior." Nonsense! It takes more than hard work and good behavior to become a Carnegie. It takes a tremendous amount of initiative, which few men possess.

Initiative an Essential

To attract the attention of superiors, to show initiative, in other words, is of course just as much an essential quality of success as any other. The man who has enough of this quality will overcome the bad luck of being placed in a position remote from those who can start him up in the scale. It is probable that with the growth of large corporations more initiative is needed to break out of the rut than formerly. Most of the workers are too far down the line to be seen. On one railroad it is said that ninety per cent of the men never get off their own divisions, though many of them might do better in another place.

The men at the top are often too engrossed with their immediate subordination to see those far away from them. The vice president knows his secretary and promotes him, but often he does not know the 10,000 men who are working in another state.

"If I were a young man and wanted to enter the railroad business," said a high authority on the subject, "and if I had a few hundred dollars or my father had some money, I would not take a job on a railroad, but I would go abroad for a few months and write a book or a series of articles on railroad conditions in Europe. I could attract more attention in the railroad world in that way immediately than I could by years of hard work. In other words, most men are swamped with routine and they cannot get ahead because they do not rise above it. Men do not know how to put themselves forward or how to sell themselves to their superiors. Is it not the same with physicians? Does not the young physician need to read a paper before the medical society in order to attract attention? There is only one way to get ahead, and that is to show something nobody else does."

An official of a large steel company, who talked freely only on the promise that neither his name nor that of his company be used, confirmed this view in an even more emphatic way.

He said: "Hard work does not necessarily mean advancement. The man must be on the job to see chances of advancement for himself and to take advantage of them. He must show the company for which he is working that he is worth more in some other position than in the one he is holding to-day. Until he can do that he will not get anywhere. The harder a man works the more the company is willing to pile on him, and unless he makes it known that he is looking for something better nothing satisfies the company more than to have him remain in the same position, provided the work is being handled well."

But initiative is far from being the whole story. A man must have training and equipment to get ahead. Education in some form, either school education or self-education, is absolutely essential. Those who have not had the advantage of schooling must pay the price with their spare time instead of wasting it.

Now it may be said that many people are obliged to work such long hours that they have no time or vitality left to study, read or in other ways train themselves. A man must have tremendous strength and ambition, indeed, to prepare himself for higher pursuits if he has to work twelve hours a day. Working hours should no doubt be reduced in many lines to give the workers a chance to improve themselves; but the unfortunate feature often is that the extra time is not used in that way. This statement of a distinguished banker is almost literally true:

"The theory that the time has come for shorter hours is not true of the man who would make an intellectual success of his life. He must do two full days' work in one. He must do a double day's work."

The hard truth is that getting ahead can never be accomplished by loitering or loafing. The head of a large commercial-training school has put the case very clearly:

"The reason why many young men stand still—and, of course, standing still between twenty and thirty becomes equivalent to retrogression—is because they neglect self-development. They seem quite satisfied with life if only they have a job which yields them what they consider a decent livelihood. After school days are over they strive for no further mental development, but are content to devote what leisure they have to social pleasures, sports and amusements of various kinds. They may grumble now and then because their salary is not raised, but they give no thought to self-improvement or to plans for bettering their lot. Such men lack ambition. They bear a very close resemblance to animals of the field."

Keep Out of the Ruts

Among the largest employers are the meat packers. In reply to my query as to the extent of opportunity, a representative of one of these concerns made a statement which contains a graphic description of how certain qualities make for success:

"Armour & Company resembles any other large industrial corporation in this respect: Competition is keen. One cannot loiter along the wayside, admiring the scenery or dallying with the daisies. One has to keep moving along with the procession or he will find himself crowded out, or at least marking time and watching others pass him in the contest for advancement. One does not stand still in the meat-packing business, any more than one stands still in the newspaper business, or in the steel industry, or even in agricultural lines.

"A man to succeed at Armour's must be earnest, enthusiastic, work hard and avoid getting into a rut. Think up new things. Display ability in various directions. Past performances will not avail him much, in my opinion. It is what he is doing to-day and what he will do for the company in the future that counts.

"Among the men who have succeeded as executives or in other important positions, the type I have just described predominates. I do not know of any who mark time. The daily business of the meat-packing companies is a wonderful stimulus to mental activity. Conditions change almost every hour. If a man is a trader he must be alert or he will be to blame for large losses due to market fluctuations which are a continuous performance with the packing industry. The livestock buyers must be men of quick as well as infallible judgment.

"The men who direct the sales policies of the company must be able to plan effective campaigns, inspire their subordinates with

The proven way

to protect cars against theft

One hundred dollars reward ($100) will be paid by the Security Manufactoring Co. for the arrest and conviction on the charge of grand larceny, or other felony charges, of anyone operating an automobile guarded by a Security Auto Theft-Signal, or tampering with the Theft-Signal, or trying to remove it from the wheel of the car without the proper key.

Security Auto Theft-Signal

This Theft-Signal is a bright red enameled, pointed metal shackle that should be attached to the *right* front wheel of your car. It is locked in a second by a 5-pin tumbler lock. Only the owner can put it on and take it off.

With the Security Auto Theft-Signal placed on the right front wheel of your car, both *police* and *public* are on guard.

If they see anyone attempting to drive off with a car with a Security Auto Theft-Signal attached to a wheel, or tampering with the Theft-Signal, they immediately know he is a thief.

The Security Auto Theft-Signal does not interfere with any working part of your machine. No installation cost. Easily and quickly put on and taken off by the owner. No muss, no inconvenience.

This system is now *successfully* protecting over 200,000 automobiles from unscrupulous thieves and joy riders.

Police Departments throughout the United States and Canada are well informed of this system.

There is a *style* and *size* to fit your car. If your dealer can't supply you, write your nearest distributor, or us.

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Ungar Buick Co., Miami, Fla.
Security Auto Theft-Signal Sales Co., Detroit, Mich.
D. E. Powers, Cincinnati, Ohio
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J. B. Weber, Indianapolis, Ind.
Security Sales Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Security Sales Co., Kansas City, Mo.
The Campbell Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Auto Theft-Signal Co. of Texas, San Antonio, Texas
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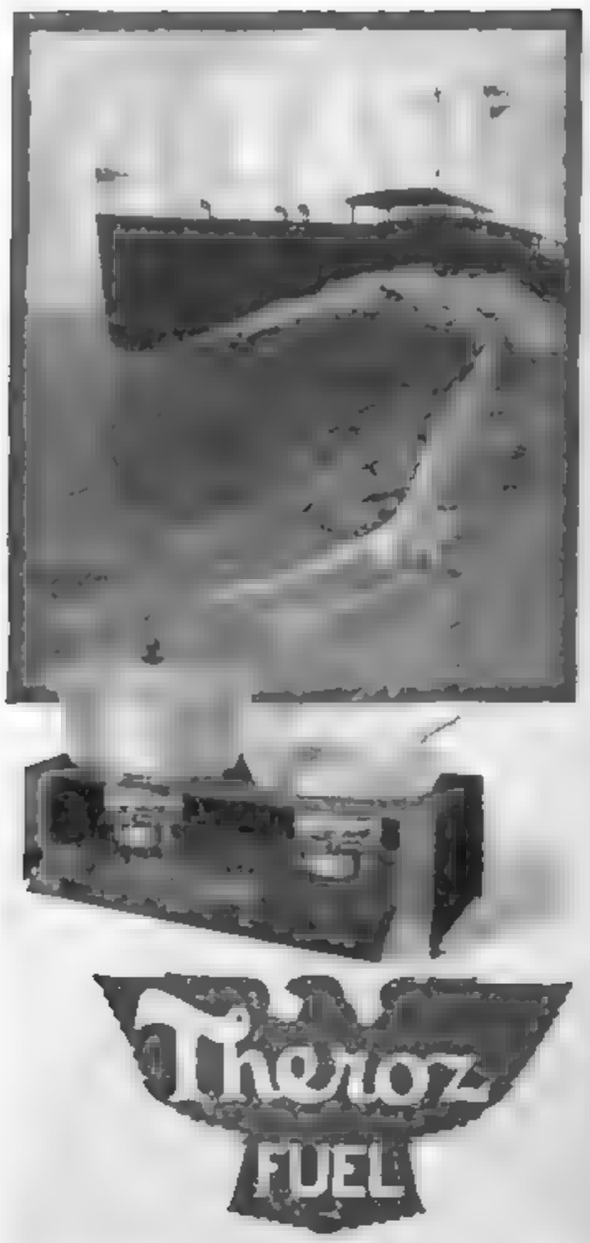
Los Angeles, California



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THEROZ is absolutely safe because it stays solid while burning and the patented can prevents rolling. 100% heat at the scratch of a match with no odor, smoke, dirt or waste. THEROZ STOVES and Appliances are made for every purpose and will cook or heat anything from baby's bottle to a beefsteak. THEROZ is a convenience at home and a necessity outdoors.

4 oz. can 15c. (Canada and West of the Rockies, 20c.), with holder 40c. (West of Rockies, 45c. Canada, 55c.).

Buy THEROZ FUEL and Cooking Appliances at drug, hardware, department stores, grocers' or direct from us if your dealer can't supply you.

Dealers—Be prepared for Theroz business. Buy and Sell Theroz Fuel and Appliances from your jobber, write us for information.

The Theroz Company
Woolworth Building, New York

The handy Fuel for
JUNE
and every other Month

enthusiasm, possess a good bit of driving capacity; at the same time they must be acquainted with the psychology of the human mind, must make the products of the company popular, must keep in touch with public sentiment.

"Three or four weeks ago the livestock handlers, who, by the way, are not connected with Armour & Company or any of the packing companies but are employees of the Union Stock Yard and Transit Company, went on a strike without warning. As a result, all the packing plants were forced into idleness owing to the inability to obtain livestock to furnish the raw material for the packing houses. The livestock handlers finally agreed to submit their grievances to arbitration, but before the industry could catch its breath an unauthorized strike of switchmen occurred in the Chicago yards, afterward extended to other places, and as a result the packing plants were not able to operate until to-day, and then only in a limited way.

"There is difficulty in obtaining labor. Manual labor is at a premium. There is difficulty in maintaining production. These are just a few of the things which the operating department must contend with: The superintendents must be familiar with every detail of packing-house manufacturing operations, must know what is going on in the minds of their men, must be firm yet diplomatic, and must keep the wheels moving at a minimum of expense and friction. So you see the operating department as well as the sales, advertising and traffic departments must keep moving.

"There are the same opportunities for success nowadays that there were twenty years ago or fifty years ago or a hundred years ago, but I am afraid that generally speaking there is not the same willingness to work hard that existed in the past. I am not referring to the meat-packing industry, because most of the people I know of are working hard, either because they like it or because they hope to succeed; but the general tendency as you must have noticed in this country is to demand more pay for less work."

No Royal Road to the Top

If I have been in any degree successful at setting forth the essential qualifications of the successful man—and there are many others not referred to here—it is clear enough that these qualities are not the exclusive property of those who start life amid fortunate surroundings or wealth or any other form of birth with a silver spoon. One of the most striking facts about the early lives of any large group of successful men is the variety of beginnings.

In the strictest sense of the word there is no royal road to the top. Among railroad presidents are those who began as clerks, office boys, stenographers, telegraph operators, section hands, trainmen, accountants, lawyers and civil engineers. A number went to college and a vastly larger number did not. A very few had money to start with; most did not.

Those who look at success superficially usually think that pull is an important element. It plays a part, no doubt, but a small one. The only factor of any real importance is all-round ability, either natural or acquired, and this may be the property of rich and poor alike, but the rich man's son is handicapped by the fact that he does not get the discipline of starting at the bottom. He has no opportunity to benefit by hard knocks.

The only way to develop one's mind and body is to exercise them. And the boy who is put in near the top misses the training and discipline which are always needed, except perhaps by those few who are born with genius. We have all heard of many cases of professional men unacquainted with business, or men and women who had inherited wealth losing it in an ill-advised business venture which they would never have attempted if they had risen through the ranks.

Now and then men obtain high positions in the financial world through pull, but it is very rare, indeed, that a man can hold a high position in the operating end of a business except through sheer ability. One can go through business after business and fail to discover more than a rare example of important positions being held through pull. In nearly twenty years of experience I have never heard of a single case of an executive or managing editor of a newspaper or magazine holding a position for any length of time except through ability.

There is just about as much sense in starting a young man near the top because of influence as there would be in bribing the opposing players on a football team to do their poorest in order that one's son or friend might win. All round us we see case after case of men going to the top because they have the necessary qualities and of staying at the bottom because they do not possess those qualities, whether they be rich or poor.

Have we not come up against the stone wall of Nature once more? Examine as far as possible into the qualities which make for success and leadership, we find that but few possess them. Take the great mass of men who are working with their hands in the mills and factories to-day. The possibility of any particular man becoming a Rockefeller or a Schwab may seem to him about the remotest thing in his life. Perhaps he never thinks of it as a genuine possibility.

Then, too, are there enough high positions even if every worker were 100 per cent perfect to fill them? Must there not be a great army of toilers at the base of every industrial pyramid, whether we live under the absolutism of a czar or a Lenine or in a country like this? It is a serious question whether large-scale production, which is absolutely necessary under any form of society or government where there are large numbers to be fed and clothed, can be carried on unless a majority of people work under the supervision of a few executives.

Altered Conditions

A century ago almost everyone had a chance in this country to be what is called independent. The blacksmith, the weaver, the miller plied their trades in little hamlets and had only one or two assistants if any. Many young men, it is true, started as apprentices, and no doubt many of them did not have the ability to go beyond that or the journeyman state at most. But the step to master or principal was an exceedingly short and easy one. In a new and sparsely settled territory one might set up in business on one's own account with very little capital and even very little natural ability.

Those days with their peculiar conditions are gone forever, as far as it is possible to see. At least they are gone as long as we have a large population. The needs of the people can now be supplied only by bringing together many workers in one place. As soon as even as few as 100 workers are gathered together there simply must be organization, and organization carries with it direction as distinct from performance. This change involves a ratio of supervisors to workers, and there is absolutely no way for the workers to rid themselves of it. Communism, soviets, guilds and all the rest of the experiments cannot get rid of the technical organization of industry required by large-scale production, which in turn is absolutely necessary to care for the present population.

If this statement is true it would seem to carry with it a discouraging fatalism. Are the masses of the workers then in a hopeless position? If there are only a limited number of higher positions, the men who fill them must be chosen by the relative abilities of the entire group. That is, if the entire group contained in any one industry carries a higher average level of ability than in some other industry, it will probably have a more intelligent class of managers, but not necessarily more managers.

I recently asked a leading authority on problems of industrial management if he did not think that much of the literature of success and business inspiration is harmful because it holds out false hopes to the majority of workers.

"No," he replied; "it does no harm because only the superior type of man responds to it, the type which is destined to rise anyway. Suppose you respond to this literature and I do not; you will rise, and if you are a better man you will displace me and I will go down either in the same organization or in another."

But do the facts and tendencies of modern industry bear out this view? It must be admitted, of course, that men have lost to a certain extent their sense of independence in being obliged to work for large-scale industries, for large corporations. Junior officers, foremen and even workers may receive larger salaries and wages than did men of similar abilities in earlier times. But they are tied up in a gigantic machine whose direction they can affect very little. They feel more or less helpless, dependent and subject to shocks and jars over which they have no control.

But, on the other hand, if men are working under fair living conditions, receiving a fair wage and given real opportunity for genuine expression of their personalities, and have training for, knowledge of and aptitude for their work, they probably will not in the long run care a whoop if they are not presidents of steel corporations.

Most men know that they are not fitted to lead or manage, and know perfectly well that they would be unhappy if they tried to do it. Men are most happy when they are doing what they can do well. The nub of the whole question is to see that men really find the places they are fitted for and are not continually misfitted. The only line on which the hard facts of Nature can be combined with justice and democracy is to have as much equality of opportunity for all types of ability as possible. What is needed is a system which combines free play for those whom Nature intends for the top, with a far greater development of the possibilities and potentialities of other workers and a greater dignifying of their work.

A great deal has been said in this article about getting ahead, rising from the ranks, success, leaders, managers and executives, masses of toilers at the base of the pyramid, humble workers, men at the bottom, lowly positions, and the like. I have used these words and terms because they are the ones commonly understood, in common everyday usage, but there is a note of falsity about all of them. They indicate distinctions that perhaps are not real. There is an entirely different way to look at the subject.

The worker in the railroad yard who throws a switch is just as much a manager in his smaller sphere as the general manager of the railroad in his. The general manager and the switchman are both managers; the only difference is that one manages a larger space than the other. Indeed, if you travel on a train it is much more important to your immediate welfare that the fellow in the yard throws the switch in the right direction than that the general manager gets along well with the treasurer of the company. Does anyone claim that the work of the cook or the druggist's clerk is not important? If a man is fitted for throwing switches or cooking or running a machine, and if he understands what he is doing, if he has as much relative training for and knowledge of what he is about as the general manager or lawyer or doctor has in another sphere, there is no reason why he should not be just as much interested in his work or why it should not be just as important to him as if he were general manager.

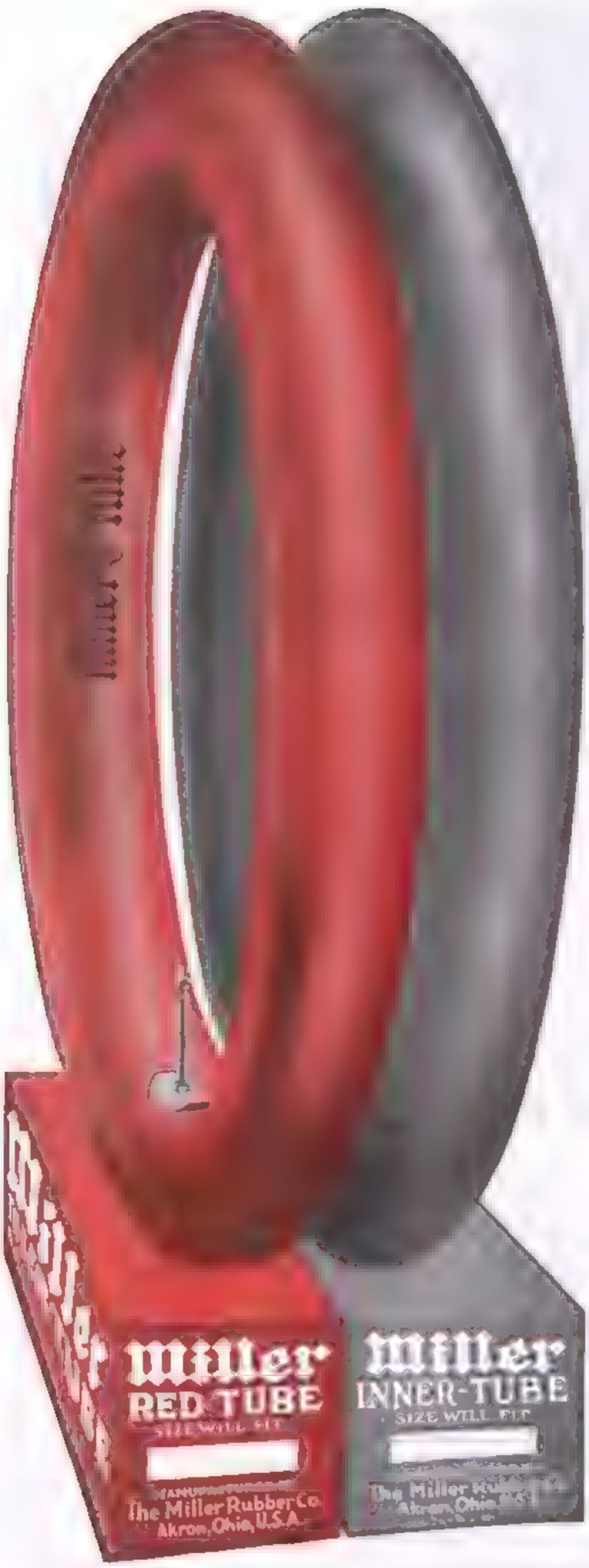
Misfit Education

This is not theory or hot air by any manner of means. Certain printers' unions have recently drawn up an educational and training course for inmates of state prisons and other institutions in New Jersey covering a period of five years. There is no inherent reason, except ancient and medieval prejudices to the contrary, why men should not be just as well educated, relatively speaking, for window cleaning as for the practice of law. Certainly the difference between a good and a bad window cleaner is just as great as the difference between a good and a bad lawyer.

Naked Igorrotes in Philippine prisons have been taught highly skilled trades. Mexican peons are being taken in hand in the same way. I use these extreme cases of prison vocational training because they show what can be done with material that most of us consider extremely unpromising. The sober truth is that education has tried to put everyone in the same mold. It has been fine, very fine, indeed, for lawyers, doctors, professors, engineers and many types of business men, splendid for the men and women with distinctly intellectual interests and endowments, but rotten for the great mass of humanity who are best fitted for other types of work.

What use has the average college or high school, or even common grammar and primary school, course been to the man whom Nature fits preëminently to bake loaves of bread or work in a machine shop? Latin is mighty little help to a man who fires an engine. Yet these men are just as

(Continued on Page 81)



Your Tire Cost

Depends largely on your tubes

Tire users are apt to forget that. They are generally careful what tires they buy, and they watch the mileage. But tubes are often bought carelessly, and service is rarely measured.

Yet leaky tubes ruin millions of tires through deflation. They cause most of the tire troubles. Some, if punctured, are easily mended, and some rip. The difference in tubes is tremendous.

Miller Tube makers have spent 24 years in the study of fine rubber. For decades they have led in making some fine rubber articles, particularly surgeons' gloves

That's the skill needed in making Inner Tubes. Here we have developed it and here we apply it. A Miller Tube is a rare creation, and it holds a unique place in this field.

It has been a great factor in increasing Miller Tire mileage. But it is used by countless people who still use other tires. Our Tube production exceeds our Tire production by almost 50 per cent, but the Tube soon wins men to the Tires.

Whatever Tire you favor, buy Miller Inner Tubes. Then you will have the utmost in a tube. And the time will come when you want your Tires built Miller grade as well

115% more mileage

The 5-year record on Miller Tires

In 1914 the Miller Tire had reached what then seemed a high standard. But in the five years since we have increased the average Miller mileage by 115 per cent.

On fabric tires the usual mileage guarantee was 3,500 miles. Now the Miller guarantee is unlimited.

Last year, in our extreme factory tests, the average mileage on Miller Cords was 15,000 miles.

Matching freak tires

This was done largely by matching freak tires—tires which made unusual records. Every Miller Tire is signed and recorded. The records show us every process employed in exceptional tires.

Then we wear out 1,000 tires yearly in factory mileage tests—in comparing one tire with another. And every tire teaches us something.

We spend $1,000 daily in tests and inspections—to guard against faulty materials or flaws.

We penalize both maker and inspector if any tire falls down.

Years and years of these methods, applied to millions of tires, have more than cut in two our cost-per-mile to users.

20 times the demand

The demand for Miller Tires now, as a result, is 20 times larger than in 1914. Their remarkable mileage is everywhere discussed. Thousands of large tire users, after long tests, are using Millers only. The present demand is breaking all records by more than 150 per cent.

Every tire user owes himself a test. Compare a Miller with the tire you use. Learn what new-day tires can do.

If you buy a new car get Miller equipment. Twenty car makers now supply it without extra cost.

Tread Patented

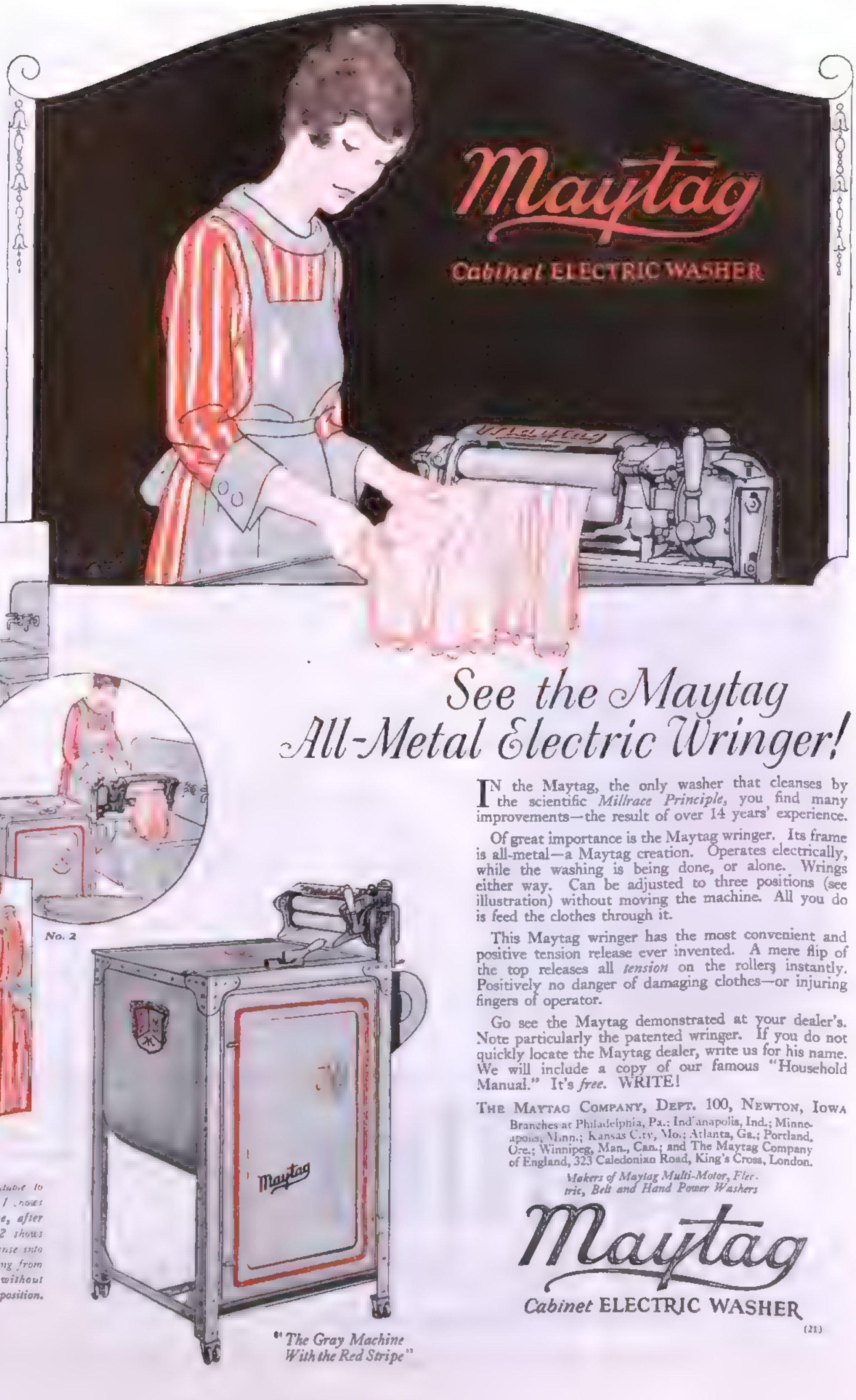
Center tread smooth, with suction cups for firm hold on wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

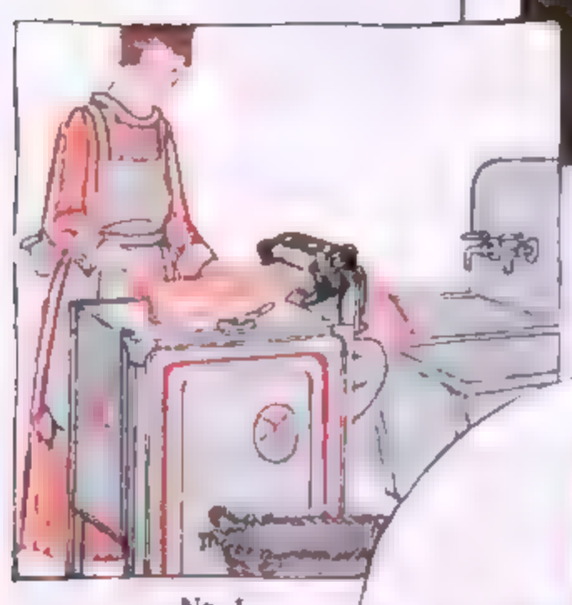
THE MILLER RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

Miller

Cord or Fabric Tires—Red or Gray Tubes

Sensational Mileage Makers





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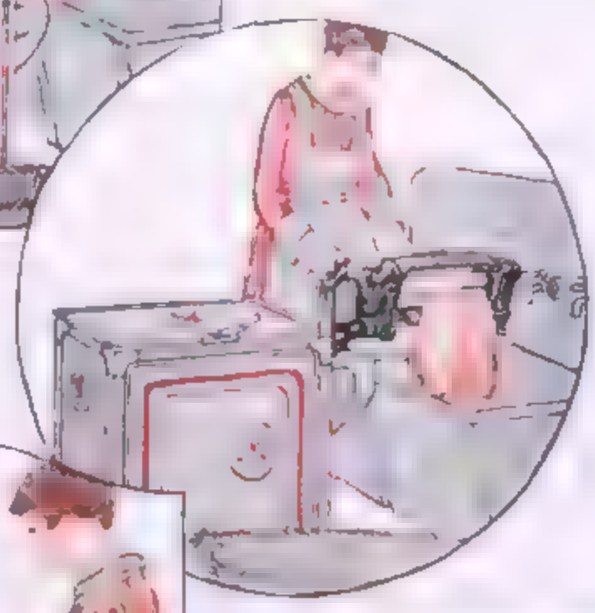

No. 2

No. 3

The Maytag wringer is adjustable to three positions. Illustration No. 1 shows wringing clothes from machine, after washing, into the rinse. No. 2 shows wringer adjusted to wring from rinse into blue water. No. 3 shows wringing from blue water into basket. All without moving machine from original position.

"The Gray Machine With the Red Stripe"

See the Maytag All-Metal Electric Wringer!

IN the Maytag, the only washer that cleanses by the scientific *Millrace Principle*, you find many improvements—the result of over 14 years' experience.

Of great importance is the Maytag wringer. Its frame is all-metal—a Maytag creation. Operates electrically, while the washing is being done, or alone. Wrings either way. Can be adjusted to three positions (see illustration) without moving the machine. All you do is feed the clothes through it.

This Maytag wringer has the most convenient and positive tension release ever invented. A mere flip of the top releases all *tension* on the rollers instantly. Positively no danger of damaging clothes—or injuring fingers of operator.

Go see the Maytag demonstrated at your dealer's. Note particularly the patented wringer. If you do not quickly locate the Maytag dealer, write us for his name. We will include a copy of our famous "Household Manual." It's *free*. WRITE!

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Atlanta, Ga.; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Man., Can.; and The Maytag Company of England, 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London.

Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

(21)

(Continued from Page 78)

much entitled to a suitable education as the lawyer.

The tragedy of industry has been the army of misfits, industrial waifs who have never found their rightful place. Human material of immense value to society has gone to waste. For the greatest waste in the world has been in human beings rather than in minerals and agricultural products. The trouble has been that only the most promising elements have been selected, and the tremendous potentialities of the great masses of supposedly inefficient, untrained, discouraged and down-and-outs have not been availed of.

"I do not believe that man power has been one-sixth efficient," said a leader of industry who is both influential and progressive as well as practical, "and I lay it largely to the shocking failure of education to meet the needs of modern life. As far as I can make out it is due to the medieval idea, wholly contrary to that of Christ himself, that there is something beneath notice in labor. All that is needed now are new curricula. Plenty of people have the idea, but only a few have yet been able to devise the necessary courses."

Industry, indeed, is being revolutionized with marvelous rapidity along these lines. Business men are waking up to the fact that the greatest problem in industry to-day is to utilize the unused brain power of the masses of workers. To this end education is being absolutely overhauled, employment methods are losing their old slipshod, wasteful character, and the searchlight of science is being turned upon the worker to place him where he is best fitted. Indeed, modern business policy as well as science takes the view that every man has the right to be successful, not in the sense of being a leader or a millionaire but in the far truer sense that he can be happy in his work and adequately paid for it.

Busy Hands and Idle Brains

Investigation is beginning to show that millions of workers have probably failed to make good chiefly because they were in the wrong places. The scientific study of labor turnover is only a few years old. But it takes no science to know that millions of people feel they might be better off elsewhere, and on the other hand employers are just as discontented, and often rightly so, with what the workers accomplish.

How can it be otherwise? Each year several million boys and girls leave school with no idea of what they want to do, or any special training for doing it. They take jobs on the most superficial impulses, because of chance information and advice, haphazard impressions or the mere accident of a vacant place. Unless they have unusual talent they go into work not because of primary fitness for it but from all manner of accidental and secondary causes.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that any thorough effort on a large scale to use such talents as people actually possess, rather than to expect them all to fit into a certain mold, is a new idea in industry. What beneficial changes its universal application may effect can only be guessed.

"The most neglected asset in industry," said the president of a large corporation, "is the brain power of the day worker. We have a lot of men who carry on a certain process and are given instructions from time to time by their foremen regarding the temperature and other conditions under which the process is carried on. These workers know how to do it, but they haven't the faintest idea why they do it. We are trying to educate them so that if they desire they will know the relation of their own process to others which are going on.

"If a man is a machine and his brain is not employed he probably thinks 'What a damn poor job this is!' His arms may be working and his legs may be working, but his brain is doing nothing. We believe that if we give him something to think about he will find his work more congenial.

"Let me make it personal. Suppose you were paid a certain amount to write a column in your magazine and you could do it without thinking about the subject at all. Suppose the editor would take any sort of stuff you wrote no matter whether it required thought or not. Would you be as contented as you are grappling with a problem such as you are handling now?

"We believe that even if the worker operates a machine we can make it interesting enough for him so that he will get out of the machine class, mentally at least."

So to-day there is an ever-spreading, ever-widening movement on the part of industry to put men in places for which they are fitted, and to make the work for which they are adapted as interesting as possible. More and more workers are being directed by means of physical and mental tests, and more and more the employers are seeing the necessity of expert assistance in the way of vocational guidance, scientific employment policies and education. One manager summed up for me what is a very sweeping change in industry by a very simple illustration:

"The old method here was to hire boys when they left school to go into the plant and help the older workers. A boy would go into a room and the man in charge would yell at him to sweep up the floor or wipe the oil off a piece of machinery or do this or do that. Nothing was explained to him, and at the end of six months he knew as little as at the beginning. Now our experts put these boys through a training course and explain the principles involved in the work."

It must be remembered that education, especially for business, and even more especially for the subordinates in business, is a very new thing. It is only in the last few years that extension departments of the universities, which are available to great numbers of persons of small means, have been started. But to-day one such university alone, Columbia, has 13,000 extension students, most of whom work in the daytime, and any one of whom can get a regular college degree if he or she takes enough courses.

The university schools of commerce, which are attended mostly by boys and young men who are working in relatively subordinate positions in the daytime, are equally new. The same is true of a half dozen correspondence courses, which have been availed of by many hundreds of thousands of young men. The schools for secretaries are equally new, and great welfare organizations, like the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, are now extensively engaged in educational work. Then there are the universities and other institutes which combine classroom instruction and actual manual work in factories in equal proportions.

All these educational opportunities are being availed of on an enormous scale by young men and women who have no advantages of wealth or college education in the ordinary sense of the term, and who in most cases are working for small wages as subordinates in the industrial world.

Men Trained to Order

Only a few months ago a committee representing the leading educational institutions on the one hand and more than 200 business corporations on the other met together to draw up specifications. That is, the business concerns drew up specifications of what they wanted the educators to do for them to meet the needs of business, and the educators decided what they were in a position to do. But the strange, the startling thing is not that such a meeting should be held but that it was the first one to be held. Considering the fact that modern industry is the only thing which keeps us alive at all, it is about time that men were being really trained for its needs.

But perhaps most important is the new and yet enormous development of corporation schools. Manufacturing concerns, electric-light, gas and telephone companies, department stores—these and many other industries are building up great educational establishments of their own for the benefit of all their workers. The big corporations have literally become training schools not only in the old-fashioned sense of affording opportunities for the few keen young men whom Nature intends for the top, but for all the rank-and-file workers who have any ambition whatever.

Perhaps the newest and largest of these schools is that of a rubber company at Akron, Ohio. It is said that already 5700 students are enrolled in the 500 classes of the industrial university. According to a statement made by a representative of the company, most of these are factory or manual workers. The extent to which the educational work of this company reaches the rank-and-file workers is explained by a statement from one of its representatives, though it should be understood that this corporation is only one of many which are trying the same experiment.

"The classes are so arranged as to accommodate men from all three of the daily eight-hour shifts and are in session from seven in the morning until eleven at night. The university is divided into four distinct departments: the production school, sales school, school of commerce, and school of household arts, the latter being for women in both our offices and factory departments.

"Young boys whose education has been interrupted by the necessity for work may become employed and enter grade-school classes. They can also take vocational training as apprentice machinists and are given what we call a sugar-coated education. The course is a distinct departure from the stereotyped classroom atmosphere, and is so coördinated as to combine shop and class work in a manner calculated to hold the interest of the students. These boys range in age from sixteen to eighteen years and are paid a remunerative wage while learning, and upon completion of a three years' course may immediately enter upon another three years' course which will fit them for foremanships and inspectorships in the factory. We also have a course for men desiring to become shop foremen and inspectors. There are at present 350 taking this latter course. One thousand of our inspectors are also taking special courses calculated to fit them for executive positions in the factory."

The Flying Squadron

"The best workmen in all factory departments are singled out and given a special six weeks' course in all phases of work incident to the manufacture of tires. They then become graduate rubber workers and comprise a flying squadron. These men then return to their original factory work, but are subject to call to meet any emergency that may arise in any other department. Over 1200 of them are now taking special studies designed to give them a more technical training in rubber technology.

"We are building so many new plants that opportunities are being created every day for new executives, and men who will form the nucleus of each new factory organization are picked from the flying squadron. Thus you will see that a man entering the plant as an unskilled laborer can, by taking advantage of our educational opportunities, fit himself to become a factory foreman, inspector or divisional superintendent. We have just sent 200 former flying-squadron men to California as the nucleus of the new organization on the Coast, and are now picking men from the flying squadron to take charge of our new Brazilian plant."

I asked Dr. Lee Galloway, one of the chief experts in corporation-school education, for his opinion regarding the chances and opportunities of a young man's rising in the world at the present time. In his suggestive reply to the question he made the point that some cultural education is necessary, but added significantly: "By a cultural education to-day we mean one that will fit him best in the place he has chosen for life, and the American people do not ask where he gets that education. He may get it at one of the leading universities of the country, he may get it by his own reading of books written especially for that purpose, or it may come from a correspondence school. The chances of a poor boy's getting ahead were never better." Doctor Galloway might have added that even the labor unions are now starting colleges and universities.

One revolutionary change, the extent and sensational character of which very few people appreciate, has been the growth of business literature and business libraries. Perhaps some readers may smile at my enthusiasm over what may seem to be such a trivial matter, and perhaps they will regard my adjectives as ill advised. A generation ago there were exceedingly few courses, either in universities or by correspondence, in business subjects. There were practically no books and no libraries. The only way to learn was through experience, a method which, taken solely by itself, is long, slow, hard and wasteful.

To-day, however, the young man who is at all ambitious can gain many laps on the field by devoting his spare hours to a study of the literature pertaining to his subject. There are well-defined rules and principles of business, a vast literature of the subject, which was widely scattered and unorganized twenty years ago, and did not exist at all forty years ago. The young man to-day does not have to flounder about so much as he formerly did. He can fall back to a considerable extent upon specifications which other men have drawn up.

"Of course the opportunities are greater to-day than formerly," said an official of a large insurance company to whom I put the question. "Nor do I wish to fall into the danger of looking at it only from the viewpoint of the man at the top. I am trying to view it from the bottom as well. There is a wholly different attitude among business men, a desire to go halfway to help the beginners. Whenever a boy comes into my office I ask him what department he is from and try to find out whether he is studying and improving himself.

"When I started in business all we got were rebuffs. There were no schools within corporations, no lecture courses, no books, no libraries. Now it is handed out on a platter. There used to be no encouragement. Now the company always meets its employees at least halfway. The lines of resistance are not anything like as hard as they used to be.

"We have lecturers on salesmanship who go all over the country instructing our agents. The agents listen to a two-hour lecture in the morning, go out in the early afternoon and try to put their newly acquired information into practice, and come back later in the afternoon to ask questions. Just imagine anything of that sort thirty years ago!"

Of course there are still a few who do not believe in education at all, at least not of the school, library or college variety. One of the largest banks in New York City, noted for its educational and vocational work, has a vice president of the old type. He expressed himself in the following strong language:

"No patent, breakfast-food method of education will make a banker. You can't pour someone else's brain into a boy. Only experience, observation and thinking will do any good. It is better not to study at night. A boy ought to read Shakspere, Homer and other great authors in his spare time. These men knew how to think. You will notice that the great founders of the Standard Oil Company were not educated. They have a great educational scheme there now, but John D. Rockefeller and Henry H. Rogers had none."

True as Far as it Goes

"Education means to draw out, to lead out; but in practice it is a pouring-in process. It is made too easy. It is a kindergarten method. Other officers here in the bank disagree with me and will tell you just the opposite. They all have their patent schemes, but you will find that most of them had no schooling to begin with. You can't make leaders in banking or anywhere else overnight. Look at some of the young, untried men who are bank presidents and vice presidents to-day. When I think of them I also think of some of the most admired young bankers in 1893 and 1907. You remember that as a result of the second of these panics one of these bright young men committed suicide and a number of others quit the game."

One cannot but admire the rugged honesty of opinion of this veteran. What he says is perfectly true as far as it goes, but it goes a very short distance indeed. Given two young men of equal ability and experience, the one with the most suitable education will be picked practically every time for promotion. The man with an education, no matter what its nature, is a marked man. The boy who is willing to take a course of training in a rubber factory or a bank at once attracts the attention of his superiors. The very fact that he is trying to improve himself marks him out at once for promotion.

So I come back to my apparently foolish statement that the increase in business literature is nothing short of sensational. A generation ago a business concern did not think of having a library, or if it did the books were used only by the officers and technical staff.

Now every effort is made to induce the young and subordinate workers to make use of the library facilities. The general manager is suddenly confronted with the necessity of promoting one out of four men. He has only the vaguest idea regarding them, but in forming an opinion he calls upon many sources of information. Among others he telephones the librarian.

"Yes," says the librarian: "Mr. A comes in here, but he reads only fiction; B and C never read at all; but D reads a great deal."

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

"Some Tires, I'll Say!"

"I BOUGHT this pair of Vitalics over six months ago, and haven't had a puncture yet!"

Vitalics are built to stand up under all conditions of service. Punctures are almost unknown to Vitalic users, because of the quality and thickness of the rubber and the toughness of the fabric.

That's why Vitalics are used by bicycle riders of long experience.

And that's why manufacturers of such leading bicycles as Pierce, Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, and Yale use Vitalic Tires as regular equipment on their better-grade wheels.

The price of Vitalic Tires is a little higher than that of other tires; but the cost, when figured on a mileage basis, is far lower. And that's what counts.

Ask your dealer to show you a Vitalic Tire. Then put the proposition up to dad.

Some Inside Information

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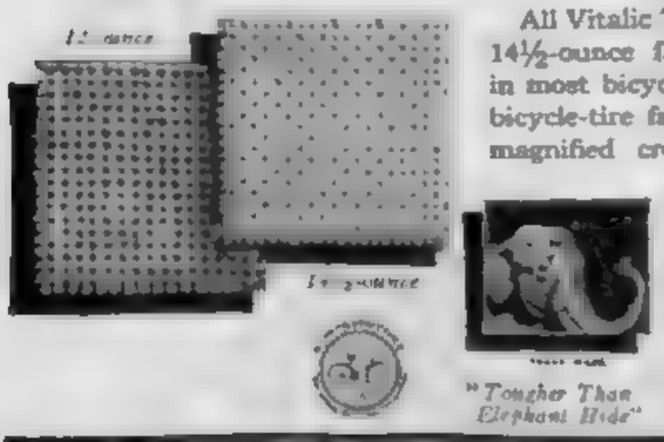

"Tougher Than Elephant Hide"

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Such a recommendation may be just enough to turn the scale. In one of the large banks in New York City young men are promoted only partially on the record of their work and partially on their record in their classes. Nor is this practice confined by any means to this one bank, though perhaps the president of this particular institution has favored it the most. Not only in banks but throughout the industrial world generally there is an increasing tendency to promote young men partially on the basis of eagerness and success in taking advantage of the vocational and educational opportunities offered to them.

There is a very matter-of-fact reason for this change in the system of promotion. It is the only method of getting away from the practice of selecting executives from the outside.

With the growth of large corporations it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure enough managers and executives of the necessary caliber. This subject will be referred to more in detail in another article, but every business man admits the advantage of making promotions from within rather than from without.

Every time a company goes outside for a superintendent or manager the rank-and-file workers are discouraged that much more. They feel that greater opportunity lies ahead if every position is filled from their own ranks.

The Boss Who is a Helper

There is danger of dry rot, of course, if a company never goes outside. Steady, plodding men who are really not fitted for important positions often reach these positions merely through seniority. Then, too, it is much easier to take a trained man from another company. It is easier because it saves the trouble of training and educating. But employers are coming to realize that they must take the trouble to train and educate.

They believe that in this way they can avoid the dangers of rigid seniority and yet retain the good will of their workers by keeping promotion within the organization.

One great obstacle to advancement in the past, not so much in banks and other establishments which employ mostly clerks, as in railroad and manufacturing companies, has been the feeling on the part of the rank-and-file worker that promotion means being teacher's pet. Industry has had autocratic, military traits, and to rise under such conditions has too often meant being an outcast from his social surroundings for the average factory worker. A well-known consulting engineer described the situation in this picturesque language:

"Often I have picked out a bright young fellow in a plant and told him to take charge.

"'The hell I will,' he replied; 'my wife will lose all her friends.'

"'But this factory is different,' I told him.

"'Well, I'll wait and see if it is," he replied.

"This man feels he is an outcast if he comes up suddenly from the ranks. An old friend who used to call him Jim now has to call him Boss, and that embitters the old friend. He must weigh carefully the social disadvantages before he takes the plunge. You see, the trouble has been that in large factories often the only way the workers could attract the attention of their superintendent or general manager was to spy on other workers or curry favor with their superiors. Too often it was not so much the really efficient workers who attracted attention as those who purposely thrust themselves upon the bosses. This, of course, was because no adequate records of individual accomplishments were maintained, and the bosses could not otherwise know much about the dull gray mass of operatives."

Whether this be a complete or adequate explanation of a serious defect in the industrial system, it is at least a significant one. The whole tendency to-day is to make the foreman a planner, teacher, instructor and helper rather than a driver. In the past, instructors in industry were regarded as nonproducers. Employers regarded teachers as a heavy expense, a necessary evil now and then. But the scientific study of industry indicates that workers need constant teaching and their work an ever-increasing amount of planning in order to get the largest product. If work can be made interesting to the operator he does not need to be driven so much. In that case he will go to the foreman for help, with his tools, his belting, and the like.

More than ten years ago the late H. L. Gantt read a paper before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, in which he announced that the policy of industry in the future must be to make the foreman a teacher and leader rather than a driver, that the era of force in the factory must give way to one of knowledge. Only gradually, however, was Mr. Gantt and other engineers, such as Robert B. Wolf, Walter N. Polakov, and the like, able to devise a mechanism to put such a new policy in force.

This is not the place to go into detail regarding the methods now being employed by mechanical, industrial and consulting engineers. But the broad scope of this type of work has a very direct bearing upon the subject of opportunity in business. By posting records of the individual performance of each worker, open to everyone in the factory, it soon becomes evident who are fit to be foremen. It is not a question of currying favor with the super, of teacher's pet, of any sort of favoritism or persecution, but solely of who is the steady worker day in and day out. The game is played with all the cards on the table.

Mr. Polakov in explaining these systems recently laid emphasis on the fact that foremanship is losing the smack of bossism. The whole tendency of modern scientific industry is to convert the foreman from a boss to a helper. In the past the foreman has been both undereducated and overworked, with the result that he has not been oversolicitous regarding the niceties of human relations. That is, he has sworn at the workers too much. According to a leading student of the subject, "The foreman has been a victim of the too rapid growth of the industrial system." Having once made the difficult choice of breaking away from the ranks, having perhaps still a divided sense of loyalty—trying to be both a company man and at the same time friendly with his old associates—his position has been most difficult.

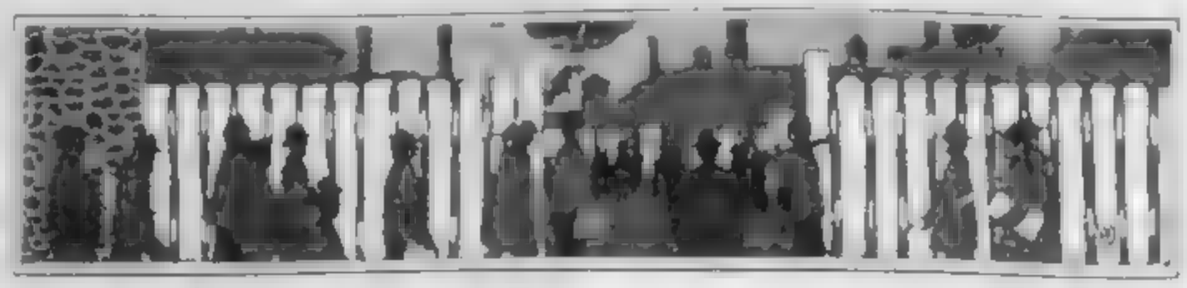
Too Little Bossing

But with more education, a sounder system of promotion and less overwork the position of foreman is rapidly becoming more desirable in various industries. For one thing, the tendency is to increase steadily the number of foremen. It is being learned that production can be greatly increased by having a larger ratio of planners to performers. Performance grows less important, and coördination—that is, having the right materials and tools at the right place at the right time—becomes more important. This means that more and more openings in the middle range are presenting themselves, not necessarily as presidents and general managers, but as foremen, supervisors, inspectors, and the like.

The ratio of foremen to workers has been roughly one to fifty or sixty. Many industrial engineers hold that the ratio can be cut down to one to twenty to the advantage of production.

Then, of course, as foremanship holds its authority more through knowledge than power, and functions more through planning, instructing and helping than bullying and driving, a larger number of young men will desire the positions. Naturally a foreman has a greater scope and variety of work than a performer or operator.

In another article I propose to examine the question of opportunity from still other points of view. We shall look a little closer at the officer personnel of big business, and see whether the development of new industries has any bearing upon the subject.



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VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
Moline, Illinois

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

(Continued from Page 27)

silk, clouds with infiltrated lacy edges, clouds fleecily bulbous, clouds that seemed to fade on the winds as you looked.

It was the Ashaluna! It was home! Judson Dunlap was standing somewhere many miles from Wall Street, filling his lungs with the sharp airs of that chill paradise. Back among those dark mystic shadows yarded the deer. He could hear a fox bark over beyond that hardwood ridge. In a moment a rabbit would come scurrying up out of a gully.

"By gosh, it's immense! Wonder who did it? Some big artist ——"

The picture was as carefully incased and glazed as the other. Jud sought for a signature, and down in the right-hand corner deciphered a modest "M. B. J."

"Who's M. B. J.?" he pondered. "Awfully shy, strikes me. If I could paint like that I'd put my name on it in letters four inches high."

As he stood lost in admiration a voice said, "Good morning, Dunlap. Sorry to have kept you waiting."

Jud spun on a heel to greet Lafayette Jordan. The financier was extending a cordial hand. His eyes were full of a twinkling friendliness.

"You appreciate good pictures, I see," he observed.

"Appreciate 'em? I dote on 'em. You've got some good ones, Mr. Jordan."

"And a number at home besides these. That Corot is interesting. Are you familiar with pictures?"

"Only a little. I kind of get tongue-tied when I look at 'em. That—that snow scene, now. It's—it's pretty startlin'. I've hunted over that country so much ——"

"I didn't tell you about it," said Jordan. "I was saving it to surprise you if you ever made up your mind to visit me here. I'm fond of it."

"Yes, anyone that knows the Ashaluna would be. The artist that painted it loved the Ashaluna, Mr. Jordan, or he wouldn't have been able to do it. Who is M. B. J.? I saw the initials."

"M. B. J.?" The financier smiled with the pride of his revelation. "That's my daughter."

"You don't say!" rejoined Dunlap. "You ought to be proud of her. It's beautiful. I don't know but it's the most beautiful thing I ever saw in all my life. Yes, I'm sure it is. I—I have a kind of feelin' that I'd—I'd like to thank the young lady."

"You shall," Jordan assured him.

The question floated through Jud's mind whether the daughter who painted was that odd one, the one Mary hadn't seemed to like so well as her sisters—the freak. Well, if she could paint like that she had something to compensate her for her peculiarities. He didn't feel much like finding fault with the father of a girl who had given him such intense delight.

"I came down here with blood in my eye," he said. "But I don't know, Mr. Jordan. Have you got a little time for me? I was goin' to tell you where you got off, but maybe—say, will you just answer a few little questions, man to man? I bet you will. I'm all confused in my mind about things. And by golly, Mr. Jordan, I've got to find out how to tell between right and wrong or I'm a-goin' to pack my traps and chase myself back to the hills where I was born and where I guess God meant for me to stay!"

"Come in, Dunlap," Jordan said, and led the way into a big room with a great flat-topped desk in the middle. An open wood fire burned cheerily in the chimney.

"Sit down," said the financier, offering a cigar, which Jud declined. "Now let's hear what's on your mind, young man."

XX

JUDSON DUNLAP relaxed into a leather-tufted chair and gazed about him. Jordan's sanctum sanctorum was a spacious lofty apartment, deeply carpeted, furnished in mahogany, much of which was richly carved. The general atmosphere of this room was that of a heavy and leisurely comfort. A fine bronze replica of the Victory occupied a pedestal of some veined and highly polished stone, presumably black marble. There were more pictures against the paneled walls. Built-in bookshelves with glass doors supported books to the number of perhaps three hundred.

Nowhere was any evidence of haste. One might easily imagine himself in the library of a gentleman's home. An ordinary nickel-plated telephone stood at the financier's hand, but no chattering stock ticker irritated the calm of the place.

"This is a fine office," said Jud. "I don't see much frenzied finance about it."

"You won't. I don't believe in it. I hope if I ever did indulge in such a thing I've got beyond that stage of the business."

"H'm!"

The young man from Ashaluna was oppressed. As he had told Jordan, he had come here with blood in his eye, and now it appeared next to impossible to make a beginning. Sitting in a comfortable chair with the fragrance of Jordan's cigar weaving into his nostrils, and seeing through the blue haze of that cigar the kindly shrewd face of his host, who seemed to entertain for him nothing but the friendliest of sentiments, Dunlap was all but floored. And yet this elegance, these tasteful and expensive trappings of supercomfort—hadn't they been paid for by money wrung from others in just such sharp transactions as the raid on Burns-Elkman common?

Jordan sensed in the young man's "H'm" a note of skepticism. He liked Jud, and as he had told Eggleston, he had made Jud like him. This important and significant figure in the affairs of the financial world valued the friendship of a mere country bumpkin, and it wasn't because upon the stability of that friendship hung the fate of his Ashaluna-basin project. It would be idle to deny that the project wasn't a factor, but it had ceased to be the dominant one.

Dunlap could not know this, and Jordan could not tell him for fear the countryman would doubt his sincerity. L. J. at this moment felt a sense of insecurity. Jud had said very little, and yet Jordan found himself mentally on the defensive. It was a new sensation.

"Mr. Jordan," began Jud with an effort, as one who essays a disagreeable but nevertheless unavoidable duty, "what about this Burns-Elkman business?"

He pulled from a pocket the newspaper item which had so offended him the morning before and which he had clipped from the page.

"I thought you weren't goin' to interfere in the affairs of the churn company."

Jordan scanned the clipping and smiled.

"This has nothing to do with the churn company."

"Directly, no; indirectly it has a heap to do with it, because if it hadn't been for your connection with us it wouldn't have happened."

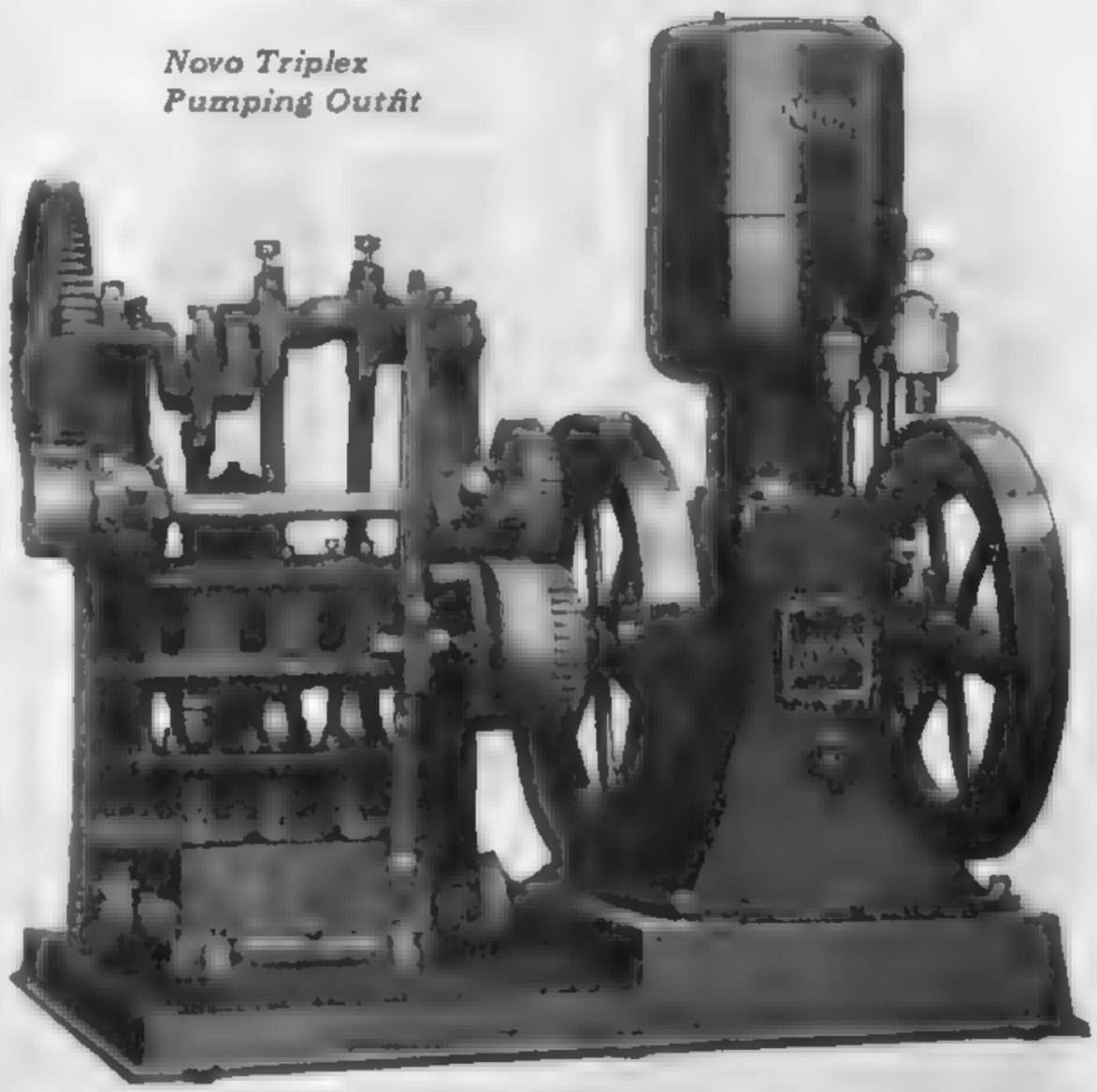
"It has this much to do with the churn business," said Jordan. "Your contracts with Burns-Elkman can be reinstated, which will, of course, be a good thing for you. They can be modified, however, in such a way that you can if you wish build up a line of trade in addition to that to be handled through your Burns-Elkman connection."

"That's all very fine, Mr. Jordan. But listen! All the money we have ever had in our business has come from you in one way or another. You bought a bunch of our stock, then you made it possible for us to clean up some cash last week in this Burns-Elkman transaction, and now because you own Burns-Elkman the future of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation looks solider than ever. Gosh, I don't like it! It's too much Jordan. Looks as if we've been taken into camp, hook, line and sinker. We might as well be a mouse that the cat is foolin' with."

L. J. abruptly leaned forward and held up a warning hand.

"Wait a minute, Dunlap," he said. "You are a very young man. You are also an able one. You have qualities that I admire. But you must not underestimate the value of friendships. You must also learn to read the signs which should tell you the exact quality of your friendships. Now I don't want you or your partner to feel that I am bullying or dominating your business. I know you are fully capable of making it a success, but success will come easier and at less cost with some of the rough spots smoothed from your path. Don't get the idea that the credit for success will be any less yours. Rather you may be proud that your personality has attracted the sort of friendships that have come to you, especially while you are still quite young.

"I am more than sixty years old and I have been fortunate in my friendships.



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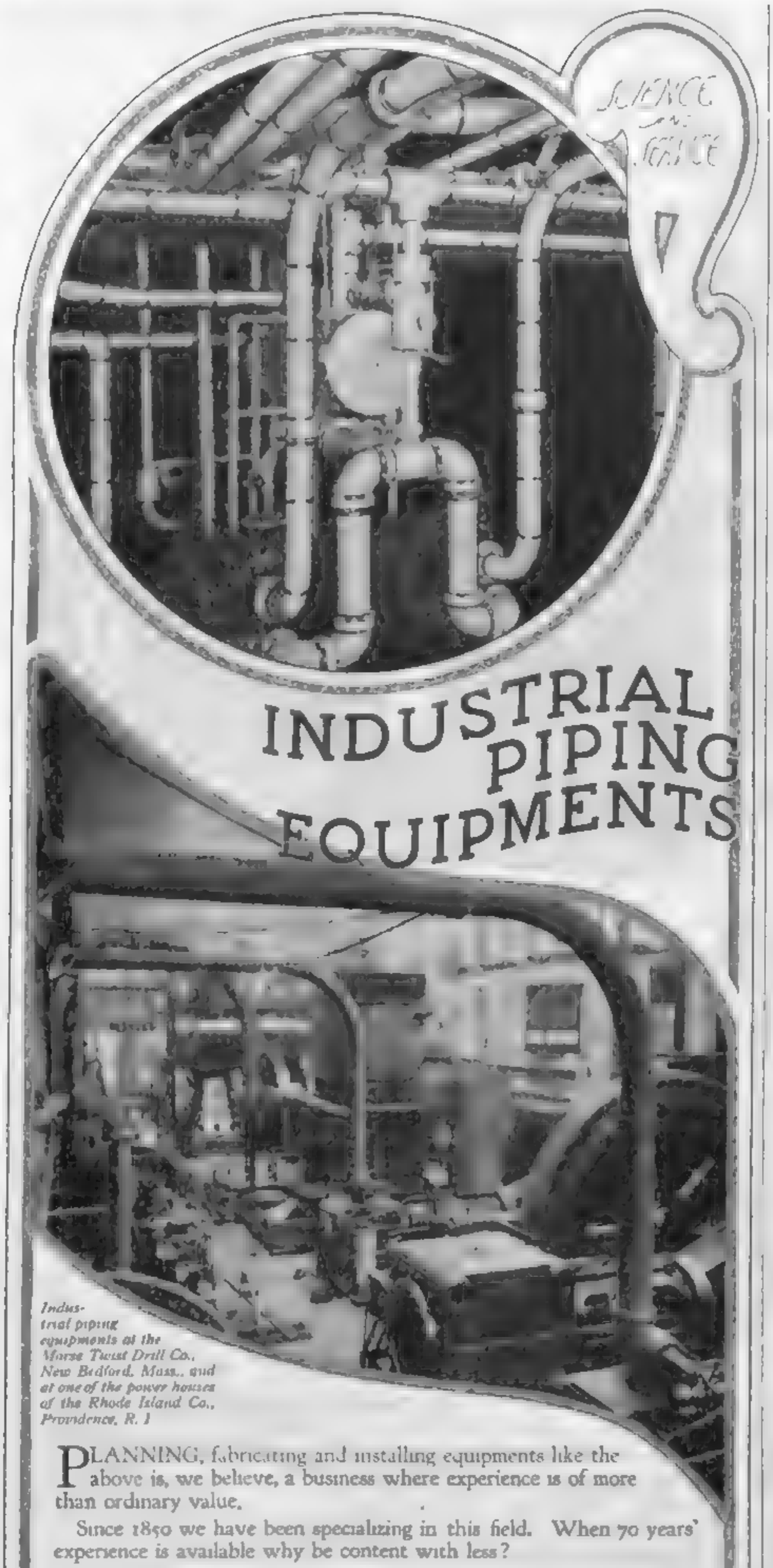

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"Oh, I know all that's true, Mr. Jordan. But in this case it sort of goes against the grain. I'm afraid I'm stubborn and you probably think I'm too suspicious. But I feel like I'd been taken in, because my partner, Duley, and Waxman didn't let me know all the facts. Now I find I let myself get full of soothing sirup and I'm just comin' out of my trance."

"See here, Dunlap," interposed Jordan, "let's get at the fundamentals of this matter. Mogridge undertook to play sharp; isn't that so?"

"He did."

"He was in a fair way to ruin your business."

"I don't think so. He could have made us lots of trouble ——"

"He was successfully opposing your efforts to raise additional capital. Furthermore I rather think he could have tied you up in dangerous litigation in connection with the canceled contracts. I want to tell you Mogridge is a bad man to antagonize, because he's a fighter with a great many handy weapons and he doesn't fight fair. He's tricky and unscrupulous.

"I put more than a hundred thousand dollars into your business. With the management I promised not to interfere, and I also assured you I would make no further attempt to increase my holdings. But I had a perfect right to attack Mogridge, because he was attacking a business in which I had a substantial interest. You had no right to ask me not to defend myself, and I did no more than that."

"Maybe. But how about the innocent bystanders the clipping tells of?"

"You mean the stockholders of Burns-Elkman who were shaken out? Well, where would they have been if Mogridge and his crowd had remained in power?"

Jud didn't know.

"Do you think Mogridge, who managed to line up control of the company with the one idea of forcing you by a kind of blackmail to part with your Ashaluna property, would have had any special consideration for small Burns-Elkman shareholders? Do you think a manipulator like Mogridge a safe man to place in charge of the interests of several thousand farmers or other minority owners? In time he'd have shaken them down much worse than the sudden flurry the other day, which was necessary to unseat him and which really did a minimum of damage.

"Dunlap, I'm always sorry for the under dog, especially if he's an abused innocent under dog. I hope to see fewer under dogs. But it is better for a few investors to suffer to-day, along with Mogridge and a great many professional shorts who were due to get squeezed, than for Mogridge to be left in undisputed control to do his mischief in his own way later. Now have I made the matter clear to you?"

"Mr. Jordan," said Jud, "it all comes from my bein' ignorant and jumpin' at conclusions. What you say is simple and plain and I believe it's the truth. I'm certainly much obliged for the explanation. But I hope you don't assume that the Ashaluna situation is changed a mite. I promised you to talk it over—strictly on its merits. I'll keep my word. Don't think me impudent—and I am not tryin' to be defiant. But until I'm convinced I ought to let go of the sluice I'm goin' to hang on—and it won't help a mite if you turn Wall Street inside out. I'm afraid I've caused a heap of trouble comin' to New York and I suppose if I'd guessed how things would be I'd never had courage to leave home.

"I'll be goin' over to the factory. Duley's worryin' for fear I'll get you down on us. Why are folks afraid of you, Mr. Jordan? Did you ever bite your keeper, or anything?"

The great man smiled.

"Tell your partner not to worry," he said. "You and I are not going to quarrel. Do not consider that the recent episodes here in Wall Street which affect the churn company have the least bearing upon the Ashaluna matter. I do want you to regard me as your friend, but not for mercenary reasons.

"I have never tried to make men afraid of me unless there was a reason. I'm a rather amiable art-loving old gentleman. Why, forty years or more ago I actually imagined I might become a painter! If my father hadn't died and left me a business and a family to be responsible for I might have developed into a mild-mannered chap wearing too much hair and a Windsor tie. Business is a hard master, Dunlap. I've always felt that in me it deprived the world of a genius."

"Now ain't that hell!" replied Judson Dunlap with deep feeling.

XXI

"DULE," announced Jud Dunlap on his return to the office of the Independent Churn Corporation, "you and I are goin' to dine with L. J. next Thursday night."

"You don't say!" rejoined Duley. "How do you know I haven't a previous engagement?"

"I don't. But if you have you can cancel it. This is important. Jordan wants to talk about the Ashaluna."

"I thought you were off Jordan, Jud. This morning when you started for his office you were going to take him apart like a gasoline motor and show him where he needed new bearings or something. That is, I gathered you expected as much. I rather thought you might come back with only one arm. Looks now like a draw. Who did the taming, Jud?"

"Oh, I guess neither one of us is so terrible ferocious. The old boy seems to like me right well. He explained all about that Burns-Elkman deal, and now I understand it I haven't got a word to say. And we can reinstate our contracts first thing we do."

"Hoo-ray, Jud! Bully for you!"

"Bully for Jordan, you mean. No credit to me."

"But, hopeless, Jordan wouldn't take all this interest in some dub. Great Scott, modesty is one thing, but a lack of decent self-respect gives me a definitely localized pain! How about this dinner Thursday?"

"Jordan asked me if I wasn't about ready to talk sluice and I said I was, any time at all. So he studied over his dates and called in a couple of assistants that help him keep track of such things and finally said he'd like to make it Thursday night and asked if I'd find out if it would be convenient for you. I said I didn't need to ask—it would."

"Well, boss, as long as you've gone and done it I suppose it's settled. As a matter of fact, I had a very important poker game scheduled for that evening."

"I guess you can manage. I've got to get away early too. An hour's talk after we eat will prob'ly clean things up."

"Got a date, Jud?"

"Yes, if you want to know, I've got a date. It's with a girl, too, a terrible nice one. I wouldn't hesitate to tell the world she's the finest and handsomest and brightest young lady in the entire city of New York."

"But, Jud, this isn't like you. I never heard you rave about a girl before. You're not in love, are you?"

"Don't know. I kind of think I am. I'm not real familiar with the symptoms, but according to what I've read in books I judge I'm elected."

"Well, I wish you joy. Aside from your art bug, I thought you had more sense, Jud, if you keep on developing unsuspected weaknesses I don't know what's to become of you or of us. What's happened to your solicitude for the down-trodden stockholders of Burns-Elkman?"

"I'm not worryin' about 'em as much as I would be if they were in old Mogridge's clutches."

"You begin to display commendable intelligence. What's brought you to the point of talking Ashaluna with Jordan?"

"Art."

"Art!" repeated Duley. He looked obliquely at his partner, a knowing and suspicious skepticism in his eyes. "Art!"

"Sure—art. That's what I said—art. L. J.'s got a houseful of pictures. I want to see 'em and hear him talk about 'em. And there's another reason too."

"Now," said Duley, "we begin to get down to cases. Another reason is the reason, Jud. You're a sly bird, but old Dule is beginning to get wise."

Dunlap seemed puzzled.

"Oh, you hush! What am I sly about?"

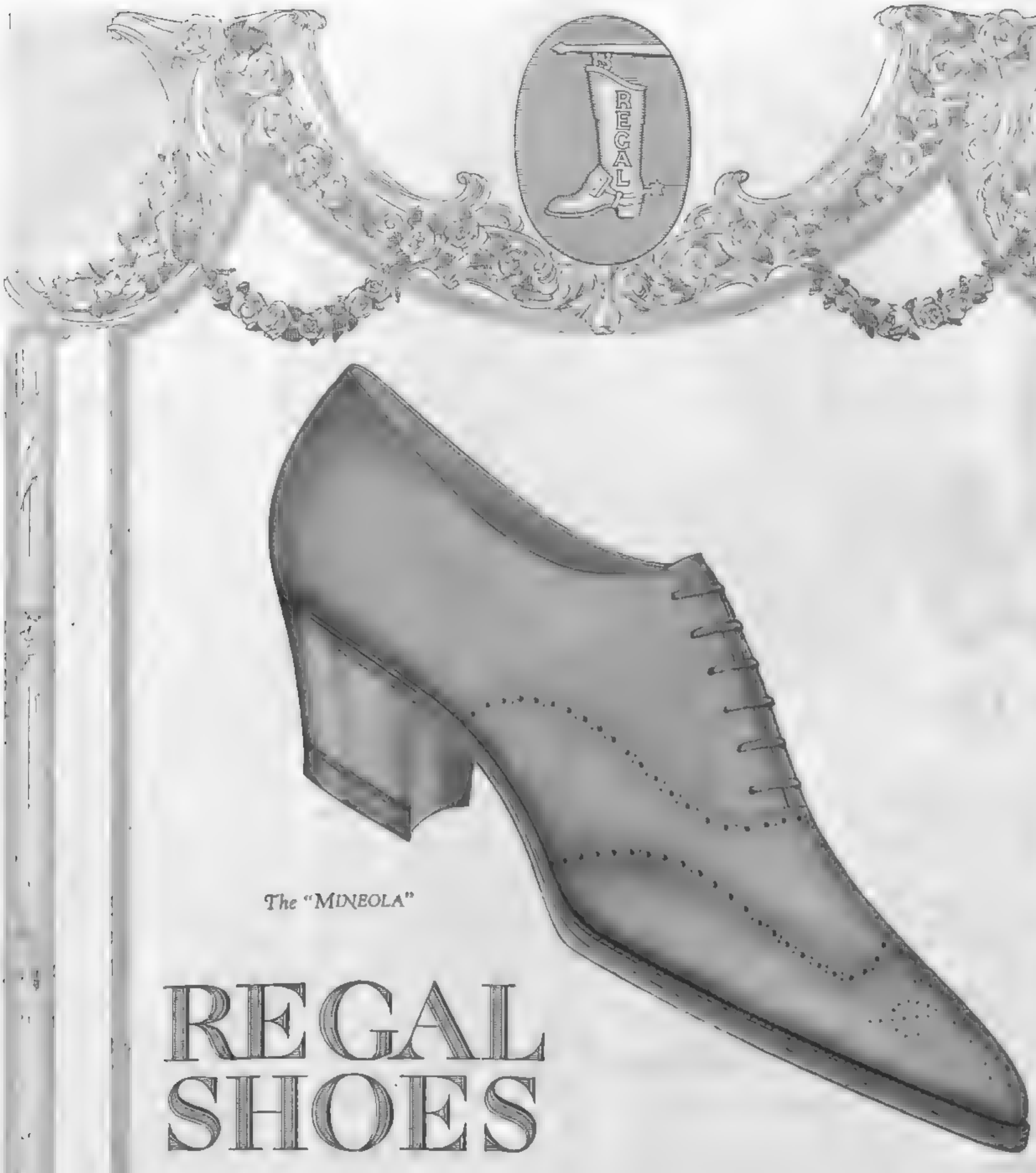
"Jud, tell me the truth. If you go to Jordan's Thursday will it be the first time you've ever been in his house?"

"Honest Injun, Dule, I never set foot across L. J.'s doorsill in my life. I'd like to though."

"I should think you might."

"Dule, didn't you tell me you knew L. J.'s girls?"

(Continued on Page 88



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Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 86)

"I've met 'em."

"Like 'em?"

"They're all right—trifle inaccessible though."

"There's one of 'em that paints."

"If you refer to the lady's complexion, Jud ——"

"Oh, dog-gone it, Dule, be serious a minute! She's an artist. She's good too. What I want to know is, is she a sort of odd stick? Is she a freak or something?"

Austin Parsons Duley sat for a moment in apparent bewilderment. Then he rose and put on his hat.

"Jud," he said, "I've said you beat anything in my experience. But I have heretofore given you the credit of being sane. Now I've got to be shown! I'm going over to town to have lunch with Ambrose Holt. Be back about two."

Jud gazed in sheer amazement at the door which had closed behind his partner. Instead of answering a civil question Duley had handed him that strange line of talk—and what could be the explanation? Duley acted as if he were exceedingly irritated, and that was most unusual. Jud carefully reviewed the conversation preceding Duley's departure, but could find in it no cause of offense.

Well, it was funny—but say, maybe Duley knew the Jordan girls better than Jud supposed. Maybe the one who painted pictures was a particular friend. He might even be in love with her. Say, that would be tough! Jud had called her an odd stick, a freak. Poor old Dule! His feelings were hurt. No wonder. Jud had been pretty rough.

That afternoon he framed an apology:

"Dule, I'm sorry for what I said. I—you—say, I didn't know I was treading on dangerous ground. You know, Dule, I wouldn't hurt your feelings—I don't know the young lady, of course, and I hadn't ought—I mean, I ought to not spoke—spoken like I—said the things I did. I guess she's a very nice girl and she sure can paint. L. J. showed me a picture she did of the Ashaluna hills that's a wonder."

Duley surveyed Jud with a hopelessly puzzled eye.

"I don't exactly know what you're talking about," he said. "You don't have to apologize to me. The thing that beats me, however, is how you expect to get away with that stuff when we're both going to dine with L. J. and presumably his whole family in two or three days."

Jud opened his mouth in rejoinder, but at that instant the telephone at his elbow rang. The call kept him busy fifteen minutes. About the time he hung up a telegram came from Silver, of Burns-Elkman, in Chicago. Silver wanted one of the partners to take the earliest possible train and come to Chicago to reinstate the churn contracts. The earliest possible train was the Twentieth Century at two-thirty.

"You go," said Jud, looking at his watch.

"I can just make it," replied Duley. "I'll take the tube to Grand Central. Be back Thursday, I guess, for Jordan's dinner. Won't even have time to run home for my bag."

"Oh, buy a new one and charge it to I. I. C. C.," said Jud. "Good luck, buddy. On your way."

He sat and pondered for some time after Duley had gone. Something twisted somewhere. Well, it could wait until his partner got back. And so he turned to the affairs of the I. I. C. C., a little undercurrent of disquiet disturbing his thoughts of Duley, but a very real pleasure animating them whenever they dwelt upon the coming visit to the big treasure-filled house on Fifth Avenue.

XXII

JUDSON DUNLAP in khaki, Judson Dunlap in the garb of a woodsman, Judson Dunlap in his cheap store clothes and impossible shoes, Judson Dunlap in the acceptable mufti of a young business man, Judson Dunlap in oil-smeared overalls, Judson Dunlap in evening clothes ——

Well, he would always be Judson Dunlap, even though his dress indexed the multiple phases of his character and the rapid changes brought about by his New York experiences.

Duley arrived Thursday afternoon, too late to go to the office. Shortly before six he called the Arthurfield.

"Jud? This is Dule. All ready for the party? Did you get you some evening stuff?"

"Sure! I tumbled to that long ago. I wasn't goin' to. Thought my business clothes would be good enough, but then I decided it wouldn't be very polite to act as if I didn't care what people considered proper. Other folks' opinions are good as mine, I guess. Besides, I didn't want to look different. So I went and bought the whole works, and lemme tell you I'm havin' one hell of a time with the necktie this minute. But I'll lick the thing if it busts the third commandment worse'n Humpty Dumpty's eggs."

"Know the address?"

"I'll find it all right. Big house on Fifth Avenue. I'll take the bus and get off when I come to it. Sign up those contracts? That's good. Well, Dule, see you later."

Having finally conquered the recalcitrant tie, Mr. Judson Dunlap in the approved habiliments of fashion stepped forth from the humble portal of his third-rate hotel and half an hour later descended from the lurching roof of his chariot of gas and grind before the imposing turrets of the Jordan house.

"Blame if the's any door," he grumbled, scanning the Fifth Avenue façade. Round on the cross-street side, however, he found the tall arched entrance with its vast wrought-iron gate and short approach between walk and step.

"Lives on Fifth Avenue without getting the credit—well, say!"

Jud paused and surveyed the number set in small figures of polished brass into the carved stone flanking the steps.

"Can't be—yes, sir, it is. Don't understand that. Must be some mistake. Sure is the number she said—guess I couldn't forget that."

At this moment a taxi drove up to the curb and Jud's partner appeared.

"'Lo, Jud! Right on time, I see."

"'Lo, Dule. Glad to see you back. Glad things went all right with you. Hope you'll think I bought the proper duds. I sort of missed you to help me pick 'em out. Fellow stuck me a terrible price, but I won't mind if he hasn't unloaded somethin' on me that'll make me look cheap."

Together they entered and surrendered hats, coats and sticks to the footman.

"Can't seem to dodge 'em," said Jud. "Wonder if there'll be one to cut my meat for me?"

"Well, boys," came a booming voice from somewhere, "glad to see you. Did you run across Eggleston? Come along up here."

Jud gazed aloft and beheld the genial face of his host, who beamed down at his newly arrived guests from the head of a colossal flight of broad stairs ascending to a colonnaded balcony which encircled an inner court. The impression made upon the appreciative Jud by this court was one of indescribable loveliness. Priceless rugs, deep, soft and of inimitable color harmonies, covered the tiled floor and led up the great staircase, which divided at a broad landing and finished in two shorter flights leading in opposite directions to the colonnade. All about were big tropical plants, palm trees two or three times a man's height, flowering vines, shrubbery of abundant and graceful foliage. The soft air held a subtle and mild perfume. From concealed sources far above fell a soft golden light seemingly as warming and genial as that of the sun itself.

That this should be a private residence seemed to Jud utterly impossible; and yet it held somehow the atmosphere of a home. He couldn't explain it, but it was there. With Duley he ascended the stairs to take the outstretched hand of his host.

Jordan led the partners along the balcony to one of the remoter doors, through which he passed into a comparatively small room intended, as its furnishings indicated, exclusively for masculine occupancy. There was an engaging disorderliness about it. The chairs, big and comfortable, were in some cases quite worn. On the walls hung a curious collection of pictures, a systemless miscellany of photographs, sporting prints, water colors and lithographs. The frames were in some cases ancient and battered. Among the pictures hung unframed playbills held in place by thumb tacks, and several animal heads surveyed the scene from the higher spaces. An arms rack filled with modern shotguns and rifles occupied a place on one wall. More weapons of the same sort stood in the corners along with sundry fishing rods, landing nets and canoe paddles. An ancient black-felt hat hung from the tip of a deer horn, its band laced with trout flies.

"Sit down," said Jordan. He produced cigarettes

"I don't know," hesitated Jud. "I never got much used to smokin'. Most of the boys in the Army smoked all they could get."

He lighted his cigarette awkwardly, looking cross-eyed along his nose at the match flame and puffing with perfunctory ineptitude.

"Maybe you'd rather have a cigar," suggested his host, but Jud declined.

"You expect Eggleston?" queried Duley.

"Yes. He knows his way. Here he is now."

Eggleston entered, soon to be followed by a footman pushing a cocktail wagon.

"Duley?" Jordan turned from one guest to another. Duley nodded. "Eggleston?"

"You know me, chief."

"Dunlap?"

Jud considered for the fraction of a second. His experience with stimulants was limited. Aside from an occasional glass of beer and in France a moderate indulgence in "van ord'naire" he had scarcely a bowing acquaintance with the well-known demon. He had heard a good deal about the deadly and insidious nature of cocktails. Now evidently it was expected of him and he would be different if he declined. Jud hated to attract attention by any eccentricity. He wanted to keep his head on his shoulders. But gosh, all this was an everyday matter with his companions!

"Sure!" he said.

He watched Jordan's manipulation of the ice, the jigger, bottles, shaker; it was very painstakingly done. L. J. applied to the mixing of a cocktail the same meticulous thoroughness which had made his business affairs successful.

To Jud the result hardly seemed to justify the effort, but Eggleston and Duley, after the first sip, exchanged eloquent glances which evidenced the keenest appreciation. However, in about sixty seconds Jud became aware of an agreeable and genially warm spot located adjacent to the third button of his dress shirt. He was also conscious of anticipatory thrills when he thought of dinner. The dinner would be good, no doubt of that. The world in fact possessed at that moment many advantages as a place of residence, and the particular portion of the world within scope of Jud's vision seemed exceptionally attractive. The friendly company pleased him, the atmosphere of good cheer and well-being, the elimination for the moment of worries, of problems, of business.

These men were his friends—Duley, plump, warm-hearted, good-humored, impulsive, loyal; L. J., a great man but human, who knew many of the things Jud knew concerning wild places, the ways of beasts and the haunts of trout; Eggleston, sleek, urbane, among them all the truly typical New Yorker, as different from Dunlap as oil from water, yet in his way quite well-intentioned, if only because it was expedient to follow the lead of his chief.

Not a very big chap, Eggleston, though doubtless adroit and useful, Jud thought. A man one could handle and profit through handling, like a high-bred horse. The horse wouldn't amount to a darn unless his owner knew how to manage him. Duley was different from Eggleston. He was a scrapper, resourceful, independent, full of energy and alertness. He looked lazy, but his indolence was only physical and he could overcome it instantly at need. A good man, Duley. You could get most anything out of Duley—if you understood him.

But Jordan, with his great white-thatched head, his heavy brows, deep-set penetrating eyes, drooping mustache and firm mouth—there was a man for you! You saw him, you heard him, but more you felt him! He was full of electricity, radiating magnetism. Ordinary mortals sensing the irresistible tug of that personality became panicky, as an inept swimmer feels the undertow and the need of fighting to keep from being overcome.

But Dunlap knew he had nothing to fear. Let the breakers roll and thunder, he'd always ride over them and come up smiling, even if occasionally one frothed about his ears.

"I guess that concludes the curtain raiser," Jordan was saying. "Let's look for the merry villagers."

L. J. was, then, in festive mood this evening. He stood aside for the three younger men to pass out, then guided them along the balcony to a lofty and indescribably beautiful drawing-room. Instantly Jud

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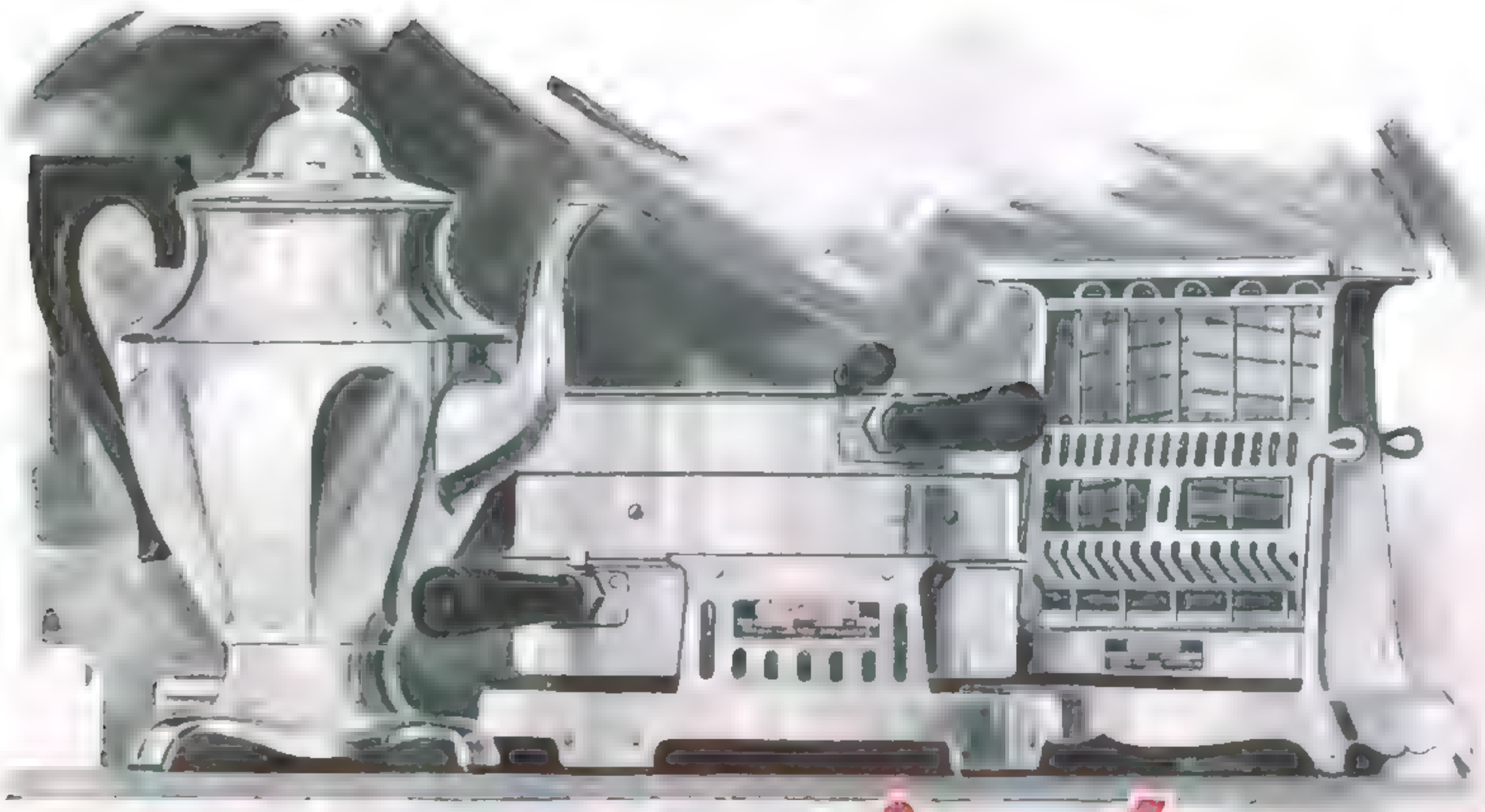
Painted for American Chicle Co. by C. Coles Phillips. © 1920
ADAMS
California Fruit
Gum
ADAMS
CHICLE



Hotpoint

—cool, summer-time cookery

Do your hot-weather cooking right on the table rather than in a close, stuffy kitchen. Set the table in the coolest room in the house or out on the porch—wherever there is an electric light socket. Table cookery adds a pleasing zest to any meal.

Suppose it's breakfast—

— put the coffee and the cold water into your Hotpoint Percolator; insert plug. In 8 or 10 minutes you pour coffee amber clear and piping hot *(5 or 6 cups)*

— in the meantime bacon and eggs are cooking on the Grill, both at the same time, the eggs frying above the glowing coils and the bacon broiling below

— now, put a couple of pieces of bread on the Toaster and by the time the other things are served you will have your toast—brown, hot and crunchy

No waiting; no fuss and bother; no running back and forth to kitchen. It's simplicity itself.

Or, perhaps it's luncheon—

— many combinations suggest themselves for the Grill. For instance, minced potatoes simmering in cream in the lower dish, while tuna or salmon or dried beef is creaming in the upper dish

— now, for the toast, crispy and hot, and you can serve a delectable luncheon without moving out of the cool, carefully shaded dining room

Yes, Hotpoint table cookery is entirely practical for hot-weather dinners, too, because you can broil chops or steaks in the Grill. And by using Ovenette (a little oven) over the Grill you can bake biscuits or shortcake and even roast a chicken to perfection right on the table.

There are more than 20,000 dealers who are ready to show you how to cook in cool comfort and who will explain the special advantages of Hotpoint appliances for hot-weather use. See the dealer near you.

EDISON
NEWS NOTES

War-time cooking for 316,500 persons was done on 4,800 pieces of electrical apparatus in English canteens, hospitals and national kitchens. The apparatus installed on English boats consisted of 12,750 pieces, serving 63,000 sailors daily.

For all purposes of cooking and heating in the British army and navy a total of 160,650 pieces of apparatus were used during the war. It is estimated that this year the public will buy electric ranges to the value of $4,000,000.

Lighting experts recommend the use of 600-watt electric lamp sockets in all kitchens so that an adapter can be used on an electric iron and a Mazda lamp.

When you build your house or your architect prepares specifications, be sure enough convenience electrical outlets are provided so you can freely use electrical household appliances.

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For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following
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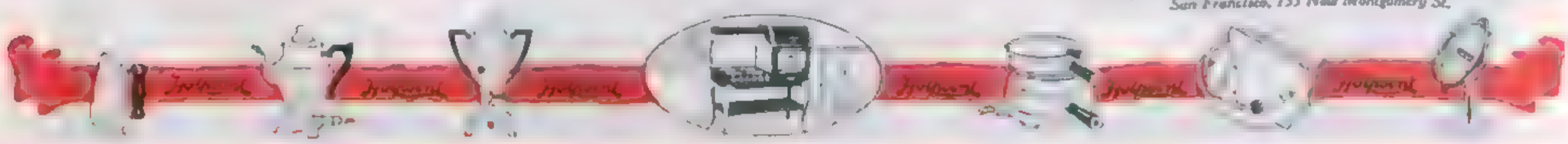
Seattle, Maritime Bldg. — *Chicago, 157 W. Lake St.*
Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade — *New York, 140-142 Sixth Ave.*
Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg. — *Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St.*
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.



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Dunlap lost that feeling of homelikeness in the great house. He couldn't tell why. He felt stiff, ill at ease, formal. Somewhere in the discreet shadows lurked girls—ladies. Duley had called the Jordan girls inaccessible. Why the dickens wouldn't they be, meeting their friends in a room like part of a hotel? Jud thought it would have been nicer if the girls had just wandered into L. J.'s den—only, of course, the old boy wanted to show off his big house.

He stepped forward with his companions. Immediately the ladies materialized, just as Jud had expected. Only there were two instead of three. They were stunning—no doubt of that—regal, big girls, well gowned, but to Jud's relief without extreme décolleté. He was a little surprised to find them rather simple, very gracious, even to the point of chattiness. Instantly he understood why people thought them inaccessible. They were like their father. They possessed mental and physical reserves and you were sure they were always perfectly in hand.

They greeted Eggleston and Duley as old acquaintances.

"Emily," said L. J., "this is my friend Mr. Dunlap, of Ashaluna. Mildred, Mr. Dunlap. Now you can go ahead and talk about the woods as much as you like."

Both young women had made various trips to Caribou Lodge. If Jud had ever been a guide he would have known them—but only as a guide. Now meeting them on common ground, he recalled that little talk with Mary Beverly back on the far shoulder of Moosehorn Mountain.

"I ain't never be'n no dude's lackey," he had said.

They were nice, normal, well-bred girls. He wondered where the third could be—the freak.

He knew he ought not to think of that third Jordan girl as a freak. It was only because Mary Beverly had unwittingly implanted the impression in his mind. Maybe one of these two was the painter. He wanted very much to ask, but hesitated through sheer diffidence.

"Yes," he heard himself saying, "that spring on Tilbury Ridge is a dandy. I was intendin' to clean it out and sort of wall it up with stone, but I never got to it and nobody else ever seemed to take interest enough. It's nice water. Hard to find, though, because the outlet disappears a few yards away from the spring—just naturally tumbles into a hole in the ground. You know that great big spring down in Potter Gully two-three miles below? Well, that's where she boils up again, I think. Can't ever be sure, but I figure it out that way. You ladies expect to go to Ashaluna again this fall?"

"We don't," replied Emily. "Mary has spoken of getting up a party—our sister, you know."

"Yes, I heard you had a sister."

So her name was Mary! Jud liked that name, though he rather resented its being tacked on a freak.

"She's the really famous member of our family," said Mildred. "Emily and I aren't talented."

"Oh," said Jud, "she's the one that did that picture in your father's office? It's grand. You ought to be terrible proud of her."

"I guess we are terrible proud of her," agreed Emily. "Mary's a darling. You'll love her."

"That'll be easy," said Jud. "I guess I love her already, after seein' the picture. I love that all right. Paintin' is somethin' I'm crazy about. Thought once I might do a little ——"

"Why, Juddy Dunlap," put in Austin Duley, "you must be careful what you tell these people. Remember, it's the first time they've seen you. You ought not to give them a wrong idea of you."

He patted Jud affectionately on the shoulder.

"Miss Jordan—ladies"—Duley waved an eloquent hand—"Mr. Dunlap is perfectly sane, I assure you—on most subjects. It excites him dreadfully, however, to speak of art. Please go easy with him or we shall discover him one of these days perched on a ladder decorating the blank wall of some building with a hosiery advertisement. He must not be encouraged."

"Matter with Dule," complained Jud pathetically, "is jealousy. He hasn't a soul for art. His idea of a pretty picture is a party that stands on his head either way you hold him and looks best when arranged in groups of four."

The girls laughed and Duley admitted that Jud was unexpectedly present with the repartee.

"Where is this talented sister of yours?" asked Jud.

"Mary? Oh, she's late as usual. Probably mooning round some exhibition. She's awfully temperamental, Mr. Dunlap. She spends whole days at the Metropolitan."

"Does she?" asked Jud absently.

He had a curious all-gone feeling as if the cocktail had suddenly died out in him. Quite without warning certain utterly detached circumstances had arranged themselves in his mind, like those absurd animated letters on a photo-play screen. It was as if a lot of building blocks thrown helter-skelter on a table had at a word of command lined up and spelled a perfectly good sentence.

"Mooning round some exhibition—awfully temperamental—Metropol——"

And her name was Mary—what had been the initials on that Ashaluna picture? M. B. J.? And Mary, his Mary, could paint! There had been that portrait—then the cross-town street address ——

Jud turned to Emily Jordan.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm awful sorry. I wasn't—listenin'. I—somethin' you said about—your sister and art and all kind of started me off at a tangent."

"You must get a little homesick at times," suggested the girl.

Jud smiled.

"That's the funny part about it. I'd think I would, but somehow I don't. I'll tell you. I've been mighty interested in things here in New York—things and people. I don't know which has interested me most, things or people."

"Have you met a great many?"

"No, not so very many. Awfully fine ones, though, the ones I have met. All but one or two. I'm goin' to live round here, I guess."

"Really?"

"Over the other side of the Hudson—back of the Palisades. My mother's comin' to keep house for me. Like to have you folks come over when we get settled."

Jud's endangered calm had been saved. It had been a narrow squeak. He knew what he would do though. He wasn't afraid, unless Mary—by golly, why didn't she come?

She appeared at almost the next breath. Her black eyes sparkled, her round cheeks glowed with lovely color. Jud had never seen her look so amazingly pretty.

"I'm so sorry," she cried. "Hello, Austin Duley! What an age it's been! Hello, Mr. Eggleston! I almost called you Eggy—only one mustn't, of course. And ——"

"Mr. Dunlap," said Jordan.

"Mr. Dunlap? From Ashaluna? How delightful!"

Mary Beverly coolly stretched forth a tiny but competent hand. Her spasmodic pressure was the only signal she gave him of any agitation. His wooden exterior had evidently met the situation.

"I'm pleased to see you," said Jud. "I was just talkin' to your sisters about you. I've seen your Ashaluna picture down at your father's office and—well, the initials in the corner didn't tell me anything. But I've found out. I've found out. Quite a surprise."

Mary's eyes widened a warning and Jud chuckled. Whatever her reasons might be, she was delightfully friendly.

"Oh," she said to the assembled company, "now I've found someone who really appreciates me!"

She laid her hand on Jud's arm and he thrilled as he felt the grip of her fingers through the cloth of his new evening coat.

"As if we didn't!" said Mildred.

"But Mr. Dunlap was born in Ashaluna. He knows ——"

"She means I'm a genuine Ashalunatic," put in Jud.

"Very neat, very neat indeed," said Eggleston amid the laughter.

He looked slantingly at the big countryman. Was this the raw and bucolic youth whom his partner, Dabney, had found in an unspeakable East Side dive and who even now inhabited that messy Arthurfield? The ineradicable signs of his origin—a certain breeziness, an odd native twang in his speech, an unconventional freedom of gesture—they were still there, yet ——

"By Jove, the fellow's a fine figure," thought the Wall Street man. "I wonder who taught him to wear clothes?"

The man who had taught Judson to wear clothes was gazing at his protégé in ludicrous perplexity.

"I'd have sworn he wouldn't get away with it," he told himself. "It's a frame-up, as I live. But who would ever have credited Mary Jordan with being such a little devil? And what would L. J. think? Old Jud's a pretty smooth worker, but ——"

Duley shook his head and offered his arm to Miss Mildred Jordan. He wasn't sure—the thing was cleverly done—but without a moment's hesitation the countryman fell in with Emily. Eggleston paired with Mary and the financier brought up the rear. In another minute dinner was under way.

Judson Dunlap became exceedingly busy. He needed a cool head. Many a time he had piloted a canoe through rapids where few dared take the risk. Again and again he had braved the storms of the Ashaluna, coming safely through vicissitudes calculated to daunt the strongest. And wasn't he a winner of the Croix de Guerre? Hadn't he lugged Mary Beverly Jordan on his back through six miles of blinding snow and deepening drifts? Well, he could get through this dinner then. But he had never in his life been quite so near quitting cold. Hun bullets had nothing on this.

Of course from the Jordan point of view it was all very simple and informal. This was what they called dining *en famille*. Good land, a state occasion must be a devil of a thing! Jud hoped they'd never make company of him. He grinned to himself, contrasting that noontime dinner back home the day after Mary Beverly's rescue, when his mother had put on a lot of style and served two kinds of pie.

However, the interminable succession of courses proceeded. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. A man in livery kept pussyfooting up behind Jud and pouring a bubbly liquid into his glass. Jud sipped it and thought of some extra-fine hard cider in a barrel in the cellar at Ashaluna. He knew what the cider would do to a chap who took too much at a time, and he approached the bubbly liquid with due caution. Once in France he had tasted something quite similar and remembered that some of his buddies paid dearly for too much familiarity with it. Nevertheless, he felt pretty keen and managed to handle without mistake whatever conversation came his way.

L. J. at the table's head was having a beautiful time. He beamed patriarchally and boomed unlimited anecdote. Often when he had violated every principle of veracity he would turn to Jud.

"Now isn't that so, Dunlap? You know—you've been there. You'll bear me out, eh?"

"Sure, Mr. Jordan! I'll swear to anything."

Presently the financier suggested: "You girls come into the den. We'll have our coffee there and then you can make yourselves scarce. We men have a little business to talk over."

It was a relief to Jud to quit the great, overpoweringly splendid dining room and return to the comparative informality of L. J.'s retreat, where so many things reminded him that a barrel of money didn't necessarily stop a man from being human.

"Come and sit by me," said Mary Beverly, preëmpting a somewhat battered but very inviting leather divan.

It was the first word she had spoken to Jud for some time. Their positions at dinner had not favored conversation. Now he felt a little flutter of the heart as he sank into the place she made for him at her side.

"You think I'm dreadful," she whispered when no one appeared to be observing. "How shall I ever clear myself?"

"Don't worry," replied Jud. "Whatever you say will be all right with me. Didn't I behave all right? Did I mix up my forks?"

"You behaved beautifully. You're an angel."

A footman brought coffee. He was an old and well-trained servant who had never made a mistake in his life. For Gilchrist to err was as unheard of as for the sun to forget to rise.

The sun has not to date omitted this important function, wherein it has something on poor Gilchrist. For on this occasion Gilchrist, in the parlance of the Polo Grounds, pulled one triumphant bone. Gilchrist least of all could have explained how it happened, but happen it did.

He spilled a demi-tasse on Jud Dunlap's hand.

Jud flinched, for the coffee was scalding. Then he coolly righted the cup and passed it back to the devastated footman—but not until Mary Beverly Jordan had duplicated Gilchrist's blunder—in seriousness if not in kind.

"Oh, Jud!" she cried.

Her exclamation was full of the deepest solicitude. Jud was calmly patting the scalded spot with his napkin.

"That's all right, Mary," he said.

The discomfiture of Gilchrist was instantly lost sight of in the utter astonishment following this revealing interchange of given names.

Jud! Mary!

"The beans are spilled now," thought Austin Duley.

Eggleston was staring at the couple on the couch, his eyes fairly popping. Lafayette Jordan seemed to have frozen into a lowering and Rodinesque statue, his coffee cup halfway to his lips. Mary's sisters were quite as speechless as the rest.

Mary Beverly, glowing scarlet from throat to brow, looked defiantly round the circle of amazement. Her companion in chagrin awaited developments, still patting the burned spot.

"I don't blame you for looking as if you'd felt an earthquake," said Mary. "But the fact is, Jud—Mr. Dunlap and I have known each other a long time. He—he—he made me promise not to tell anyone, but he is the gentleman who saved my life last winter."

An appreciable relaxation of the tension became evident.

"You remember when I scared you all nearly to death by disappearing in the storm? You remember I couldn't seem to tell very clearly where I'd been or who had kept me from dying? That was because Jud was frightened to death of being made a hero of. He wouldn't let me tell."

All eyes were turned upon Jud, who fidgeted sheepishly.

"First time I ever saw Jud when he wasn't as calm as a mill pond," remarked Duley. "Sly old dog!"

"He's perfectly splendid anyway," insisted Mary. "He's got a Croix de Guerre and everything. His mother showed it to me, and she's a dear. I helped Jud pick out a home for her, didn't I, Jud?"

Mary Beverly was evidently bent on making the most of a sensational situation now that the cat was out of the bag.

"Do you mean to tell me, Dunlap, that at the time you visited my office and admired this young lady's painting and told me you wished to meet her and thank her you knew that ——"

"No, he didn't," said Mary. "He didn't know anything. I've treated him shamefully and he hadn't the slightest idea until he met me here to-night that I was Mary Beverly Jordan—because I never told him. I'm a little beast, I know—but oh, dear people, it was wonderful while it lasted!

"I nearly got panicky about this dinner. It interfered with my plans, too, because I'd invited Jud to call and I meant to tell him the whole story."

Turning suddenly to Dunlap, she demanded: "Please explain how you happen to be dining out on the evening you were to call on me."

"Well," said Jud calmly, "I seem to be calling on you, don't I? If not, why, after I've talked business with your father a while I'll go out to the front door and ring the bell and send you my card. How would that do?"

XXIII

HALF an hour later the ladies retired, leaving the four men in Jordan's den to discuss the project of his Ashaluna development plan and the possible purchase of Jud's property at Ashaluna sluice.

"This has been a strange evening," observed the financier. "Dunlap, Fate has something to do with the relations between you and me. We can't get away from it. If I needed anything further to convince me the escapade of that lady pirate of mine would do it. No man ever came into my life who disturbed its current as you have done. Curiously enough, this has not been by intention on your part, either in a business way or social way. In fact it seems to have been in spite of you. If you're a superstitious man I don't see how you have the nerve to resist Fate any longer."

"Me? I'm not resistin' Fate. Only Fate has got to have some pretty convincing arguments to get away with that sluice property, Mr. Jordan."

"Dunlap, I shall put the proposition to you solely on its merits. I didn't invite you here to influence you in any other way. Before you leave I shall be happy to show you

(Continued on Page 93)

Without looking, she finds her favorites in the Sampler

THE MESSAGE OF THE SAMPLER—"The man who sent me thinks you will enjoy my beauty and appreciate my quaint bit of needle-craft. He thinks you care for color and form and dainty arrangement, and also that you have the cultivated taste to discriminate the delicate flavors which distinguish chocolates and confections of the better kind. The fellow certainly has a flattering opinion of you, but I am not permitted to say any more at this time"—

The Sampler Messenger

The SAMPLER and other Whitman packages are shipped direct to the local stores acting as Whitman agents, and every package is signed, sealed and guaranteed by

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Philadelphia
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Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

(Continued from Page 91)

some interesting things—pictures, carvings, a very fine collection of cameos—but we will leave all that until later.

"Ordinarily I don't mix my business and social affairs. If I had not made myself plain in advance I should feel very discourteous in asking you here to dinner and then spoiling the good evening hours with business. But I think you understand the situation. It is the only time within a fortnight that I can devote to a talk I have wanted to have with you ever since you came to New York."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Jordan. I guess you think I haven't always been as accommodating as I should have been. But the churn business has sure taught me what it was to be busy.

"Now the reason I don't feel like sellin' the sluice is just this: There's a great big valley—over three thousand square miles of it. It's my home. I don't want to see it under water.

"Folks that have lived there for generations belong to families that are friends or relations of my family. The Dunlaps have owned the sluice farm from the days of my great-great-grandfather. I hate to see all these families dispossessed, even on a promise of compensation for their property.

"Then there's the lumber. Ashaluna's hard cut now. In eight or ten years the trees'll be grown again big enough to log. Seems a shame to drown 'em. I've thought I'd see the lumbering business revive in the Ashaluna one of these days. And the land's good for farming and cattle. Floodin' those three thousand square miles of land seems so terribly destructive! I just can't take it in!"

Jud paused and contemplated the burning end of a cigar which he was smoking rather laboriously.

"Dunlap," began Jordan, "have you seen the beginnings of the great cathedral on Morningside Heights?"

"Oh, sure. Mary and I ——"

"Mary and you! And yet you demand an argument from Fate! Well, you may have heard a little of the history of the building of the cathedral and of the plans for its completion. Dunlap, the youngest baby in New York will not live to see that cathedral finished, even if he gets to be a centenarian.

"And the youngest baby in the Ashaluna valley cannot possibly live to witness the completion of the work that I hope to initiate there. I wish I could make you realize the scope of it. You are an artist by taste and inclination, if not by practice. Let your imagination run into the future. Visualize a system of fine towns ideally located on a huge lake and communicating with one another by means of staunch steel-built steamers.

"Think of the water-power possibilities alone! From four huge dams, of which the one at Ashaluna sluice would be the largest—the key of the entire plan—will give almost unthinkable electrical power; and let me tell you, young man, a hundred years from now the power situation in this country is going to present very serious problems unless we of to-day look ahead and prepare the safeguards that are of vital importance.

"Mr. Mogridge came to you with an offer, which you saw fit to decline. Mr. Mogridge's arguments were doubtless similar to those which you used a moment ago. And Mr. Mogridge's reasons for wanting the sluice are legitimate enough if you consider only the present or immediate future. But, my friend, the immediate future isn't the important thing for us to consider. Every man who has the good of this country at heart ought to be willing to sacrifice something of his own material and present good for the larger and more distant future.

"I am rated a wealthy man and I have always regarded myself as a constructive citizen. I have not torn down in order to make money. I have accumulated a great deal of this world's goods and perhaps all the material power that is wholesome for one person. I've tried not to abuse it, but I don't doubt there have been times when it has been a case of the tail wagging the dog in spite of me.

"All this money and influence, so far as I am permitted to delegate it to others when the time comes for me to step off into space, I wish to turn into something that will benefit my fellow men. I am also in hopes that from time to time other well-to-do citizens will add to the amount I shall allot for this purpose.

"So you see I'm not coming to you and trying to purchase your property as a speculation. I don't want to make money. The power plants that will be built will, of course, be profitable. That is necessary in order that they may command the funds of bankers and investors.

"The entire plan is worked out and you can see it whenever you wish, but it is so vast and so elaborate that I advise you not to tackle it unless you can arrange to take time enough to do it justice. Otherwise you can scarcely apprehend the huge scope of the enterprise.

"Dunlap, you're a young man. I can tell you now that, though a person of your age cannot be expected to realize it, you will see the day when you will understand that the man who lives for himself and his family is a back number; and that is especially true of the exceptional man, the successful man, or—if you like—the big man. I believe the time has come when a millionaire who dies without leaving some evidence that he understood his responsibility to civilization, to his country and to the grandchildren of his fellow citizens will be remembered only with contempt. Anyhow, that is a principle upon which I am going in ordering my affairs.

"You are rather a remarkable character, Dunlap. The ordinary commercially minded chap wouldn't understand you. I know you do practical things well, yet in your soul you are a dreamer. You are not naturally ambitious for money or fame or influence. The things that tempt most men don't sway you, and yet I suspect that I could show you a picture of life as you would like to live it that would come pretty near taking the starch out of your backbone."

"Don't you go trying to do that," cried Jud half in good nature, half in alarm. "I know what's passing through your mind. And by golly, if anyone had used the same thing to tempt you thirty-five years ago Wall Street would never have heard of Lafayette Jordan and the Allies would have been dickering with someone else to help arrange their loans. Now, Mr. Jordan, tell me the truth! Am I right?"

"Absolutely! I suspect the same combination would unlock either of us. But let's get back to Ashaluna. Mogridge made you a substantial offer and if he'd been anyone except Mogridge I believe you might have accepted it. For your own sake as well as mine I'm glad you turned him down.

"Now, boy, I've unbosomed myself to you—and to these gentlemen. I know you are all trustworthy. I will venture to say I have not talked so much at a stretch in twenty years. What do you really think about the Ashaluna? If you don't see the vision as I see it, if you still refuse to consider any offer from me, I shall confess myself defeated. I shall give up the plan; and if you had known me as long as—well, Eggleston here—you'd know I don't usually abandon a decision once made.

"There are plenty of things I can do with my money. Big philanthropies, colleges, churches, hospitals, missions—oh, hundreds of worthy objects. I'd like to know to-night, if I can, what is to be the fate of my Ashaluna dream. Dunlap, it's up to you."

"You surely hand the responsibility over to me like a woman lendin' her baby," said Jud ruefully. "I hope you don't run off and leave me to bring up the child or put it in an orphanage."

The others laughed. Jordan's talk had created a suspense quite nerve trying. Now Austin Parsons Duley mopped his face and remembered to breathe.

"I realize that I have put it up to you rather strongly," said Jordan. "But you are in no sense coerced. You can still refuse to fill the Ashaluna full of water and you are entitled to your own opinion as to the merit of the plan."

"Mr. Jordan," said Jud, "you can have the sluice. Go ahead and say what you think would be a fair offer for it."

Jordan lighted a fresh cigar, flipped the match into the fireplace and said: "That is entirely in your hands. I shall pay you whatever compensation you think fair, without argument or question."

"Looks to me like the infant is wished on me again," said Jud with a ludicrous grin. "Let's do a little considerin'. Suppose I let you have the sluice, and Mogridge still holds on to Sullivan's Gap. Can't he make it sort of hard for you? And won't he?"

"I will offer him a fair price. If he declines to sell—well ——"

The banker shrugged his shoulders.

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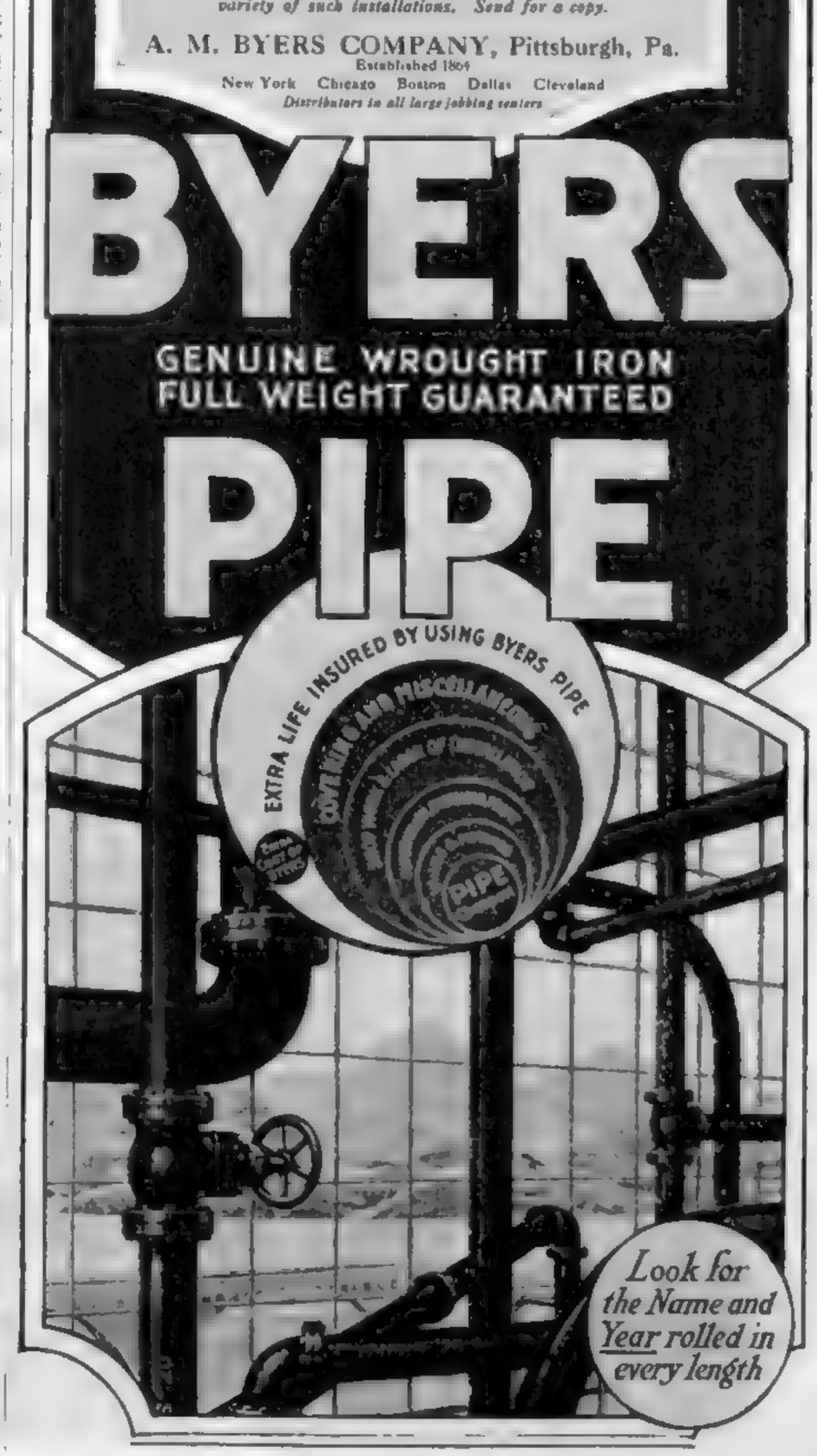

"There I go, upsettin' Wall Street some more," said Jud. "Tell you what, Mr. Jordan. You don't want to start another row with Mogridge, do you? I calculate the chips fallin' where they may, as the old saying goes, would be about the size of paving stones and have the same effect on the vital statistics."

"You have stated the case picturesquely, Dunlap, but hardly strongly enough. Mogridge's financial situation is so involved that if I were to attack him in earnest it would put him out of business in three months. And it would have a far-reaching effect."

"Cause a panic, wouldn't it?"

"I am practically sure of it."

"Would Mogridge dare to stand up in his boots and fight?"

"Mogridge does not fight standing up. But he would fight—like a cornered rat."

"You couldn't bluff him?"

"That is doubtful. He is vindictive and smarting from the beating he got in Burns-Elkman. I am inclined to think he would rather go down fighting than make any concession. He would figure that in such a case he would do me the utmost possible damage. Furthermore, he is a man who has gone broke more than once, and another time would not frighten him. And he wouldn't care how many he dragged down in the wreck."

"Wouldn't he make a trade with you?"

"Any such trade would be a hold-up."

"But he must have an eye for the main chance. He's not exactly a fool."

"Any man's a fool who isn't straight," said Jordan. "You can't deal with Mogridge. When the time comes he'll have to go down. But there's no hurry."

Jordan spoke with a grim decision. It was as if a judge had pronounced a life sentence. Mogridge was an enemy of the economic community in Jordan's opinion. He disliked Mogridge, but in an impersonal way. He disliked every sort of predatory animal that prowled along the borders of business.

"You say he's involved. You mean shaky? Likely to blow up?"

"No, not at present. He is, however, interested in several banks. The more conservative element in the Street suspects that he is doing business with money obtained from these banks on notes that are—well, not quite adequately secured. In fact the legality of some of these loans might not stand the closest scrutiny."

"Then why don't the authorities ——"

"It is not advisable just now," said Jordan quietly, "to start any investigation which might, if worse came to worst, endanger the stability of a number of large banks. The consequences would be too serious. With commodity prices indicating largely fictitious values, with the disturbing labor unrest, with a thousand and one problems of reconstruction to be solved, the whole financial and business world is in a highly critical state. We've been through a big war sickness and are hardly beginning to convalesce. We can't afford an upheaval. By and by when things are stabilized and the public not so easily stampeded Mr. Mogridge's affairs will have due attention."

"Maybe by that time he will get 'em straightened out," suggested Austin Duley.

The financier smiled.

"That is unlikely for the simple reason that Mogridge isn't built that way. Oh, let's not bother about Mogridge. He will collapse sooner or later—and in the meanwhile we have the sluice—if our friend Dunlap will be so good as to let me know what I am to pay him for it. If we get Sullivan's Gap any time in the next ten years it will be soon enough."

"And how about Saddlerville?" asked Jud, casting a sidelong glance at his partner.

"Whenever the local syndicate that controls the river banks is ready to do business I'm ready. The last I was able to learn the syndicate had appointed an agent to handle the matter, but declined to state who he was.

"The old gentleman Saddler himself informed Mr. Dabney that the agent advised them to await developments while he felt out the market and learned just what the possibilities of the situation were."

"They'll trade all right when the time comes," said Eggleston. "They're a hard-headed bunch of old mossbacks who'll want a good price, but at the same time they think it will help Saddlerville to develop a water power there. Perhaps they're willing to begin negotiations by this time. We never pressed them very hard, as it wasn't worth while until we knew which way the sluice was going."

"Right you are, Eggleston," interjected Austin Parsons Duley, heaving his plump person up out of a very comfortable chair. "Old Jasper Saddler's my cousin and I'm the mysterious stranger with the strawberry mark—that is to say, an option on Saddlerville outlet. Mr. Jordan, I string along with Jud. I'll make it as easy as I can for you to get the property, consistently with fairness to my cousin and his associates."

Jordan gazed from Dunlap to Duley and back again.

"Young man," he said, "you see I can't escape the verdict of Fate. Through you I'm bound either to accomplish what I'm after or lose it."

"Well," said Eggleston, "I'll be darned!"

"Shall we consider the matter settled?" inquired Jordan. "That is, I'm to have the sluice property at a price satisfactory to you, Dunlap? You may have all the time you want to make up your mind."

"I've been thinkin'," said Jud. "We can fix the price right now—only—well, you said you'd pay it, but I'm not sure you won't object. It's a high one."

"Name it, my boy. I've never failed to keep an agreement yet, even when the shoe pinched pretty hard."

"You can have the sluice and the farm—only I should like to reserve the use of the farm for my mother as long as she wants it—in exchange for Mary's picture of the Ashaluna hills."

"But, Dunlap ——"

"There, I was afraid you'd think I was askin' too much. Am I too grasping?"

Lafayette Jordan gazed at Jud for a moment, saying nothing. Slowly he held his cigar over a tray and tapped it gently until the ash fell. The others leaned forward, eager to hear how he would meet this astonishing proposition.

"When I was your age," said Jordan at last, "I might have made just such a quixotic offer. By George, it's wonderful to be young!"

He rose and paced slowly up and down the room.

"I will give you the picture," he said. "Next to myself, no one could treasure it so highly. Knowing you as I do, I'm not surprised that you want it. There is not enough money in the mint to buy it, but it is yours, Dunlap, with all the good will in the world."

"Thanks, Mr. Jordan. It took a lot of nerve to ask for it, but ——"

"One moment," interjected Jordan. "As a gift between friends, a picture does very well. But in a commercial transaction—seriously, how would a couple of million dollars ——"

"If you're not careful," said Jud severely, "you'll hurt my feelings. You think I don't mean what I say, but a bargain is a bargain. I was to name my price and I did. Now the deal's closed. The sluice is yours, or will be as soon as we can fix up the deeds."

"Oh, but I can't accept it on that basis, my boy!"

"Listen, Mr. Jordan. Over in Jersey I've bought a home and right above the mantel is exactly the right place for Mary's picture. You send it to me, and next week, after mother gets here, we'll hang it up where I can feast my eyes on it every morning and night. Maybe you and the young ladies you shooed out of here—though I don't see why they couldn't have stayed—and Mr. Eggleston and Dule will come and assist in the ceremony; sort of a housewarming, I should call it.

"And about the sluice, you know how I feel. That plan of yours is so great a fellow can't take it all in. The sluice is yours, but somehow I shall always feel as long as I live that I'm a kind of partner in the big scheme. I shouldn't have that feeling if I made a lot of money out of the sluice. I guess it's proper for me to show a little interest in the future and posterity and all that, even if I'm not a millionaire. So far as money goes, I guess the churn company will take care of Duley and me—eh, Dule?"

Jordan pondered a moment.

"Very well," he said. "I suppose you'll do as you please. But some day I may find a way to compensate you."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Jordan. You'll have lots of chances to get even with me—more than even. Say, I don't want to be too officious, but haven't we kept the ladies waitin' longer than is real polite?"

XXIV

IN A TINY shop overhanging the turbulent flood of the Ashaluna a man in overalls busied himself with hammer, plane and draw shave. As he worked he whistled. From time to time he turned toward a little circular saw and pulled a cord which set it buzzing like a hornet.

Then he thrust against its whirring edge certain shapes of wood into which it bit with a spiteful snarl.

"There," said the man. "Our big factory won't ever produce better churns than the ones I built for the neighbors right here in the shop. Feels kind of homy to be doin' it again. Little old shop won't be here this time next year."

Outside the snow beat and swirled, driven down through the lofty gateway of the sluice by an angry gale.

"The old girl's jealous, I suppose," said Jud quizzically. "Always went into a tantrum when I didn't do just to suit her."

Mary Beverly, sitting daintily on a bench and swinging a pair of stout if diminutive hunting boots which terminated her trim costume of a pocket Diana, looked up at the worker.

"For goodness' sake," she demanded, "what are you talking about?"

"Jilted her, I did," chuckled Jud. "My old Ashaluna kid. Only girl I ever cared about before I met the present Mrs. Judson Dunlap. Hear her scold. She's pretty much upset, I'll say."

"Oh," said Mary. "Is that all? If my memory serves, that same lady came near doing away with us both once upon a time."

"Pooh! No such thing! I never was a bit afraid of her. Listen, honey; when it clears up and the snow hardens how'd you like to snowshoe over to Moosehorn and find that big rock where I camped that night? Stormy old girl needn't complain. It's her own fault. She introduced us, eh, Mary?"

"Something like that. Oh, Jud ——"

Mary had hopped down from the bench and was rummaging in a cupboard.

"Hey there!" cried her husband.

Mary emerged with a smudge of dust on the side of her nose and displayed a collection of brushes, a broken piece of window pane on which clung long-dried dabs of paints in various colors and a handful of distorted tubes.

"How to Become a Painter, in Ten Easy Lessons," grinned Jud. "Guess you used that lot the last time anyone tried to perpetrate some art in this shop. What do you want of them?"

"I'm going to pack them up and take them back to New York when we go home; also, if it can be found, that 'soul portrait' I made of you."

"All right. Mother told me where to look. She put it away in the garret along with some other junk."

"She never cared much for it, did she?"

"Said it made her creepy. She liked the photographs of me in my uniform the best—the ones I wore my medals in. She made me have 'em taken. Kind of bossy, mother is, sometimes."

Dunlap laid aside his tools, pulled on the line which lifted his waterwheel clear of the stream and put on a heavy mackinaw.

"Supper time," he said. "Come, hop on my back. Remember the first time I toted you down this hill through the drifts and back up again?"

"As if I didn't! Now, Jud, please!"

"Treat 'em rough," remarked her husband with the last of a half dozen accurately placed kisses. "I didn't do that the other time; wanted to though."

He picked Mary Beverly up hobby-horse fashion, slammed the shop door and plowed jauntily off through the snow toward the little house on the knoll above the river. A few minutes later, while Mrs. J. Dunlap peeled spuds daintily, Jud made the fire in the kitchen range and set the heavy iron kettle on to boil.

"How do you like doing k. p.?" he asked. "Peel 'em nice and thin, Private D., or you'll get on the next detail too. Boy, listen to that wind! Pretty cozy here for a couple of turtle doves, eh, honey?"

The bacon began to sizzle in the pan, sending off a thin and appetizing vapor.

"Old place is going to change pretty fast after they break ground for the big operation in the spring," he said.

Then he went and sat down by Mary, who was slicing the last of the potatoes. Jud caught her hand between his big palms. She looked up and smiled.

"Old married people shouldn't be spoony," she said.

But she slipped an arm across Jud's big shoulders and drew his head toward her. He caught her up and set her neatly upon his knees.

"Pretty big price L. J. paid me for the Ashaluna property after all," he observed. "Guess the picture was just to bind the bargain. He said he'd see that I was compensated in time. I made the largest profit ever heard of in this part of the world."

"One would think I weighed half a ton," said Mary Beverly, stroking Jud's hair.

"Officially one hundred and sixteen. Actual weight in terms of gold can't be estimated."

Mary Beverly snuggled down and burrowed with her nose among the soft folds of Jud's coat. The fire in the range crackled cheerily, the kettle boiled and the bacon sizzled.

"Always did know how to manage you Jordans," observed Jud complacently.

Came Mary's voice, muffled in the folds of his coat: "You've a long future to prove it in."

She felt very peaceful. What if the angry and jealous Ashaluna maiden did scold and threaten without? Mary sighed contentedly.

"I feel the same way," said Jud softly. "Nice and snug here. Even better than that little camp fire over on Moosehorn. But, Mary?"

"U-huh?"

"Seeing all those brushes and things reminded me. When we get back to New York, don't you suppose you could find about one evening a week to give me a few painting lessons?"

THE END

– in these days of high-priced gas

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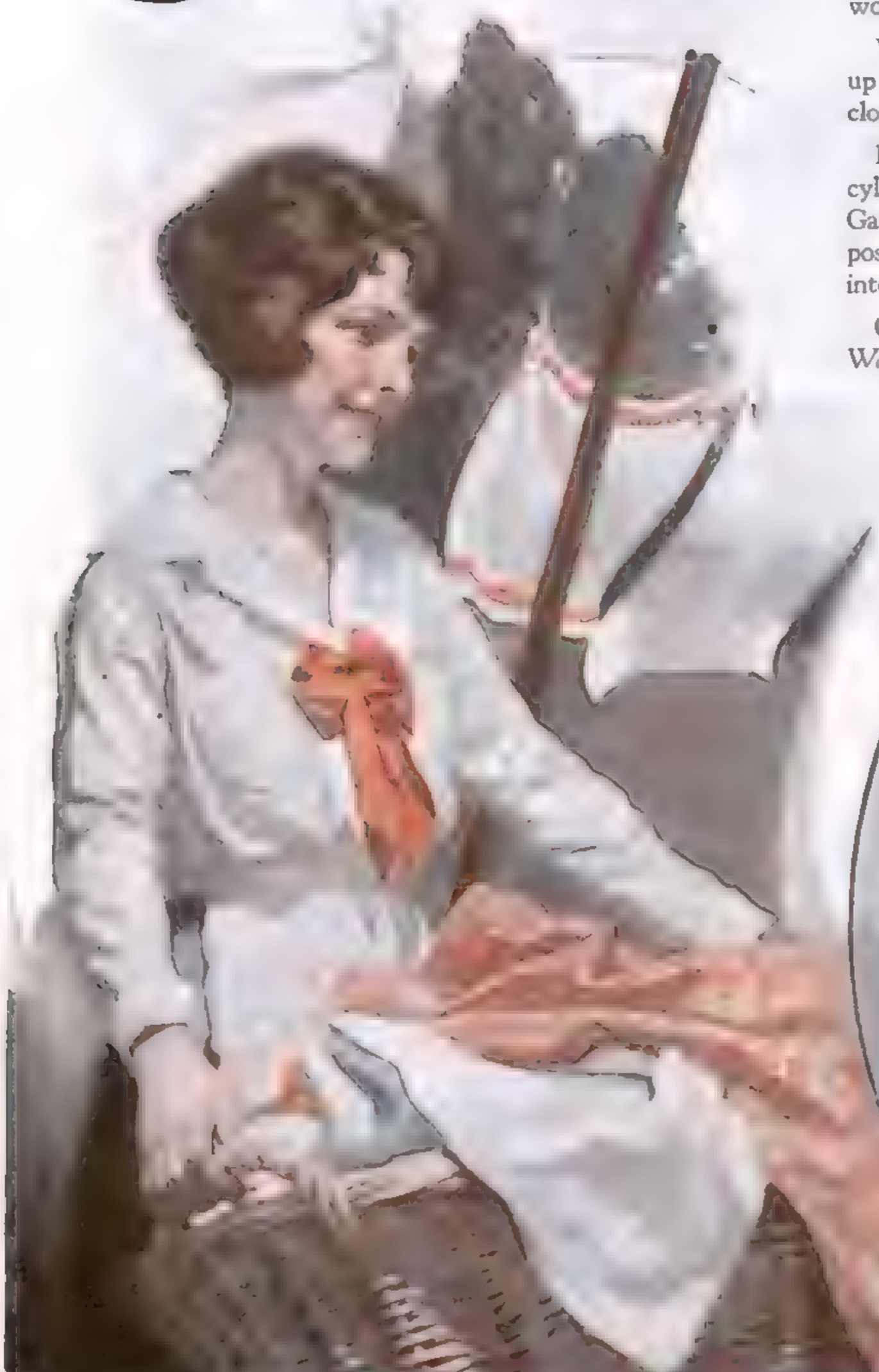

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CATCHING UP

(Continued from Page 4)

Upon this night he had gone alone to the Opéra Comique and, arriving late, had managed to secure a seat in the box next the Ormes, the farthest from their party, of whom he did not immediately recognize any individual, though he remembered having seen the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Orme and that of Mr. Minturn, the host. The climate of Paris had been for years hostile to his mother's malady, so that they had spent little time in the capital and had comparatively few friends there.

It was not until the second act that Calvert suddenly remembered Isabel. He then recalled the sunny beach at St.-Jean-de-Luz, with a big lazy surf rolling in from the Bay of Biscay and a number of children shrimping in the shallows. There stood out conspicuously the picture of a little girl with a pansy face looking eagerly out of a tangle of dark curly hair and very plump legs which presently the undertow had sucked from under her close by Calvert, who was experimenting with the buoyant qualities of a pair of inflated wings. He was a sturdy boy of twelve, and he had rescued the little girl in what had seemed to her a perilous adventure.

Later they had played together in the beach freemasonry of children of their class, though their mothers had not become acquainted. Calvert had watched eagerly for her every day, and he remembered vividly a stab of bereavement when one morning while dressing he had looked out of the window and seen her and her mother drive off for the station in the omnibus. It had filled his boyish soul with bitterness that she had neglected to bid him good-by. The omission was no fault of Isabel's, because they had departed unexpectedly on the receipt of a telegram the night before inviting them to join the Minturns for a motoring trip in Spain.

Calvert remembered that he had called her Isabel on the beach, but if he had ever known her last name he could not recall it. Several times now he heard her addressed as Isabel, which assured him that he was not mistaken. But though he passed her in the foyer during the entr'actes, her eyes rested briefly on his face with no sign of recognition. This was not surprising, as his cubby, boyish features—though still square and regular—had grown hard and lean and his thick, sturdy little body developed into a big-boned and rather angular muscularity.

It was during the last act that there occurred within Calvert that swift series of complex reactions which for lack of a better definition may be called falling in love. This term is one loosely employed, the phenomenon being less frequent than most of us are led to believe. Young people who meet a number of times, then discover themselves to be intensely attracted to each other, cannot be said to fall in love. To fall is—according to Webster's first definition—to drop from a higher to a lower place, and would thus convey the idea of a sudden involuntary change of position, whether physical or spiritual. In the latter sense it implies also a sort of degradation, and this in Calvert's case was true, because in the course of that touching prison scene where Chryseis laments the loss of her liberty he found himself in similar case. From being a perfectly heart-free, footloose, independent youth of buoyant spirit, the shackles were thrust upon him, and he went out of that theater in a spirit of bondage which was not without its poignant delight. He made his exit in a sort of turmoil, his visual sense branded with a demoralizing profile and a pair of ivory shoulders about which he would not have shared in the views of Mr. Orme.

Twice during the performance Isabel had looked directly at him, and with some flicker of interest he thought, for her eyes had not missed those decorations which said far more than ribbons or medals—full-war-term service stripes and five which told of wounds. Calvert carried with him also a bit of treasured information, for as the party left the box he had heard Isabel make an appointment to ride with Mr. Minturn the next morning at eleven—the rendezvous at the head of the Avenue du Bois, where the horses were often brought by the grooms to await the arrival of the equestrians. He had not succeeded in getting the names of any of the party, all its members having addressed each other by their Christian ones, but he had heard the handsome man with the close-trimmed Vandyke, Isabel's father, called Gren by his host, and this name had struck him as familiar, though he could not associate it with any family one.

It was a little after midnight when they left the theater and, being alone yet disinclined to return immediately to his hotel, Calvert strolled aimlessly about, watching and wondering at the astonishing crowd. He had seen many carnivals at Nice and Biarritz and San Sebastian, so that gay antics were nothing new to him. But this was different. A carnival crowd was masked and costumed or dominoed, and assembled with some special celebration as excuse, and the maneuvers were less vicious than buffoonery—music and dancing as opportunity might offer by a slightly cleared space and a minstrel or two, and confetti and laughter and frank, open kissings, resonant smacks to the hilarious approval of spectators.

But here on the boulevards and café terraces there seemed to be a different agency at work—a sort of avid, hectic, fevered pursuit, less of pleasure than distraction and, as it seemed to Calvert from the frequency with which he was accosted, evilly earned increment. He did not like it. Tired of rambling aimlessly about, he strolled slowly up the Champs-Elysées on the way to his hotel, the Cecilia, on the Avenue MacMahon, and as he passed under the shadow of the *marroniers*—now in full foliage, with a few lingering blossoms—certain scenes he interrupted struck him with a sense of disagreeable shock. In fact he cannot be said to have interrupted them. They interrupted him, his train of pleasant, thrilling thought, causing him to swerve abruptly or hurry past. It struck him as horribly false to vows and votive offerings made during the war, when the confessionals had thronged with soldiers waiting their turn to be shriven. The churches were empty now, the chairs beneath their lofty arches vacant and the iron ones and benches in the black shade of the chestnuts filled with different worshipers.

Calvert was no purist, but he believed in keeping pledges. No doubt a great many had, but it looked now to him as if most of these were dead. The astonishing part of it was that nobody seemed to care; that all attempt at enforcement of propriety was disregarded. He remembered that before the war one could scarcely kiss a girl in the forest of St.-Germain without keeping a watchful eye for the *Garde Champêtre*—and now the *mot du jour* was *Après moi le déluge;* and it was not confined to Paris. He had been told without believing it that the same atmosphere prevailed in London; that Hyde Park and Green Park now rivaled Hampstead Heath of a bank holiday. Mars appeared to have abdicated in favor of Eros. He wondered what the watering places would be a little later.

And the astonishing part of it was the singular abundance of the money to pay for these excesses. The drinking, or at least drunkenness, was not conspicuous; but then that vice was curtailed partly by the frugality imposed during the war and partly by the abnormal price of spirits. The note now struck was rather one of an unbridled license.

"Well," thought Calvert as he entered his hotel, "I suppose they're catching up."

He was rather slow in getting to sleep. His thoughts were confused—divided between indulgence and obligation. Isabel flitted in and out, and the duty to visit his mother immediately and the problem of what he could do to augment an income formerly sufficient but now inadequate, with the expensive régime of the sanitarium and the outrageous cost of living. He reflected with a little bit of amusement that he had about as much right to fall in love with a girl de luxe as the late enemy to ask for indemnity. The world seemed to Calvert to be in a precarious state in which a poor young man had better keep out of matrimony, with the responsibility of a wife and family. A good many had not, and probably had a worse time than the war ahead of them. But of all Calvert's drowsy reflections the girl was the final resultant; the weighing of other conditions converged from their several points in her direction; and being of a philosophic nature Calvert decided that at least there was nothing to hinder his thinking about her, which he did to the cost of sleep, so that carrying out the spirit of the times in catching up it was shockingly late when he woke next morning. This did not matter in the least, for he had still plenty of time for his *petit déjeuner*, and only a two minutes' step round the corner to the Avenue du Bois, where he desired to view his former little playmate from another slant. She arrived presently in a big open car with her father's friend and host of the night before. The groom was there with the horses, a big gray and a sorrel mare. Calvert drew quite near and watched them ride away, feeling for the first time in his life the poignant regret of not being a millionaire.

"She Says That She Returned to Lady Audrey's at About Ten Without Seeing Anybody When She Went In"

It was eleven o'clock and he had made an appointment with his company commander, Capt. Gerald Heming, to meet him in front of Fouquet's and go somewhere for *déjeuner*. So he walked down the Champs-Elysées, and found Heming already there sipping a vermuth and watching the morning parade on the world's gayest thoroughfare. Heming, like Calvert, was a Continental American of thirty, who had offered himself to the Foreign Legion at the beginning of the war, and they had gone through its mill together. Calvert liked and admired Heming, who despite a temperamentally unmilitary nature had proved himself a good officer by virtue of an absolute fearlessness and a magnetism which had enabled him to abstract a full quota of efficiency from his men.

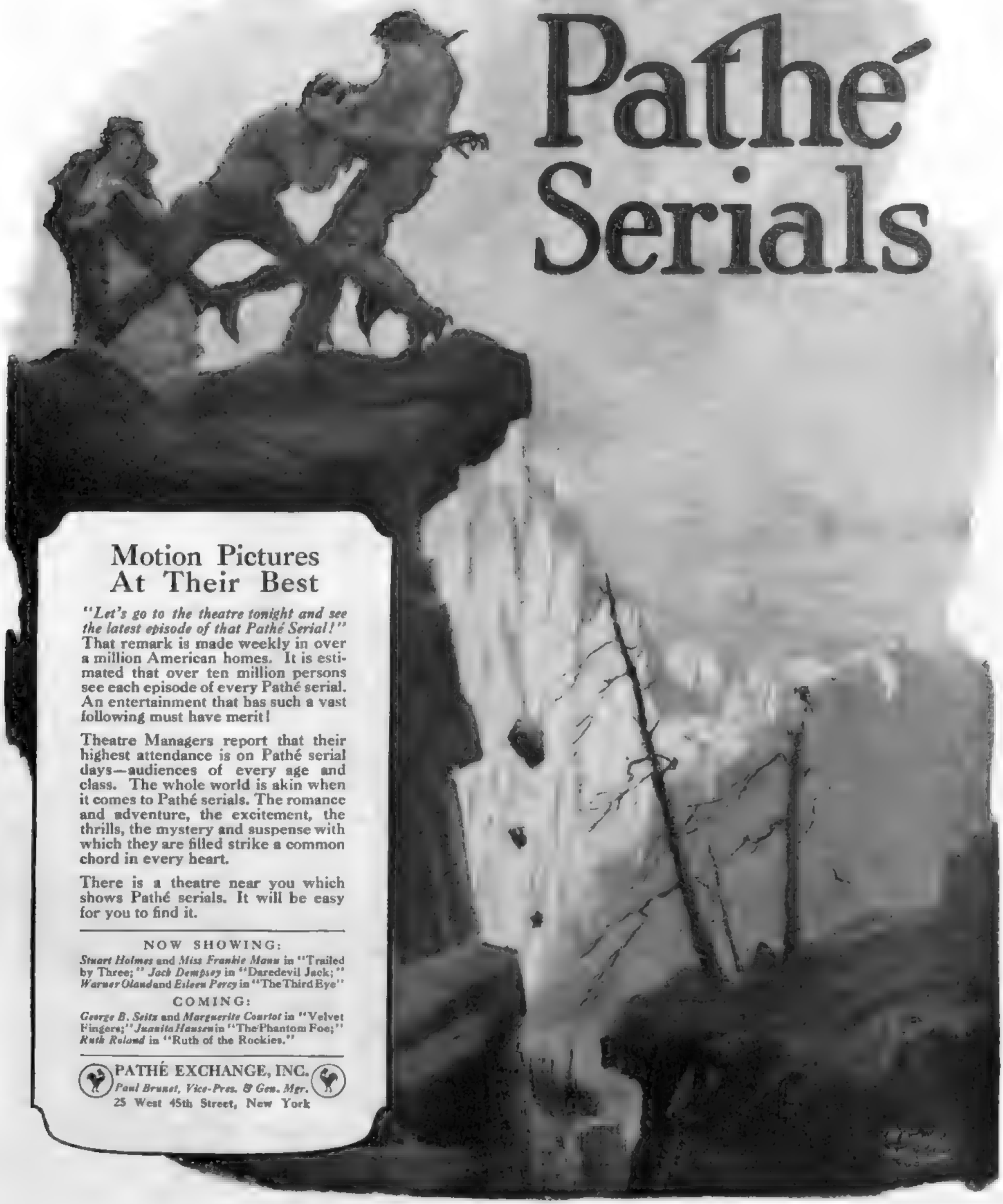
He had what the French call *élan*—hot-blooded fearlessness and a mocking raillery of bitter hardship, endearing qualities of kindness under a ruthless ferocity in action; tender with his sick or wounded, winking at delinquencies on the part of good fighting men and profanely bitter with malingerers. Time and again he might have had charges preferred against him for unmilitary conduct of his own—was too apt to show a sarcastic contempt for superiors whom he disliked—and as Sienkiewicz might have expressed it, "the volunteer was always sitting inside him."

As an officer he would not have lasted three months in time of peace, but in active campaign he left little to be desired as a natural-born leader of dare-devils. Calvert had seen him often just before going over the top, standing—watch before his eyes—steadying his company with bitter, almost blasphemous, assurance of what they were about to do to the enemy and contemptuously defiant of the whirlwind of death sweeping over them. He admired him the more because Heming had once told him frankly that this reckless pose was entirely assumed.

"Nobody can dodge it, old chap," said he, "so a fellow might as well chuck a bluff and make character. My diaphragm is wabbly the whole time, but there's no good advertising it."

Disciplinary lapses had cost Heming promotion more than once, but an assault found him always hot and eager—apparently at least. He was a born gambler with his life, his reputation, his money, and—as had been whispered in Paris before the war—with the money of his friends. These latter had regarded him a little askance, not only in business but social relations; and though not precisely *déclassé*, he had been a source of disquiet to husbands and fathers. Physically he was thickset, blond and florid, actually a German type, and this also had militated in his disfavor at the beginning of the war, probably influencing him as much as anything else to engage himself with the Foreign Legion. Though a well-known figure in professional automobile circles as the Paris agent of a popular American car, he had grown furiously exasperated at frequent demands to show his

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 99)

papers—and once or twice at the rummaging of his effects. For some reason he hated Prussians as bitterly as any Frenchman, and Calvert had heard him unofficially exhort his men to show no quarter.

"Well, what have you been up to, Steele?" he asked as Calvert sat down.

"Oh, nothing much. I went to the Opéra Comique last night and sat in a box next to the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. I wonder if you know who she is? They called her Isabel. Her father's a handsome man with a grayish mustache and goatee. They called him Gren."

Heming laughed.

"Of course—the Grenfell Ormes. The girl must have been his daughter, but then she's just a kid—or at least she was when I saw her last."

"When was that?"

"The summer before the war, at Deauville. But that's five years ago and, of course, a girl changes a lot between fifteen and twenty. Gee, look at that!"

Two girls passed, bare-legged, sandaled, rosy feet, and gowns, such as they wore, of costly make, fresh-faced, hair *ondulé*, and one of them carrying a toy dog with a jeweled collar in her plump bare arms.

"Clothing economy," said Heming dryly. "Trying to catch up with the high cost of living. Europe has gone stark staring mad."

"It was pretty bad last night," said Calvert. "I walked up from the theater, and the Champs-Elysées sort of reminded me of Nero's feast in Quo Vadis."

"Well, what do you expect?" Heming answered. "Ladies must live, and several millions of them are out of their lawful jobs."

"What jobs?"

"Homes."

Calvert nodded.

"It's pretty awful," he said. "What are they going to do about it?"

"Hunt transient ones as long as the spare cash is in circulation, I suppose. When that gives out—Lord knows! Speaking of money, you and I just missed being millionaires by an inch or two a good many times."

"How's that?" Calvert asked.

"As the joint heirs of Private Henry Hazard. You remember how we joshed him when he was so dead set on making his will, and nothing would do but I must bother the colonel when he was nearly off his chump?"

"Why, yes," said Calvert. "Raymond used to say before we went over the top—'Attaboy! Treat 'em rough! We'll be needin' a grubstake when the shindy is over.'"

"Quite so," said Heming dryly. "Well, he came round two days ago and made me take him to see Douglas Harker, the American lawyer. What do you think that Oklahoma prairie-dog farm of his is worth?"

"Give it up."

"I don't know what it's worth, but he showed Harker a letter making him an offer of four millions."

Calvert's vermuth paused halfway to his mouth.

"Great Lord!" he gasped. "Oil?"

"Righto! It seems you only have to prick it and let the fluid dollars spout. We might get it yet, old chap. Hazard seems to have caught the prevailing epidemic to catch up."

Calvert looked a little troubled.

"I don't want it that way," said he.

"You saved his life," said Heming.

"All the more reason for wanting him to hang on to it."

"Of course, though I must say I wouldn't mind discounting my prospects for a few thousands just this minute. I'd like to do a little catching up myself—and I'm nearly busted."

Despite himself it flashed across Calvert's mind what the inheritance might mean to him. He thought of the desirable figure he had just seen in cream-colored linen skirt and gaiters and the demoralizing face glowing from its dark hair, on which was set the little *tricorne* hat. Twenty minutes before she had seemed as far removed from him as a field marshal's baton some months ago, and now Heming's information drew her into the focus of possibilities as by the lenses of the powerful binoculars of—Hazard. Heming glancing at him appeared to read his thoughts.

"There's a vulpine streak in all of us," he said. "I'm sure I don't know why he should have made me one of his joint heirs. All I ever did for him was to cuss him to the rear one day to get a squirt of antitoxin when a splinter of an éclat got driven into his hand."

"That very likely saved his life from lockjaw," Calvert said.

"Harker said his will was perfectly legal," Heming went on, "but he drew it up again to be dead sure." He shot Calvert a sidelong look. "The beneficiaries are the same."

Calvert breathed a little more quickly. He scarcely knew whether to feel glad or sorry.

"He'll probably be hunting you up to give you the glad news," Heming went on. "He seemed to be flush, and the last I saw of him he was starting out to look for trouble. He told me that he grew up in Kansas as a drudge of his miserly stepfamily, sort of a he-Cinderella. He'd never been out of the state till the war."

"Somebody ought to look after him a little," said Calvert. "A boy like that in Paris at this moment has about as much show as a snail in a chicken run."

Heming nodded.

"I'd have looked after him myself if it hadn't been for an engagement. It seemed sort of criminal under the circumstances to let him ram round alone. He'd never seen a drink sold publicly until just before he went aboard the transport and seems to have developed a long-latent appetite for champagne."

"Like all the rest. Have you seen anything of Agnes? She'd be a good one to keep him on the straight and narrow path."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Heming slowly. "Agnes delivered the goods at the Front, but somehow I always had a feeling that she liked a good time as much as the rest of us and was due to have it when the pressure eased up."

"Have you seen her lately?" Calvert repeated. Heming's florid face grew a little red.

"Yes. She's out of the Salvation Army and has been taken up by a philanthropic old girl who has an international reputation as a world-wide sport—Lady Audrey Chatteris."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of her," said Calvert. "She shoots tigers and climbs Popocatepetl and sails round the Arctic chasing musk ox and polar bears. What's she doing here?"

"Running a private charity for French war orphans. Agnes met up with her in a Salvation Army meeting, and Lady A drey took a shine to her and signed her on as soon as she was mustered out. The old girl has a little villa out at Ranelagh, and Agnes is living with her. She's starting her hospice down at Romorantin, and Agnes is going there later to take charge. Lady Audrey has interested several women of the American colony. Shouldn't be surprised if your little friend of last night is lending a hand, though the Ormes haven't any money to speak of. But they are pretty sure to be old friends."

"Does Agnes know how near we all came to be multionaires?"

"Why—er—yes. I saw her for a few moments last night and I told her about it. She agreed with me that we owed it to Hazard to look after him a bit. You see, he knew all the time what he was leaving us. We'd feel sort of guilty, old chap, if somebody were to come and tell us that Hazard had been apached or something."

An American officer with the insignia of major walked up to the terrace, glanced quickly at Heming, then stepped to the table where the two were sitting. Heming and Calvert rose to salute.

"Captain Heming?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir."

The officer glanced at Calvert.

"Lieutenant Steele?"

"Yes, sir."

"I must ask you both to come with me immediately to report to the chief army intelligence officer."

Heming looked a little startled.

"Very good, sir. Do you mind telling us what's up?"

"No; it is merely to account for yourselves last night. Private Hazard was found murdered in bed at his hotel a little after midnight."

* * *

ISABEL was getting ready to go out with her mother, when the bell rang and the maid came in to say that two American officers had called and requested that she see them immediately on a matter of pressing business. Puzzled and a little disturbed at the peremptory quality of the summons,

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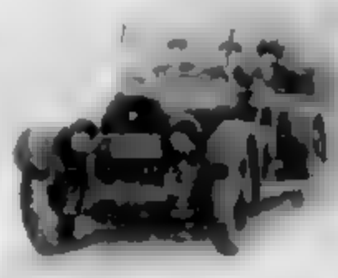

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Isabel directed that they be shown into the salon, then slipped into her mother's room, to find Mrs. Orme in the act of changing her gown. Orme had lunched at the club and would not be in until later in the afternoon.

"What do you suppose they want, mummsy?" Isabel asked.

"I can't imagine, dear, but you might as well see them at once. I'll be right in as soon as I get on my dress."

Isabel gave a touch to her hair and entered the salon to find two men standing in a stiff and slightly constrained manner. The younger she recognized immediately. The face of the other, an older man, struck her as familiar, though she could not place him. It was he who spoke first.

"Please excuse this abrupt visit, Miss Orme," said he. "It is a matter of official investigation. Will you kindly tell me if you have ever seen this gentleman before?"

Isabel met the steady gray eyes fixed calmly on her blue ones, and a tinge of color came into her face.

"Yes," she answered.

"When?"

"I saw him first at St.-Jean-de-Luz about twelve years ago this summer. He saved me from being drowned."

The intelligence officer looked intensely surprised and shot a quick glance at Calvert, who had reddened.

"Then you know him?"

"I know his name—Calvert Steele."

"Indeed? And when did you see him last?"

Again the unexpected answer set Calvert's heart to thumping, while the color deepened in Isabel's face.

"This morning at the head of the Avenue du Bois when I went there to ride with Mr. Minturn."

"And when before that?"

"Last night at the Opéra Comique. He came into the box next to ours just before the curtain rose. I saw him in the foyer during each of the entre-acts."

"And after that?"

Isabel smiled.

"He came out of the theater just behind us. I saw his reflection in one of the mirrors."

The major now smiled.

"We ought to have you in the intelligence, Miss Orme, if you don't mind my saying so. Well, this seems to be a perfect alibi, Steele, though just for the sake of form I shall ask you and Miss Orme to report at the office as soon as may be convenient for her."

Mrs. Orme entered at this moment, a look of inquiry on her pretty face. Major White apologized again for the intrusion, then asked if she remembered having seen Calvert previously.

"Why, yes, of course!" she answered. "He was at the Opéra Comique last night in the box next to ours. What is it all about, please?"

"It is merely to establish an alibi for Lieutenant Steele," said the major, "and this appears to have been quite satisfactorily done. There was no suspicion attached to Lieutenant Steele, but as a matter of official form we must account for the presence of four different individuals between the hours of ten and midnight."

"Can't you tell us what it is?" Isabel asked.

The officer hesitated and smiled.

"Lieutenant Steele may explain the situation, since you seem to be old friends. I must be getting back to make my report."

Mrs. Orme looked at Calvert and raised her eyebrows.

"Old friends?"

"Why, yes, mother!" said Isabel. "We played together on the beach at St.-Jean-du-Luz twelve years ago. His name is Calvert Steele, and he fished me out of the water when I sat down in a wave."

Major White thanked them for the testimony and excused himself, to leave Calvert standing very stiffly. He had caught something which for the moment he was not quite able to determine, and it put him a little on his guard. Social instinct told him that Isabel had maneuvered deftly to keep him there, and he did not think that her motive was curiosity. He felt that in the natural order of things such people as Mrs. Orme and her daughter would merely have answered the questions put them by Major White and wished them a polite good morning. There seemed no reason why Isabel should have volunteered all her recollection of him from childhood days and then have detailed the fact that he had been that morning at the head of the Avenue du Bois, unless to convey some distinct message to himself. Calvert was puzzled to know why she should have taken this opportunity to show that she remembered him, unless for the very result which had been achieved—to waken her mother's interest sufficiently to keep him there after Major White had gone.

Mrs. Orme, apparently perceiving his embarrassment and wishing to put him at his ease, now asked him to be seated, speaking in a friendly and casual way such as a diligent war worker like herself might use to any young American officer.

"I think I remember you now, Mr. Steele," said she. "I am very glad if we have been able to be of service."

"I'm sorry to have bothered you, Mrs. Orme," said Calvert. "It just happened that I was alone all of last evening, and when asked to account for myself there wasn't a single person I could refer to as having seen me between eight and twelve. Then I happened to think that people who have sat opposite each other in a restaurant or theater or any public place are apt to remember a face for a little while. I referred them to the usher who showed me my place in the loge, but she said that all American soldiers looked alike. So you and Miss Orme were my only chance of proving an alibi."

"Did you remember me?" Isabel asked.

"Why, yes, of course! But I didn't think that you could possibly have remembered me."

"You haven't changed much," said Isabel.

"You have," Calvert answered. "But, of course, I expected that."

"What is it all about?" asked Isabel. "Have some of you been cutting up?"

"I wish it were nothing worse than that," Calvert answered. "It is a murder case."

Mrs. Orme looked startled, but Isabel did not.

"You don't mean to say they suspected you?" she asked.

"I hope not," Calvert answered. "But the first thing they look for in murder is possible motive, and it just happens that I am one of four to profit in a money way by this horrible crime. There was a chap in my company who made four of us his heirs. We all took it as a sort of joke, but it turned out that he left us each a quarter interest in a farm out in Oklahoma, where they've struck oil. Last night he was murdered."

Calvert was looking at Mrs. Orme as he spoke, and her expression surprised him.

"In such a case," said she, "the four people interested have naturally been asked to account for themselves."

"Of course," said Calvert, "where the personal interest involved is so great it is vitally necessary for all who must profit by the crime to furnish indubitable alibis."

"There can be no doubt about yours," said Mrs. Orme, "but how about the others?"

Calvert explained briefly the peculiar circumstances of Hazard's inheritance and the will which he had made at the Front immediately on coming of age. He was curiously impressed that what he told them was not altogether unknown to Mrs. Orme, and on concluding asked abruptly: "Have you heard anything about this, Mrs. Orme?"

"Yes," she answered. "Jerry Heming told my husband of the will yesterday when they happened to meet at the club. I hope that Captain Heming is all clear from any possible suspicion."

"I don't believe that anybody suspects him for an instant, Mrs. Orme," Calvert answered. "But he is unable to prove any alibi at all. That might happen to anybody who went into his apartment without being seen by the concierge."

"Has he been placed under arrest?" Isabel asked.

"He's been ordered back to camp pending investigation."

"How about the others?"

"Well, it seems scarcely possible to suspect the girl, Agnes. Her defense is the same as Heming's. She says that she went out early to a movie show with a friend, and returned to Lady Audrey's villa at about ten without seeing anybody when she went in. The fourth heir, Raymond Wagner, was out in camp."

"Then I should say the burden of suspicion—official suspicion, I mean—falls on Jerry Heming," said Mrs. Orme. "How does he appear to take it?"

"In a sort of bitter sardonic way. We were sitting in front of Fouquet's talking about Hazard, and Heming was saying that he ought to be looked after when the intelligence officer came up and practically put us under arrest."

"There was a lot of money involved, was there not?" asked Mrs. Orme.

"Yes," said Calvert, "about four million dollars."

"Then as the case stands, you are due to inherit about a million?"

"Why, yes," said Calvert, "I suppose I am. To tell the truth I hadn't thought much about that part of it."

He looked with some embarrassment from Mrs. Orme to Isabel.

"No," said Isabel slowly, "I really don't believe you have."

Calvert flushed.

"Hazard was a good man," he said. "I'd rather not get rich that way."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Mrs. Orme, "but the fact remains that you probably are. Do you think that there will be any trouble made for Captain Heming? You know the French law throws the burden of proof on the suspected person. It does not have to prove him guilty, but requires him to prove his innocence."

"We are none of us under the jurisdiction of the French law except Agnes," said Calvert. "The rest of us are answerable to our own military authorities. Heming is a fine man. I've seen him in action and I've seen him looking after his men like a big brother. He may be misguided in some ways, but he's a man, Mrs. Orme—and then some. It is because of men like Heming that there's not a German patrol going past your door at this moment. Hazard would tell you the same if he were alive. That's the reason he made him his heir."

"Good for you!" murmured Isabel.

"I mustn't keep you any longer," said Calvert rising.

"Have you any theory of your own about the crime?" Isabel asked.

Calvert hesitated. Mrs. Orme came to his rescue.

"That's scarcely a permissible question, my dear."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you what I think," said Calvert. "Hazard probably fell in with some crook and had a few drinks and got talking big and gave the impression that he had recently inherited a huge fortune. Heming said that he seemed flush, and this thug may have got him drunk and gone back with him to his hotel, where he murdered and robbed him."

"There are a good many such crimes at this moment," Mrs. Orme admitted.

"Yes, and Hazard was a raw country boy who had never drunk anything until he got over here, and therefore had absolutely no idea of when to stop. So far as liquor was concerned, he was like a child in a jungle full of poisonous fruits and stealthy animals and reptiles and things. My own opinion is that it was a straight case of fatal inexperience."

Mrs. Orme nodded.

"I agree with you," said she. "That seems the most rational explanation, but I do hope that they may get some clew as to the truth. It would be terrible for Jerry Heming to live the rest of his life under a cloud." She rose and offered Calvert her hand. "At any rate I'm very glad that chance has enabled us to save you any such misfortune, Mr. Steele. I think that your mother and I have a number of mutual friends, and if you will let me have your address I shall send you a card for our days at home."

IV

"YOU see, lieutenant," said the provost marshal to Calvert, "we really have no right to count on much help from the French police in this case. It's strictly Uncle Sam's affair. The murdered man was an American soldier on leave, two of the beneficiaries American officers, the third an American soldier who was not in Paris at all so far as we can discover, and the fourth a young girl and an American citizen. If your theory is correct, and Hazard was killed by some rank outsider with whom he'd struck up an acquaintance, the chances are rather against this man's being French, as Hazard would much more have been apt to get chummy with someone who spoke his own language and was most probably a countryman—very likely in the service also."

Calvert nodded.

"It's horrible to think of one of our own crowd doing a thing like that," he said, "but, of course, you can't recruit a big army without getting a certain number of wrong ones." (Continued on Page 106)

"Say Pop, when are you going to get through?"

How the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils cuts down Sunday morning tinkering

SUNDAY morning, clear and cool; the week-end guests on hand; and the open road beckoning—

And then the endless Sunday morning tinkering while the family and guests walk impatiently up and down the lawn. *"When are you going to get through?"*

If you have to clean your spark plugs at frequent intervals, the chances are that you are using lubricating oil of incorrect body or low quality. *"When are you going to get through?"*

If the compression is weak and your engine seems to lack power, it is probably because your oil fails to properly seal the piston rings. Results:—weak compression, loss of power, and dilution of lubricating oil. *"When are you going to get through?"*

The loss of power and irregular action may be due to sticky valves. Sticky valves usually result from the use of the wrong oil. *"When are you going to get through?"*

REPAIR SHOP RECORDS show that about 50% of all engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

These troubles are by no means confined to the three mentioned above. Other troubles commonly caused by incorrect lubrication are—piston-rings badly gummed or stuck in their recesses, smoky exhaust, worn wrist-pin or crank shaft bearings, scored cylinder walls, engine overheated, carbon deposit and pre-ignition.

The motorist who uses the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for his car enlists *scientific lubrication* on his side and cuts down Sunday morning tinkering.

"When are you going to get through?"

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A grade for each type of motor

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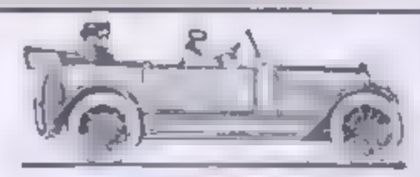

Correct
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GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

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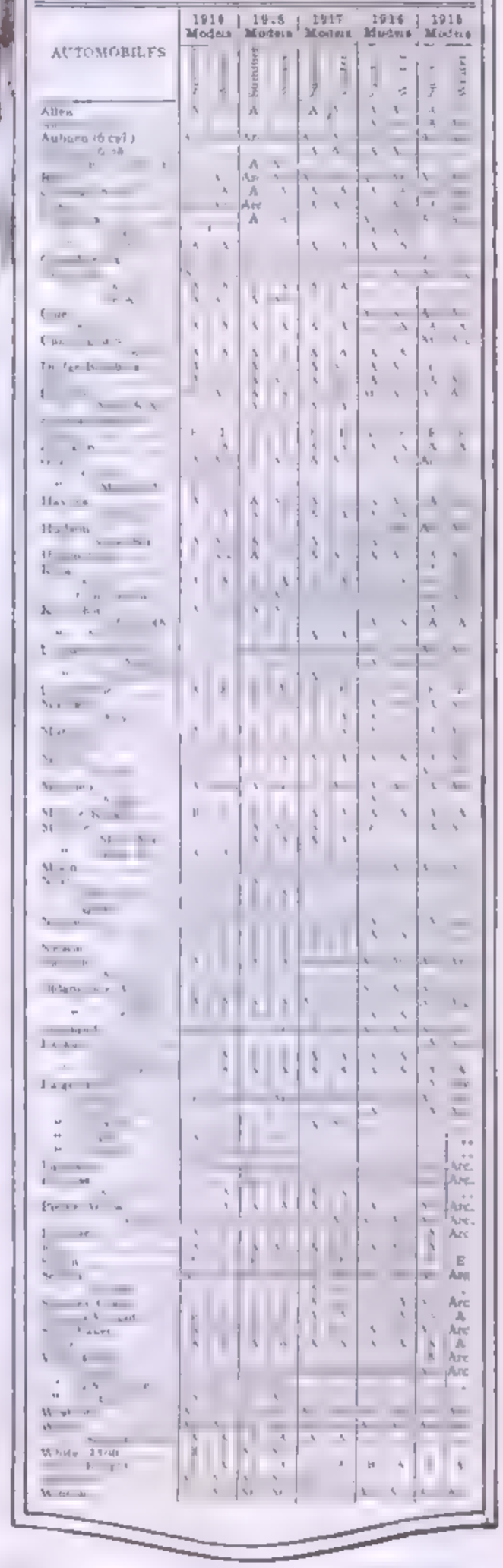

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Unretouched photograph showing the condition of a Goodyear Cord Tire still running after 28,000 miles of service on a motor truck owned by Charles T. Smith Co., Inc., Builders, New Bedford, Massachusetts

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GOODYEAR

Proof of the Big Pneumatic Written in Goodyear Miles

The effect of Goodyear Cord construction, in making the pneumatic truck tire immensely practical, is shown in mileages rolled up by Goodyear Cord Tires, of 6-inch or greater diameters, on many hauling routes. A group of 259 Goodyear Cord Tires, reported at random, averaged beyond 12,000 miles per tire, 109 of these still remaining at work. The first 100 averaged 22,145 miles per tire, with 35 still in service. The scores of the four Goodyear Cord Tires, at the top of the partial list below, far outdistance any pneumatic truck tire mileages brought to public attention up to the time this advertisement goes to press

Standard Oil Company, Bradentown, Florida	60,000 miles
Standard Oil Company, Bradentown, Florida	52,000 miles
W. H. La Bar, Mechanicsville, N. Y.	45,000 miles
Long Leaf Pine Company, Tampa, Florida	45,000 miles
Denhalter Bottling Works, Salt Lake City, Utah	42,250 miles
Long Leaf Pine Company, Tampa, Florida (2 tires—each)	40,000 miles*
C. B. Mallard Co., Jacksonville, Florida (2 tires—each)	36,000 miles
Russel Taxi Co., Des Moines, Iowa	36,000 miles*
Tacoma Transit Co., Tacoma, Washington	35,000 miles
A. W. Kromp, Schenectady, N. Y. (2 tires—each)	35,000 miles
Sarraino Bros., Gloversville, N. Y. (2 tires—each)	35,000 miles
W. H. La Bar, Mechanicsville, N. Y.	35,000 miles
Fairfield Dairy Co., Fairfield, N. J. (2 tires—each)	34,120 miles
Smith's Dairy Farm, Aberdeen, Washington	34,000 miles
Ward Bros. Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.	32,000 miles
J. Keyser, Paterson, N. J.	31,481 miles
W. H. La Bar, Mechanicsville, N. Y.	30,622 miles*
J. Keyser, Paterson, N. J.	30,192 miles
Wm. F. Taubel, Inc., Riverside, N. J.	30,000 miles
C. R. Spikard Auto Stages, Los Angeles, Cal.	30,000 miles*
B. J. Henner Carting Co., Rochester, N. Y.	28,433 miles
M. Berg & Sons, St. Paul, Minn.	27,800 miles
B. J. Henner Carting Co., Rochester, N. Y.	27,067 miles
C. R. Spikard Auto Stages, Los Angeles, Cal.	26,000 miles*
C. R. Spikard Auto Stages, Los Angeles, Cal.	26,000 miles
Charles T. Smith Co., New Bedford, Mass.	26,000 miles*
B. J. Henner Carting Co., Rochester, N. Y.	25,681 miles
Ward Bros. Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.	25,148 miles
Charles T. Smith Co., New Bedford, Mass.	25,000 miles
William Adams, Snyder, Nebraska	25,000 miles*
B. J. Henner Carting Co., Rochester, N. Y.	25,000 miles
C. R. Spikard Auto Stages, Los Angeles, Cal. (2 tires—each)	25,000 miles*

*Still in Service

Detailed records of manifold advantages and savings, produced in diversified hauling with Goodyear Cord Tires, can be obtained by mail from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Haul on Goodyears

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 102)

"The prefect was very polite and put his department at our entire service," the provost marshal went on, "but he did not offer me much hope. A thorough expert examination of the premises offered no clew at all. The hotel where Hazard put up is an old one down on the Rue Chabanais, the red-light quarter—if there is any such particular section in Paris—and it is well known for what you might call respectable disorderliness. I mean by that that no questions are asked of its patrons or patronesses, or any more required of them than that they pay their bills and don't make a row. There are a good many such in Paris, and this particular place has quite a reputation for safety and discretion. It is an old mansion of some high official in the time of one of the Louis and was for a while known as the Hôtel des Colonists, and patronized by French colonials and, no doubt, crooks."

"How do you suppose Hazard ever picked out such a place?"

The provost marshal shrugged.

"He may have been guided there by some fair acquaintance, and decided to keep the room. I imagine he was on a bit of a spree to celebrate his fortune and scarcely knew what he was about. That might easily happen to so green a boy."

"Did the French police have any theory?" Calvert asked.

"They had. They suspect Heming, and I must say they appear to have some ground. Hazard was not seen to enter, which is not strange, as the concierge of such a place gets to be a sort of shut-eyed sentry.

"The garçon heard Hazard's bell ringing a few minutes before midnight while answering a call in an upper room. He came down presently and knocked, when he thought he heard a groan. Getting no reply, he opened the door, which was unlocked, and switched on the light, when he found Hazard lying on the bed in his pajamas with four peculiar stab wounds directly over the heart."

"Peculiar in what way?" Calvert asked.

"Well, they were small punctures made by some blunt-pointed instrument with rough edges, and though they were just deep enough to pierce the heart, the autopsy showed that they had been dealt with such force as to bruise the tissues badly on the surface of the chest. In the opinion of the expert they had been made by something in the nature of an old rusty gimlet or possibly the corkscrew of an army knife. But the objection to this was that such an implement would scarcely have been deep enough to reach the heart, especially when gripped in a man's hand."

"Any sign of a struggle?" Calvert asked.

"No; the indications were that Hazard had been stabbed in a drunken sleep. There were no finger prints discovered, and such traces of footprints as could be found were too vague and indistinct for measurements. Hazard had been robbed of his money except for some loose change, but his pocket pieces and watch were untouched. The concierge had not heard anyone go out, but a window on the street was ajar, and as the room was on the ground floor and the street very dark right there the murderer could easily have slipped out unobserved."

"Not much to go on," Calvert observed.

"No. The French police admit, of course, the possibility of his having gone in with some pretended friend who helped him to bed, then killed and robbed him and slipped out. The door of the room was a little way down the corridor, and the concierge's loge on the right as you went in, but he had gone to bed. You know how it is in these old French houses. You ring and they give the cord a tug in their sleep, when the door opens and you shut it behind you. When you want to go out you tap on the glass door of the loge and growl, '*Cordon*,' and the same thing happens. Not one concierge in a hundred has any idea of who it is going in and out, and yet they are supposed to be sort of watchdogs."

"Then the French police aren't doing anything at all?" said Calvert.

The officer shrugged.

"Probably not. You can't blame them much, as we've trained them to leave our troubles to our own gang—and a lot of their own for that matter. It isn't very hopeful, because though my M. P.'s are full of pep and useful in keeping order they'd be about as useful in working up a murder case in Paris as foxhounds in a crocodile hunt."

"Then how long must Heming be confined to quarters?" Calvert asked.

"Well, unless we can turn up something within the next few days I don't see how he can be held. You can't very well indict a man for murder because he happens to be at home in bed about the time it was committed. On the other hand, the presumptive evidence against him is pretty strong. First the motive; then his having been with Hazard that morning and probably knowing where he was stopping; the fact that he admits that he's at the end of his string for money; a past record of rather dissolute living and bad associates; the circumstance of a man round town like himself on leave going back to his apartment—as he says—at half past ten; and what now counts against him pretty strongly—the hard, indifferent way he takes the business.

"Everybody admits that he was a reckless dare-devil as a fighting man, but that sort of sanguinary trait of character counts more against a man than for him in his regard for human life in a case like this. He is known to have slipped the word to his men before going over the top to take no prisoners.

"And now in the last few hours we've dug up another fact against him. Perhaps you can give a little light on it." The provost marshal leaned back in his chair and fastened his shrewd eyes on Calvert. "Do you think he was in love with this girl Agnes?"

In spite of himself, and though wishing his utmost to defend Heming, of whose innocence Calvert had not the slightest doubt, Calvert could not keep his expression from betraying a certain admission of the possibility of this.

"We were all pretty keen about Agnes," he said. "She's an uncommon pretty girl, and plucky as they make 'em."

"Do you know of Heming ever showing her any particular attention?"

"He marched her to rear under guard one day, and he was right, as the shells were dropping pretty close. She was frying doughnuts and refused to go, so he made her."

"Did he ever hang round her?"

"Oh, he used to joke her a good bit."

"Do you know if he'd seen her here in Paris?"

Poor Calvert found himself obliged to admit that Heming had mentioned seeing Agnes and knowing of her occupation and where she lived.

"Well," said the provost marshal dryly, "we've learned that Hazard, on getting leave, told some of his pals that he was coming to Paris to look up Agnes and ask her to marry him. This would put Hazard in the position of Heming's rival and tend to remove a certain amount of compunction about killing him. Besides, his death would enrich not only Heming but Agnes, and give her that much added desirability."

Calvert frowned.

"Has Heming been questioned about this?" he asked.

"Yes, and he admits frankly that he might have asked Agnes to marry him if he hadn't been dead broke. So you see things really look pretty black for him."

"It does beat the devil," said Calvert, "how you can pile it on a man, once you start! Now if I were to be the counsel for the defense, for which I fully intend to offer my services in the case of Heming's court-martial, I think I could tear into some of these points."

"Well, shoot!" said the provost marshal. "Mind you, Steele, I've got no wish to see a brother officer indicted for as filthy a murder as this. Your request to be detached from further active service pending the investigation of this case will be approved, and I'll see to it that you are transferred to my pack of sleuths. I don't know of anyone that could be more useful in working up a case like this, because you know French and might work in with the French police—if you can persuade them to take an interest in it. We don't any of us want to believe Heming guilty if it can be helped. It would be a horrid blot on the A. E. F. But just between us, how would you attack such incriminating evidence as now stands?"

"That's not very hard," said Calvert. "In fact it all looks plain to me on the face of it that—with all respect to you, major—it wasn't worth two sous. In the first place, if Heming, after learning of Hazard's fortune, had wanted to kill him he'd have managed it in a much more clever way."

The provost marshal shook his head.

"No good, Steele," said he. "Whoever killed Hazard did so with scarcely any premeditation. The idea came all at once when he saw him lying there in a drunken sleep and knew that he hadn't been seen going in with him. He took something—none of us knows what; perhaps the gimlet on one of these tool knives—jabbed it into him, then slipped out. It was a sudden impulse. Hazard lived long enough to shove the bell a couple of times, then collapsed."

Calvert looked crestfallen.

"Well, about his going in early," said he. "You've just said that not one concierge in a hundred knows when his *locataires* go in and out, once he's in bed. And the fact of Heming's being nearly broke would be a reason for his turning in early instead of knocking about."

Again the provost marshal shook his head.

"There's plenty of gratuitous amusement for a man like Heming on the streets of Paris," said he, "and when a chap is broke he usually hates to go to bed."

Calvert was forced to admit the truth of this. He attempted various other arguments in Heming's defense, but the provost marshal, himself a New York lawyer in civil life, broke down each one as it was advanced. He admitted, however, that he was himself by no means convinced of Heming's guilt, and encouraged Calvert to go ahead with his investigations. Calvert left him finally, depressed but not discouraged. He decided first to go out to camp and interview Heming, who was with his company, stationed near Versailles. He found Heming in a hard, bitter, ironic mood and inclined to be a little suspicious of Calvert's errand.

"Look here, Heming," said Calvert, "just get it out of your head first and foremost that I've got the slightest suspicion about you. I know that you're a victim of circumstances and I want to do my best to clear you. For heaven's sake, can't you give me anything to work at?"

"I wish I could, old chap," Heming answered coolly. "There's no doubt in my mind but that Hazard was purely and simply apached. He probably flashed his roll for some thug, who took him back to his hotel intending to rob him."

"Then why should he have killed him?" Calvert asked.

"Well, Hazard may not have been so drunk as you think, or else it might have been somebody he already knew."

"That's an idea to go on," said Calvert thoughtfully. "Why didn't you suggest it?"

"Because they all make me too damned sore," Heming growled. "It's up to them. If they want to prove me a murderer let them go ahead and do it."

"That sort of attitude isn't going to help you any."

"I'm not asking any help. I say, though, there's something you can do for me if you don't mind. My sister, Juanita, is due to arrive in Paris day after to-morrow, coming from London. I wish you'd meet her at the Gare du Nord."

"Of course," Calvert answered. "Where's she going to stop?"

"She can go to my apartment in the Rue Pergolese. I sublet it during the war and have only just moved in again. No telling how long they mean to keep me out here on the mourner's bench. You'll like Nita. She's some girl, if I says it as shouldn't, and she knows her book. If anybody can get to the bottom of this thing it's Nita. You might have a look round the apartment and see that everything's in order."

Calvert promised gladly to do this.

"How'll I know her?" he asked.

"You couldn't miss her in a beauty show. She is a combination of Venus and Diana, with a large bale of honest-to-goodness red hair; and full of pep at all hours of the day and night; and smartly dressed; and apt to have three or four male satellites revolving about her orbit. Just look round for the prettiest and most spectacular and best-dressed girl in the place, and if it isn't Nita, then she must have missed the boat."

"This does not sound like an arduous service," said Calvert, smiling.

"Well," said Heming, "if you were not already in love you'd have but a few hours of personal liberty left. At least that's the effect she seems to have on most chaps."

"Wonder she hasn't been grabbed off."

"Perhaps she may be when you see her," said Heming with a grin.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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EAGLE SHIRTS

THE GREAT POLITICAL SUPERSTITION

(Concluded from Page 32)

budget, the reorganization of the executive agencies and the establishment of better understanding and coöperation between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government must be accompanied, if government in America is not to fail, with the riddance of the great political superstition, to the end that we shall have diminishment, instead of increase, in the number of governmental activities, which already total far more, Mr. Taft insisted, than those of all the business world combined.

It is worth pointing out that nothing so unfavorably affects business or so quickly checks organization enterprise and prosperity as uncertainty. The existing uncertainty in the business and industrial world is without question aggravated by the vast increase during the last generation in the number of contacts between business and government. These contacts formerly were few and far between. Now not only are they innumerable but they are even controlling to the success or failure of many enterprises.

Governmental Interference

The proper function of government is not forever to be increasing its contacts with business, but to do justice between individuals, to enforce their contracts, to see that none oppresses or exploits another, to keep the door of opportunity open, and to prevent any monopoly or privilege which is not under public supervision and used in the public interest. But our Government has inched farther and farther out of the limitations of its proper field until its activities, which are all too numerous at best for any except a most efficient organization, run out in multitudinous directions and require the upbuilding and maintenance of a huge political machine in order to maintain, and continuously to increase, the points of contact between government and business.

Clearly, too, the constant temptation in such circumstances is for those who administer the Government to lose sight of the fundamental and controlling principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty and to regard governmental functions as ends in themselves, to be multiplied and extended indefinitely; yet we know that the unchecked development of such a tendency is not only to weaken government itself but to alter completely the American form of government and to revolutionize American business. In other words, it is perfectly easy, by following such a course as outlined, to transform a republic into an autocracy of officeholders and inspectors, and to build before our very eyes a supergovernment that takes little heed of the individual. Nominally this autocracy would represent and carry out the wish of the people; actually it would be a tyranny of an office-holding class.

It is my thought that Americans will not continue to tolerate a supergovernment to supplant their own Constitution, to waste their substance, to thwart the desire existing everywhere that our Government function with effectiveness in some true measure American. Obviously the field of government is wide enough and important enough to occupy the best minds of the nation on truly public concerns and in the solution of truly public problems. Obviously there is no need of the Government's turning aside to regulate in the minutest way all sorts and kinds of activities which are far better left alone. For Nature's cure for most social and political diseases is better than man's, better than that of most governmental functionaries; therefore, without the strongest reasons the Government should withhold its hand from everything that is not, by substantially common consent, a true matter of governmental concern and action.

We must not forget that not all public action is governmental; that not all public men are officials; that not all public expression is to be found in statutes and judicial decisions; rather, those acts, those men, those expressions are public, whether made by men in private station or not, which voice the reflection, the feeling and the aspiration of the public. Public control, through the enforcement of moral standards and through the approval or disapproval of public opinion, is far more effective than governmental control through penal statute and police regulation. The whole aim in a democracy is steadily to diminish the necessity of penal statutes and police regulations, to help men to help themselves, to develop initiative, to seek out and to train capacity, and to build up a generation of good citizens.

It follows, thus, that the more our social and political system intrusts to the sphere of civil liberty the more it calls upon individuals for efforts and for service, and the more rapidly it rids itself of the great political superstition that they are not able rightly to care for their own prerogatives the richer and fuller will be its life. Moreover, not only is there no sound argument for Americans to desert the liberties that have made the nation great in order to indulge at this juncture the great political superstition and upbuild and extend a supergovernment of public functionaries, but there are innumerable reasons why we should take exactly the opposite course and cut our governmental machine down to rudiments, organize it along the lines that modern business approves, and make it responsive to public will and the rapidly increasing demand for public economy.

There is no purpose to be gained by closing our eyes to conditions in Washington and in the country at large. We must admit that one of the penalties implied by democratic government is the impossibility ever of making it function with the speed and effectiveness of autocracy; but we must only the more insist, then, that there is all the more reason why we should do our utmost to adjust our Government in such wise as we can, in order that it may serve as effectively as it can. And clearly no autocracy, and no business organization, could possibly function speedily or effectively where there are, for instance, thirty-nine different governmental agencies engaged in civil construction and engineering work of various kinds, and when there are fourteen different governmental agencies, in addition to all those in the states, dealing with public health.

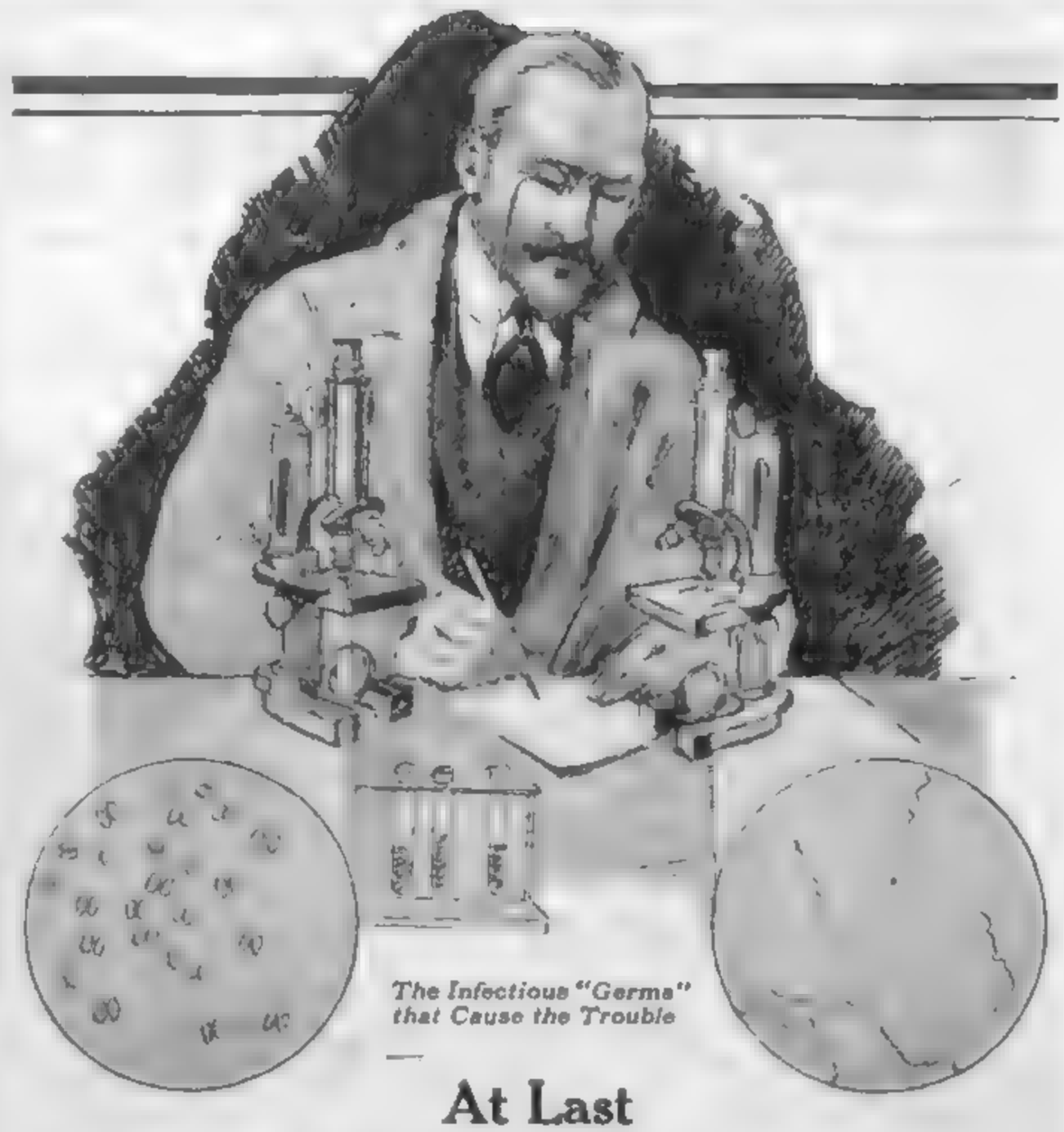
Burdens That Should be Lightened

Clearly before we can hope to be able to assure the citizens and the taxpayers of America that their interests are looked after in Washington as carefully as the interests of stockholders are looked after by a corporation, we must do all we can to lighten the burdens of government by establishing the budget, by reorganizing the departments and other agencies, which have never been organized effectively, and by utilizing every sound means to achieve better understanding and coöperation between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government.

The accomplishment of these things, and the riddance of the great political superstition that the Government is a beneficent and extravagant friend, but bad neighbor, to all manner of activities that do not belong rightfully in the field of governmental endeavor at all, would steal the fire of those who find reasons for violence in the failure of the Government to function speedily and effectively.

There are, to be sure, agitators who professionally are engaged in continuous free speech. These are few in number. In the crowds that they address the amount of sympathy extended to them by Americans is greatly exceeded by the amount of antagonism to them; nevertheless, there are many in the outskirts of all groups who are wondering whether there isn't something reasonable in what professional agitators say. These are the people we must satisfy, not the people who are openly hostile. Our jails are sufficient to hold them.

Those who are familiar with the history of government and with the organization and procedure of government know, of course, that the part of wisdom in a dilemma like ours is not to destroy but to reconstruct. They know that there is every conclusive reason why we must make the Government work. And when it does work they know that it is so much the most reasonable, the most responsive, the most modern Government, that it shuts the doors on and makes impossible revolution, violence and discontent.



The Infectious "Germs" that Cause the Trouble

At Last
The Face of the Enemy

IN the past a "conspiracy of silence" has kept vitally important facts from the public.

Conditions are changing. Now, the whole country may be told that under certain conditions the venereal diseases are curable—that *they are preventable*. Diagnosis and treatment have been made highly certain. With public interest thoroughly aroused these most dangerous and destructive diseases can be eliminated.

The microscope has revealed "the face of the enemy" to the scientist. He knows the facts—but do you?

Do you know under what conditions the venereal diseases are curable? Do you know of the provisions being made to treat them? Do you know how and why these infections endanger the whole family group and the public—how they threaten even the *unborn?*

The United States Government, the States, and allied private agencies are now engaged in a nation-wide educational, medical and character-building campaign to stamp out these most serious diseases.

Every citizen, man and woman, is expected to LEARN the answers to *these questions. Will you do your part and LEARN?*

The Next Step—A book for every man

The next step for every man in America is to learn the necessary health facts. Send to-day for the new booklet **"Health For Men."** It tells the real facts about venereal diseases—free from prejudice and panic. It exposes the misstatements of "Quacks"—explains social hygiene as applicable to everyday life. Send for your copy

For Men and Women

An important pamphlet for every man and woman is Will Irwin's "Conquering an Old Enemy"—a straight from-the-shoulder narrative describing America's greatest health problem and the measures being taken to solve it. Thousands have already learned the truth regarding venereal diseases and the approved methods of combating them, from this booklet

For Parents

Parents will at once appreciate the constructive side of social hygiene. Few know how to instruct their children regarding the simplest facts of life and sex. Yet every parent fears the "questions that are hard to answer." Will you guide your child safely and surely? Will you give the essential facts that so many children get in a perverted way from the streets? Then send for "Child Questions and Their Answers" today! Tell them *easily, clearly, safely.*

The American Social Hygiene Asso., Inc.
105 West 40th Street, New York City

Single copies of these booklets will be sent on receipt of ten cents per copy to cover the cost of printing and mailing.

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I enclose _____ cents for which please send me _____ copies of the booklets checked.
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"Conquering an Old Enemy"
"Child Questions and Their Answers"

Name _____

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Among the national agencies co-operating in the American Plan and supporting the state boards of health are The United States Public Health Service, The United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board, The Army and Navy, The American Social Hygiene Association

This advertisement paid for by public spirited men and women who realize that America's greatest health menace can be stamped out

There Was No Standard

By Which to Judge Essex

The Essex Motor is Patented and Exclusive—Three Times More Powerful Than Conventional Motors Its Size. A Moderate Priced Car with Fine Car Qualities

Light car standards of the past give you nothing by which to judge the Essex.

Nor do price standards—often the gauge of quality—seem to place the Essex in its true relation to others in its field.

They give no idea of its quality or abilities. For the Essex was not evolved from that class at all. It is a totally different type. It is not compassed by small car limitations. It brings to the light car field qualities never expected in any but the large costly cars.

Most notable of its supremacies is the Essex motor. To it are due Essex world endurance records; its great speed capacity and its official performance proofs, never equalled by any light car.

Its abilities are exclusive to Essex. For the Essex motor is patented. No other maker can use it. Think of the advantages it gives.

Power is Trebled in This Size Motor

The patented Essex motor is three times more powerful than conventional motors its size. It develops 55 H. P., where they develop but 18 H. P. at utmost.

Thus without greater weight, or the sacrifice of any advantage of lightness, the Essex has power like the big, fine cars. It has the light car economy of tires, fuel and oil, too. And it is moderate in price. But in other essentials there is no likeness to the light cars you may have known.

Consider what the patented Essex motor has proved with respect to endurance.

That has been the chief lack of light cars in the past. It has been the most important obstacle to wider acceptance of the light type. With all their genuine advantages of economy and handiness they have not been the choice of service in which great durability is required.

What an important mark in motordom then is the world's endurance record of the light Essex. Its 3037 miles in 50 hours has never been equalled. Never before has any car withstood 50 hours' top-speed driving. It imposed a strain more severe than years of ordinary use. Yet the Essex showed no measurable wear at the finish. An Essex stock chassis made that official record. With other tests, the same stock chassis travelled 5870 miles at the rate of more than a mile a minute.

Another Essex stock touring car holds the world's 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles.

Moderate in Cost Yet With These Rare Qualities

Remember that heretofore the performance supremacy of large types was conceded. The light field made no pretense of disputing it. Now the light Essex has set two world endurance marks. It signalizes a new motor development, hardly equalled in importance.

It is the officially enacted proof of what every Essex owner says of the way it embodies the best performance qualities of the high-priced big cars.

Doesn't it prove a light car to satisfy the wants of the most exacting?

Operating economies of the light type are more important today. Gasoline and tire costs have much increased the light car saving in these items. Motoring opinion is now asserted strongly in favor of lightness and nimbleness against mere unwieldy bulk, so difficult to manage in present day crowded traffic. That judgment is founded on good common sense. Greater safety is a further endorsement.

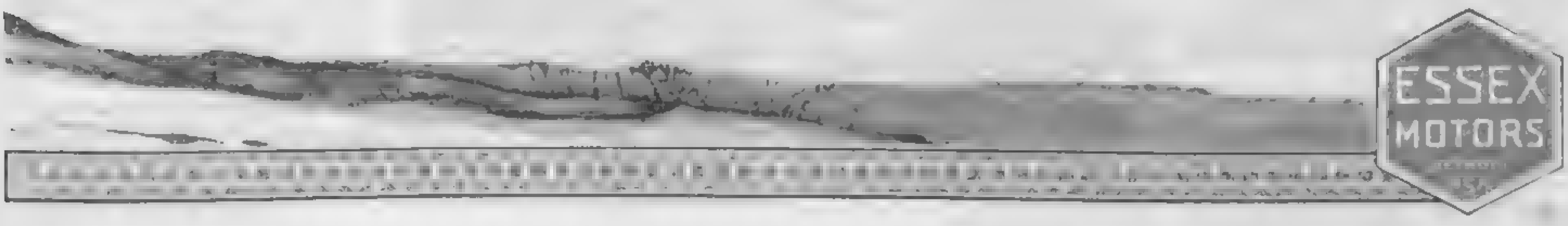
Former Big Car Owners Its Greatest Champions

Just notice among your own acquaintances the many Essex owners who formerly drove big costly cars. Ask them about it. They will tell you they miss none of the fine things they enjoyed in their big cars. And they will tell you with particular enthusiasm of the many advantages they have gained.

They know the thrill that comes with speed and performance—the content that is based upon the independence of the repair shop and the meaning of dependable service at the lowest cost per mile. Is it any wonder Essex owners grow more than a hundred every day, that nearly 38,000 Essex cars are now in service?

Essex Motors—Detroit, U. S. A.

(1038)



RING-AROUND-A-ROSY

(Continued from Page 17)

Well, to get on with the tale, when I bought out the household furnishings of my little friend and later ex-employee, Eloise DuBois, after her mother's death, there were a number of pieces of glass among the assets. But at that time, of course, glass, except on old French candelabra, was valueless. We had not even rediscovered the beauty of prism-hung ormolu candlesticks. And among this lot of DuBois glassware was notably a set of scent bottles of the early Cleveland period—dun colored, with small children in white relief skipping rope, and coroneted, gilt-edged stoppers, only one of which was broken.

These obviously important pieces I sold to Mrs. Duxley Wrighton for her country house. The rest of the glass I got rid of as best I could at the time. I had paid five dollars for the lot, and after Mrs. Wrighton had paid sixty-five for that set I did not wish to encumber my place with the remainder. Among these left-overs were twelve flat-bottomed flip glasses. At the time, owing perhaps to the fact that jelly had palpably been preserved in them, I had regarded them as mere jelly containers. But as I thought back to them I realized how well they would serve my purpose. And it was my intention to seek out these glasses, unknown to that dear, handsome, absurdly conscientious Lionel, and contrive to arrange so that he and the widow would voluntarily purchase them for Morganthawl.

I knew almost for a certainty where the glasses were. They, together with the rest of the DuBois remainders, had been taken off my hands by a small and unimportant dealer who ran an insignificant antique shop on Madison Avenue; a shop which might even have been called a store, so far was it removed from any pretensions of being a gallery. This dull, dirty and untidy little place was run by a man named DuGay; a type of person whose existence is a very real annoyance to the rest of the dealers.

In the first place, DuGay collected through a genuine liking for the objects themselves and apparently with precious little thought as to their commercial value or of any profit which he was likely to make on them. The poor fool actually acquired nothing which he did not regard as genuinely lovely, and his mania for keeping his treasures in preference to selling them was notorious. Furthermore, he had an insane habit of telling the truth—all of the truth—not only about his own stock but about other people's—a characteristic at once dangerous and ridiculous, as you can readily see. When he consented to sell at all he asked an altogether too reasonable price—one against which big business in the same line could not possibly compete. And when he bought he paid what was asked and discarded all but the best elements of his purchase. However, this did not mean that everything in his dirty little shop was genuine; it only meant that if there was any doubt about their origin the poor fish actually told you so.

Of course he was cordially hated by the other dealers, who nevertheless had to keep up decent relations with him because he was for some mysterious reason on very friendly terms with the private individuals from whom he bought, and consequently he often got hold of good things which the rest of us had been unable to pry loose from the ancestral moorings. You really cannot imagine how stubborn an owner can be about parting with an heirloom, even when in the most dire need of money; or what an exalted idea of values they sometimes get—a false estimate obtained through pricing similar objects in the big establishments most likely, which prices are, of course, based on a fair profit to the dealer for the use of his brains, ingenuity and good taste.

But somehow DuGay never seemed to encounter difficulties of this sort, and more than once a big dealer has been forced to go to him for an object which had long been vainly coveted in some obscure lodging or farmhouse and which DuGay had apparently procured with ease. Curiously enough, he did not like me. Yet we occasionally had dealings with each other, and I must say that he always treated me with the utmost fairness.

It was to his unimportant little place that I set out next morning, leaving Lionel in charge of the gallery and telling him that I would take the automobile and run out to Scaldon to the hotel and see if the head waiter had a heart or not. Lionel was against the project morally, but for it physically.

"It's a rotten thing to break the law! I hope he hasn't a darn thing," he announced firmly; "or that he refuses to give it to you if he has. In any event don't pay over fifteen a quart. It's outrageous the way that bandit holds us up!"

"And that last rye was mere poison. New stuff full of fusel oil," I agreed heartily. "He ought to be hanged for it—at such a price too!"

And drawing on my new yellow gloves, placing my pale gray hat at a carefully chosen angle, I stepped daintily into the waiting motor, and without a single word about my real project I drove off, feeling quite a gay dog, the spring wind and sunshine together with the necessity for concentration while driving through the traffic presently combining to eliminate my headache entirely. My first stop was at DuGay's. As I entered his shop gingerly because of the prevalent dust he raised his eyes over the tops of his spectacles in that uncomfortably quizzical way he has and greeted me without warmth.

"Hello, Kentt," he said. "What's the news in the underworld?"

"I've come to see you about some glass you once bought from me," I replied stiffly, "and not to barter humor."

"Well, I've probably still got it all," replied DuGay, emerging from behind the counter. "If you couldn't sell it it's highly likely that I couldn't either. Now just what was it you have found a sucker for?"

Of course my natural instinct was to slap the wretch for his rudeness, but since that would not have assisted in attaining my desire I forbore.

"It's a set of twelve old large-size jelly glasses," I replied, ignoring the insult. "You may remember them."

"Oh, those flip glasses!" said he—"grog glasses really, since they haven't any stems. Yes, I've still got them, though it's just by chance. A party was in here yesterday, and if I could have stated that they were old they'd have bought them.

"The party will soon be coming back, at that. I could tell from the way in which they said they thought they didn't really care for them after all—here you are, Kentt."

He had led me to a dim corner of his lair and turned on the light above a mass of glassware piled on a common deal table and comprising odds and ends of all sorts—everything from a set of red, engraved tumblers to a five-gallon gin bottle. And in their midst, carelessly stuck one in the other like so many hotel water tumblers, were the objects of my search. He picked up one and squinted at the light through it. "Pretty shape, eh?" said he. "But it would be hard work getting anything to fill 'em with nowadays. What soaks our ancestors were!"

"So you think they are genuine?" I inquired scoffingly.

"What's the use thinking about clear white glass?" he demanded. "How the devil can you tell if any of this stuff is genuine? You've got to be an absolute expert really to know and, frankly, you and I are not up in this line. We only realize that it isn't humanly possible that all the antique glass which is being sold all over the country to-day could have survived the domestic service of the period to which it pretends to belong. Why, it couldn't even have been turned out in that generation! There weren't people enough in America to make it. As for these glasses, they may have been made by Stiegel; and then again, far more likely they came from a big modern factory where the designer has good taste. You can buy colonial tumblers in the ten-cent stores now, you know."

"I think they are modern," I admitted with an appearance of reluctance, "but I can use them. What do you want for them?"

"They are enough like genuine Stiegel to bring five dollars apiece," said he. "Of course if they could be authenticated, which could only be done by someone swearing to a positive knowledge of their history, they would be worth twenty-five dollars apiece, and you could probably get fifty from someone addicted to glassware to the point of collecting being a vice with them—and most of your clientele is like that. As far as I am concerned, you can have the twelve for sixty dollars. In view of the fact that they may actually be genuine, I think that is fair enough."

I thought so too, though it was about twenty times what he had given me for them in the first place and forty times what I had paid Eloise for them—or something. My figures may not be exact, but in my line we figure in such ample terms that a good deal of our bookkeeping is done, as it were, by ear.

Well, at any rate, since Eloise had subsequently thrown me over and gone to work for Cartiea, I had no scruples to waste on her either. In point of fact, the circumstance made the revenge I intended all the sweeter.

I paid for the glasses, assisted DuGay in packing them most carefully in an old gin case, put the precious things into my motor and headed for the region round Scaldon and a young chap named Montimer who ran a tea house and antique business in a small way on the Post Road and who was under obligations to me.

At one time Montimer had been in my employ, but, his health breaking down, he was obliged to leave the city. As his sister, who kept house for him, possessed a few fairly good family pieces of mahogany and a rather nice old homestead, they had opened it for the purpose above described; and I had managed to throw quite a little business in his way by recommending my own patrons to stop there for tea. Besides which we had together put through a number of small deals profitable to both of us but in which I did not wish to have my name appear.

The day being fair and the young trees bursting into leaf and the bally sparrows chirping and those twelve jelly glasses in the back of the car, I felt quite happy and gay; and to complete my satisfaction, Montimer was at home and alone. Together we carried the old gin case into his private room and unpacked the glasses.

"Well, what are we to do with the darn things?" asked Montimer as we stood surveying them.

"We are going to allow the great Madame Cartiea to purchase them at fifteen dollars each," I replied with superb calm—"of which you will retain one-half. That is seven-fifty a glass. The rest you turn over to me. My man, Mr. Lionel LaFarge, will steer the lady here. But he must not under any circumstances get onto the fact that I am in any way concerned in the deal."

"All right," agreed Montimer with his usual intelligent docility when submitting to my generalship. "How shall I handle it?"

"Stand 'em in a row in your kitchen closet and put into them a few spices, herbs and other stuff that can easily be dumped out," said I. "Place them conspicuously, and then show her your quaint old kitchen

(Continued on Page 115)

"That Party I Told You About Came Back This Afternoon," He Explained. "A Miss Eloise DuBois, She Was"

A FEAST OF FLAVOR—*Says the Cook in the Can*

"One taste of Red Crown Vienna Style Sausage proves it's the best in flavor, texture and tenderness. But not till you know its story can you fully appreciate this most popular of the 24 RED CROWN INSTANT SERVICE CANNED MEATS.

"From choice cuts of beef and pork—trimmed of all waste—the fresh meat is chopped and blended with the spices that base its matchless flavor. It is fed into Imported Sheep Coverings—selected for their tenderness—and then sent to the smokehouse where surplus moisture is taken out and the tasty tang put in.

"The appetizing sausage is then cut into convenient lengths to fit the shiny, sterilized cans which are filled to FULL CAPACITY, hermetically sealed, and steam-cooked for just the right number of minutes to produce a perfect result. Next comes the final outer washing of the can, the automatic labeling and the packing.

"All done in clean, airy kitchens by wonderful machines watched and tended by skilled workers, white-gowned, white-capped. Super-inspection at every point guarantees their absolute purity.

"A year-'round meat delicacy which saves time and money and helps the housewife laugh at cooking in hot weather."

Ready at your nearest grocer's.

Packed and backed by

ACME PACKING COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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What higher order of merit could be coveted for AC Spark Plugs than the endorsement they have already received! The cold, calculative research of many of America's foremost engineers has put them in the engines of the most costly cars. Such intrepid pilots of the air as Rohlfs and Donaldson; such stars of the speedway as De Palma, Milton and Eddie Hearne, choose AC Spark Plugs with the sure knowledge they will not fail. These good plugs are sold by dealers everywhere. Put them in your car.

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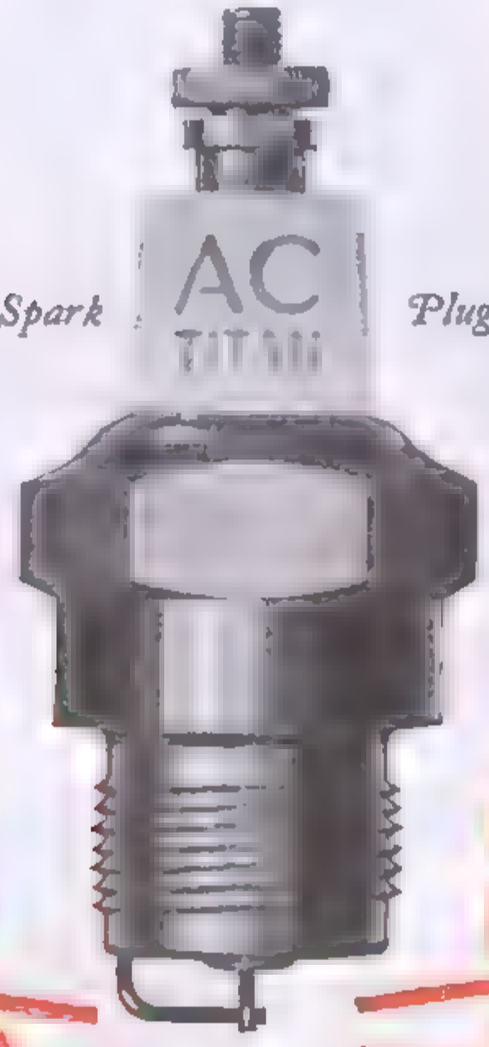
The Standard Spark AC *Plug of the World*



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Wisconsin Motors
Wolverine Tractors
Woolery Ry Motors
W S M Motors

U S Pat No 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U S Pat No 1,216,139, Feb 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 112)

and allow her to discover them. Your great-grandfather was a Pennsylvania glass blower, and your grandmother always had those glasses—see?"

"Clearly," grinned Montimer; "I'm too jay a dealer to know anything about the craze for old glass."

"You get it perfectly," said I. "Well, I'll steer them up in a day or two—say, about Thursday. I'm off to the hotel now. Ta-ta, old boy!"

And I went away with a sigh of relief to attend to my own selfish affairs, feeling that I had already put in an excellent and strenuous day of business."

Now, of course, as a good American citizen I would not dream of breaking a law—not even a law which I did not like—one to which in point of fact I had the very strongest personal objections. But there are certain laws in our beloved land which surely were never intended to apply to the upper classes, and one of these is prohibition.

Of course I believe in prohibition. I think it is an excellent thing. As a matter of fact, I would have voted dry if given the opportunity. But on the other hand, though there is no doubt that it is a good thing for the masses, it is a terrific infliction upon a delicate, superior nature such as my own. And though art itself may not need artificial stimulation, the selling of art certainly requires a good deal of artificial courage. I assure you that many a deal has fallen through since the first of last July owing to the complete sobriety of the prospective client.

However, it must also be admitted that there have been some amazing sales due to the well-stocked cellars of the rich, who could not leave them alone, but, as with a loose tooth, must forever be tampering with them—if you know what I mean.

Undoubtedly the people who are hardest hit are those who—like myself—had courage and money enough to lay in but a limited supply and are in consequence literally forced to become the victims of the gorgers who take advantage of our situation to demand fifteen and twenty dollars for a bottle of joy restorer which used to retail at a dollar or less. Personally I abhor liquor and only take it for my nerves. I am quite sure that the Federal Government forgot my nerves when it passed the law which cut me off—ostensibly at least—from a necessary stimulant. And this being the case, I feel I was justified in taking the course which I now proceeded to take; in other words, to acquire that which I needed in a quiet, inoffensive manner which no revenue officer could possibly have the opportunity of taking any exception to. Needless to say, if I had felt the law really applied to me I would not have acted as I did. But having elected myself one of the law's exceptions, due to my wretched physique, for which I could easily have got a doctor's prescription if necessary, I thought merely to simplify matters by taking them into my own hands.

It was with this well in mind that I went from Montimer's place over to the Hotel Durham and sought out the haughty company of Dixon, the head waiter. I drew him to one side and shook hands with him ten dollars' worth.

"Well, Dixon, what are the prospects?" I asked confidentially.

"Very poor, Mr. Kentt, very poor, sir!" said he lugubriously. "I haven't a thing in the house—not a thing, positively! You see, I didn't expect you, sir."

"Well, how soon can you dig it out of the hen roost?" I pleaded. "I really need it—and my friend, Mr. LaFarge, is dangerously ill. We simply must have some!"

"You don't say—you don't say!" commented that bad actor. "I think it's possible that I might get hold of a case of gin by, say, Thursday, sir, if you can take it quietly by the back alley."

"Dixon, you are an angel," I breathed. "How much?"

"Well, it's gone up quite a bit since the last time, sir," said Dixon. "I am paying two hundred dollars a case—and I'll let you have it at cost!"

"Two hundred!" I gasped. "Dixon, you robber!"

"Well, sir, there is a gentleman who is most anxious to pay two hundred and fifty, or even seventy-five," replied Dixon with an air well calculated to make me feel like a piker. "Don't take it if you don't want it, sir. I can get rid of it easily enough."

"Oh, I'll take it, but this will be the last!" I groaned. "I'll be out on Thursday right after lunch. Be sure and don't disappoint me now."

The vile wretch! Men like that ought not to be encouraged. Putting such a price on Blueberry gin that used to sell for sixty cents a bottle! It's wicked to be willing to take such a profit as that!

Burning with righteous indignation, I returned to the city and completed my arrangements for sending the fair Widow Cartiea out to buy those old jelly glasses. Curiously enough, I was not obliged to broach the subject myself. The next day, which was Wednesday, Lionel announced to me that he and Madame Cartiea had agreed to work together on the Morganthawl glass proposition and were starting on a hunt the following morning. No mention was made of my going along—a circumstance for which I was profoundly grateful, as I had other matters to attend to; and anyhow Cartiea simply never looked at me when Lionel was round, and I hated being gooseberry—especially in that connection.

"Do you happen to be going out toward Scaldon?" I asked casually. "Because if you are you might stop at that chap Montimer's for me. He's got some worsted work that I need for the Smythes' drawing-room."

"Why, yes, I believe she thought we'd drop in at Montimer's for lunch," replied Lionel, to my carefully concealed delight. "I'll be glad to get it for you. We are going to all those little places. You see, the news about the boom won't have got round to them yet, and we may be able to pick up some good glass at a reasonable figure."

"Fine idea!" I replied genially. "Good luck to you!"

My speech—and, I trust, my manner—was cheery and cordial. But in my heart was nothing but bitterness. Out all day in her car—springtime! Alone together! Oh, fudge, but I was wild! However, I was going to make a nice pair of fools of them before I was through—that was some comfort.

Next morning with a savage, gnawing pain in my heart I watched Lionel select an orange silk tie and a light gray suit.

"Ah, ha," thought I, "fine feathers do not make fine connoisseurs! But I should worry if he spends the day with her, provided she spends her money on those glasses and then shares honors with us when she turns them over to Mr. Morganthawl!"

And so I uttered not a single word of reproach during breakfast, nor indeed did I feel any added chagrin when later from my window on the Avenue I observed Lionel emerge from her place in company with the charming blond widow, who looked like a spring daffodil despite her becoming weeds, to which she still clung.

Eloise did not accompany them. Presumably she had been left in charge of the exclusive Cartiea, Inc., establishment and

(Concluded on Page 118)

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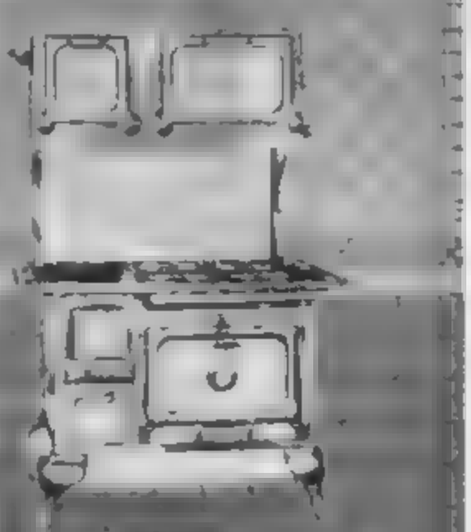

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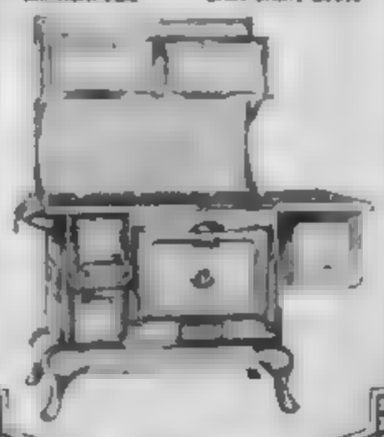

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(Concluded from Page 115)

would cool her French heels in its spacious halls, where nothing was displayed except upon request, while the rest of us were out enacting the hectic drama of our affairs. I was glad of it, too, even though it sent Lionel and the widow away unchaperoned, because if Eloise saw those glasses she might ask questions—she had an annoying memory, as I recalled from our joint school days.

The widow's smart little Colby-Droit roadster was waiting at the curb. She got in, allowing Lionel to take the driver's seat, and I watched them slowly wend their way up the Avenue until they were lost in the crowd.

Then I gave some instructions to Wilkins, my second assistant curator, sold an incidental customer a trifle in fans, spent an hour with that tiresome Herr Doctor Verboten, the famous art critic, who wandered in to be conciliated because he had nothing else to do with his time; and, after a bite to eat at the Garland Club, was at length free to go after that confounded gin. I cashed a large check, Dixon always insisting upon the noncommittal character of cash, and in a half hour I was on my way.

I had timed my visit to the Durham so as to allow the widow and Lionel to have finished luncheon and left before I arrived. Scaldon is a smallish town and it was not unlikely that I would otherwise have encountered them either on the main street or upon the Boston Post Road, which was the natural channel of communication between it and the metropolis. I was not overanxious to meet them, feeling that I would rather Lionel surprised me with the glad news about their great find in the privacy of my own office. And, furthermore, I wouldn't for the world have that Cartiea woman think I was following her!

Besides, I didn't take the Post Road on the trip out. True, there was bad going to be encountered on the byways to Scaldon, but I had a feeling that discretion was the better part of bootlegging, and in consequence took care to arrive at the alley at the back of the Durham by an untraveled, circuitous route. With infinite caution in choosing a moment when no one observed me, I backed my car into the narrow space between the hotel ash cans and, alighting, dived at once into the depths of the hotel cellar, punctual to the moment of my appointment. Dixon was awaiting me below. The required securities, plus the expected appreciation of his taking all this risk for me, exchanged hands and I presently emerged with the case of gin in my arms.

Depositing my precious burden in the tonneau of the car, I draped a rug about it, slipped into my seat and drove out into the public gaze with a horrid feeling that everyone I met, including quite small children of either sex, was in all probability a Federal spy in disguise who would seek to detain me and presently to administer rude treatment of some sort or other.

This uncomfortable sensation lost some of its acuteness as I left the town behind me and spun homeward—being careful to avoid bumps—upon the main roadway, and lessened considerably as no one actually interfered with me—though once, it is true, a truckman caused my heart to skid dangerously by yelling a rough remark aimed at my personal appearance which I at first mistook as a command to stop.

Otherwise the homeward trip, which I made upon the Boston Road both by reason of its being smoother and feeling it wise to return a different way from that on which I had come, was uneventful until just north of Port Chester I espied Madame Cartiea's car stalled in a ditch beside the road, the fair widow and that young scamp of a curator of mine sitting disconsolately upon the running board.

Of course I parked my bus behind them and came forward with solicitations. For once madame had an enthusiastic greeting for me.

"Oh, Mr. Kentt," she exclaimed, "how terribly lucky! How glad I am to see you! We have been waiting for that stupid garage man for nearly an hour."

"I say, what luck!" I exclaimed in my best manner. "Nothing broken, I trust?" I added in genuine anxiety, for the horrid idea occurred to me that the glasses might be aboard their car—and they were.

"Nothing, thank fortune!" she breathed. "For we have had the most remarkable luck—out at Montimer's, a little tea place on the road. Just fancy, Mr. Kentt, we found a complete set of Stiegel grog glasses—absolutely perfect! And the Montimer person was actually using them in the kitchen!"

"Great Scott, you don't say so!" I exclaimed. "I hope they are carefully packed?"

"I'll say they are!" Lionel reassured me enthusiastically. "I found an old gin case and did 'em up myself. We bought them for a song—twenty dollars apiece. But it's a good thing the steering post cracked just when it did or we might have had a peach of a smash."

"Well, it's wonderful luck, your coming along in this opportune manner!" declared the widow. "I'm tired to death, and I think it's going to rain."

"We will just put your precious box in my car and get along home," I remarked cheerily. "There is no earthly use in waiting for the garage man, because your repairs are a three-day undertaking, I fear. We will stop at the garage as we go by. There's a reliable fellow I know of just beyond, and we will send him back."

"What a relief!" sighed Madame Cartiea, climbing into the front seat—a delightful triumph for me, since in view of his recent accident I calmly relegated Lionel to the tonneau along with the two gin cases and their precious contents. I heard him heave a sigh of satisfaction as he spread the rug about both boxes, though he made no audible comment; and before I knew it, as I may say, there I was, driving the fair idol home by my side, the precious freight safely behind, the day a complete and wonderful success. I felt, I assure you, that the gods could do no more for me.

It was dusk when we left Madame Cartiea at her door, after first carrying in her box of glassware, being unwilling to intrust it to the manservant who admitted us. And then refusing her kind invitation to tea, alluring as it was, we departed, strength to do so being given us by the knowledge that we had the makings of another cup that cheers in our own particular package. So we bade her a more or less reluctant farewell, she having first agreed to forward the glasses to Mr. Morganthawl in our joint names. It was delightful to witness her enthusiasm over her find, yet we tarried not, for, as I have hinted, we had other delights in store. In point of fact, we did not wait to put up the car, but, driving directly to our flat, got out the case, a rug still wrapped about it, and proceeded at once to the privacy of our apartments.

It was dark in the hall, and I was obliged to intrust the precious burden to Lionel while I fumbled for the electric switch. And how it happened I scarcely know, but one end of the rug in which that case was enveloped dragged upon the floor; my feet became entangled in it and I lunged forward. There was a sickening crash of glass as the case struck the hard wood, and at the same instant I lost consciousness.

When I came to the lights were on and Lionel was kneeling beside me bathing a swelling over my forehead—a horrible lump that felt about the size of a normal ostrich egg. I had acquired it, as I later ascertained, by coming into violent contact with the edge of the piano as I went down. But at the moment my fears were so much greater than my pain that I practically disregarded it.

"The gin!" I managed to gasp feebly. "Is it all gone?"

"Smashed to blazes, I guess!" returned Lionel grimly. "Are you all right now, eh? Well, then I'll pry that lid off and have a look-see. Guess you really need a drink for once in your life."

Painfully I staggered to my feet with the assistance of his arm and tottered over to where the case held its grim secret. Lionel got the chisel, swearing softly and continually, and began to pry off the lid.

"It doesn't seem to be leaking," I remarked tremulously as he tore off a couple of boards.

And it wasn't leaking! No wonder it wasn't! Because inside that gin case were one dozen thoroughly shattered Stiegel flip glasses. And if they were not antique before, believe me they were now thoroughly and completely antiqued—in point of fact, they were obsolete. Lionel's face as he looked at them was considerably less handsome than usual.

"Ah, hell!" he said.

"Tom—oh, Tom McGuire—never you mind!" I rejoiced. "They were only fakes anyway! I planted them at Montimer's myself, and Cartiea has the gin! Let's run right over there!"

Furiously he swung upon me.

"You're darn right we'll run over there!" he shouted. "You little Pekingese pup! So you were going to put one over, were you? Stick that dinky gray hat of yours over your bump and come on and apologize this second! Gosh, I wish the piano had murdered you!"

Well, of course I couldn't blame him for being cross. I was cross myself. So I went with him meekly enough. What was the good of resisting? Besides, no fraud had actually been accomplished as far as Morganthawl was concerned, and I wanted my case of gin.

All the way back to Cartiea's Lionel was singularly silent, a moody frown marring his handsome profile, which was all he turned toward me. And when we arrived we were obliged to wait several minutes, as it was now seven o'clock and the widow was dressing for dinner. Then just as the silence between us was growing unbearable Madame Cartiea appeared—a vision of beauty, her extreme blondness made the more vivid by her severe black décolleté—I mean low-necked—gown. She seemed very much surprised to see us.

"I hope nothing is wrong?" she said as she greeted us. "Because I sent the box right up to Mr. Morganthawl without even opening it. I was afraid I could not duplicate your careful packing, Mr. McGuire, and I wrote Mr. Morganthawl a note asking him to unpack it with his own hands."

For a moment neither of us could speak. Then Lionel made a brave effort. She had to be told, of course, but he did not tell quite what I had anticipated.

"Madame Cartiea—Alice," he began, "a fearful, clumsy mistake has been made. You have sent Mr. Morganthawl our case of gin. The glasses were in the other box, and I dropped it and smashed them to smithereens. That is what we came over about. Can you ever forgive me?"

She turned rather white, and then in the face of the inevitable she took it with her usual magnificent good sense.

"It's fearfully hard luck about the glasses," she said, "but I forgive you of course. The whole thing was a most unfortunate accident. But I must say I'm sorry about—about that gin. Mr. Morganthawl isn't a man who likes practical jokes. That is just the sort of thing that is likely to lose me his patronage forever. There's a little consolation in the thought that I said specifically in my note that the box came from Mr. Kentt. And I dare not call him up to-night, because I happen to know that he has a most important business conference on at his house."

Well, that was a cheerful addition to our joys! What a melancholy spirit I carried away from Madame Cartiea's stately house! And what an aching, thirsty throat and lumpy head! The only alleviation to my misery was the fact that Lionel had been loyal—he had not told her that the glasses were fakes. I took occasion to thank him humbly for this as we walked home from our garage.

"What was the use in telling her?" he responded gloomily. "They are busted—we couldn't use 'em anyhow!"

One would have thought that fate had inflicted sufficient punishment upon us for one day. But not so. On entering our gilded lower hall the boy in charge informed us that we had a visitor. And from the back of the reception room rose no less a person than DuGay, the Madison Avenue dealer. He was as untidy and dusty as ever, bearing a strong resemblance to one of his own frowzy curiosities, but he was alive with excitement.

"Oh, Mr. Kentt!" he fairly shouted on catching sight of me. "Mr. Kentt, I came right away to tell you the very minute I closed the shop! Those were genuine Stiegel glasses that you bought the other day. Not that I want any more money for them—the bargain was fair enough—but that I thought you ought to know at once."

"How," I gasped, my world sinking under me—"how do you know this?"

"That party I told you about came back this afternoon," he explained. "A Miss Eloise DuBois from Madame Cartiea's, she was. It seems they had always been in her family until she sold them to you—she knew their whole history. I believe Madame Cartiea would pay a good price for them, as Miss DuBois identified them the very minute I told her that I had got them from you."

"Oh, heavens!" I cried. The man actually mistook my anguish for gratitude.

"Don't mention it!" he replied pleasantly, picking up his hat and departing. "Just thought it my duty to let you know."

And with that he was gone, leaving me to rush to my bedroom, where I slammed the door and, jumping upon the bed, finally cried myself to sleep.

The next morning, which was wet and foggy—a day in itself calculated to induce low spirits—I rose and went down to the galleries in a frame of mind which can easily be imagined. Even the undoubted success of the new spring suit I was wearing for the first time failed to cheer me, and I sulked in my private office until nearly noon, refusing to see clients and being almost nasty to Lionel, who mooned about out in front in scarcely better shape than myself. I felt wrecked, disgusted, hopeless. And then just after twelve o'clock, when I was considering whether or not a milk shake made with milk would make me feel better or worse, to cap the climax the door opened and who should come in but Mr. Morganthawl—the great and powerful Mr. Morganthawl—whose patronage is the desire of all dealers and who had never deigned to enter my galleries before. Morganthawl, who came now as a tower of wrath!

But I am really no coward. When I heard him demanding me by name I buttoned up my coat and sallied forth to meet him in the open. Besides, Lionel was out in the open, and Lionel is big and strong. In an instant Morganthawl had pounced upon me and clasped me by the hand.

"Mr. Kentt, I want to speak to you," he said, drawing me to one side. "I want to thank you, old man, for that case of gin. Pretty neat, getting it to me as you did. And I can't say how much I appreciate it. I hadn't a drop in the house, and a most important business acquaintance was coming to dinner. It got there just in time to mix a cocktail. I admire brains, and I must admit it was a most ingenious way of attracting my attention. So I thought I'd drop in and see if you would care to lunch with me and talk over the decoration of a new wing I am putting on the Long Island cottage."

Need I say more? Need I? Ah, yes, one little thing! On my return from that happiest of happy luncheons, where I was the honored yet I trust not too servile guest of the great man, I found a letter from Montimer. He wrote:

"*Dear Kentt:* Inclosed please find my check for ninety dollars, representing your half of the sale of twelve glasses to Madame C——, who bought the lot yesterday at fifteen dollars each as agreed.

"Yours hastily, M."

The dishonesty of some dealers! And when he might have known I would find out she paid twenty apiece! Well, one can never tell whom to trust nowadays. *Le bon Dieu*—I mean to say, the good Lord—knows!

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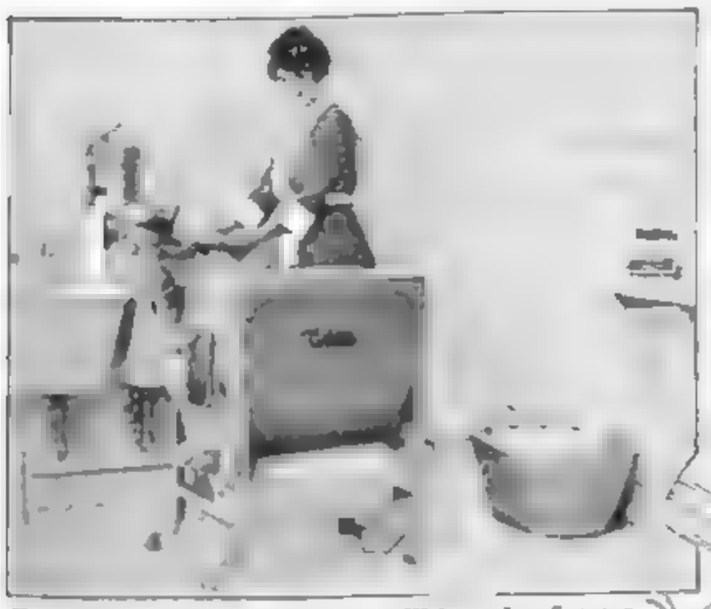


The Safety Interlocking Swinging Wringer has five convenient locked positions. It cannot wring while swinging or swing when wringing—another Eden safety device.

The Eden Automatic Clutch releases the motor if the washer or wringer is overloaded and prevents burnt-out motors and blown-out fuses.

The Eden driving mechanism is fully and safely enclosed and is packed in grease, which does away with all messy oiling.

JUNK

(Continued from Page 13)

In ten days the boy had become expert on the flute which his foster-father gave to him. In a little while Sing Fu brought to their house a long-necked, three-stringed banjo. Within a month Chung Lu had mastered this instrument. He followed his education with practice on the mandolin and on a two-stringed fiddle. In a year the people of the settlement about the house of Sing Fu knew that the red-headed boy who dwelt therein was a musician.

"With the san sheu and the viol, the yue chin and the chu sue he is equally skilled. His music is not harsh. It does not shriek, nor does it offend even a man with the earache. It is the voice of ricebirds at dawn, the cooing of doves; the melody of falling almond blossoms; the whisper of flowing water; the voice of a woman and of a man breathing the accents of his love."

Stories of the skill of Hong Chung Lu spread rapidly, and soon the house of his foster-father was thronged each night with visitors. Many of these visitors brought with them some little gift in payment for the music. Within a year Hong Chung Lu had collected a roomful of miscellaneous junk, most of which was valueless.

"It is a warm day. The sun shines," Sing Fu said to the boy on Hong Chung Lu's tenth birthday. "This day I shall not work. Come with me. We shall journey to the east gate, where the hot springs are. There we shall bathe. Perhaps my rusty limbs will bend with greater ease. Age is upon me."

The pair started on their journey. In a stone of one of the masonry piers of the Bridge of a Myriad Ages the boy, Hong Chung Lu, noticed the imprint of a human foot. He questioned his companion.

"The rock stood on a hillcrest behind Needle Peak, where the river meets the sea. For many years a mandarin of the East guarded the entrance of the river. He stood in one place so long that the print of his feet grew into the living rock. Then came the year when mountain bandits overran the province. Plum trees produced peaches. A dragon from the Eastern Sea burrowed under the city. Fire fell from the heavens and white clouds of air ascended. The mandarin was burned by the fire of heaven, but the prints of his feet remained to protect the river until two sacrilegious quarrymen cut away the rock. When they reached the mandarin's footprints blood followed the strokes of their chisels, but they persisted, and presently they cut away the piece of the rock which bore the imprint of one of the mandarin's feet. They began to carry it up the river to build this bridge. They fixed it in place in the bridge, but just as they had finished it jumped out and kicked them into the river and then jumped back to its place again."

"And the other footprint is still on the rock at the river entrance?" the boy questioned.

"No; over it a woman erected a tower to welcome her husband from a voyage, but when he saw the strange mark he did not recognize the river entrance, and so he sailed away and never came back."

"Some day I should like to see that tower that the woman built."

"You cannot see it, because nine evil men from across the sea hid in that tower, and when they were caught they made nine pills of rice which they fed to nine carp which they had in the tower. The carp grew so big that finally the men sailed away across the sea on them and before they sailed they had to destroy the tower in order to get the carp out of it."

"I should like to have seen one of those carp eat his nourishing rice pill. I should like to eat some nourishing rice myself."

The pair halted at a roadside kitchen and ate heartily of rice.

"I shall tell thee no more appetite stories," Sing Fu commented after the boy had eaten his fourth bowlful of rice. "Let us continue our journey."

Presently they came upon the building which lay about the hot springs. They entered this building and Sing Fu was soon immersed in the heated water, where he stayed for a period of several hours. When he came out of the water it was night. The night was cold.

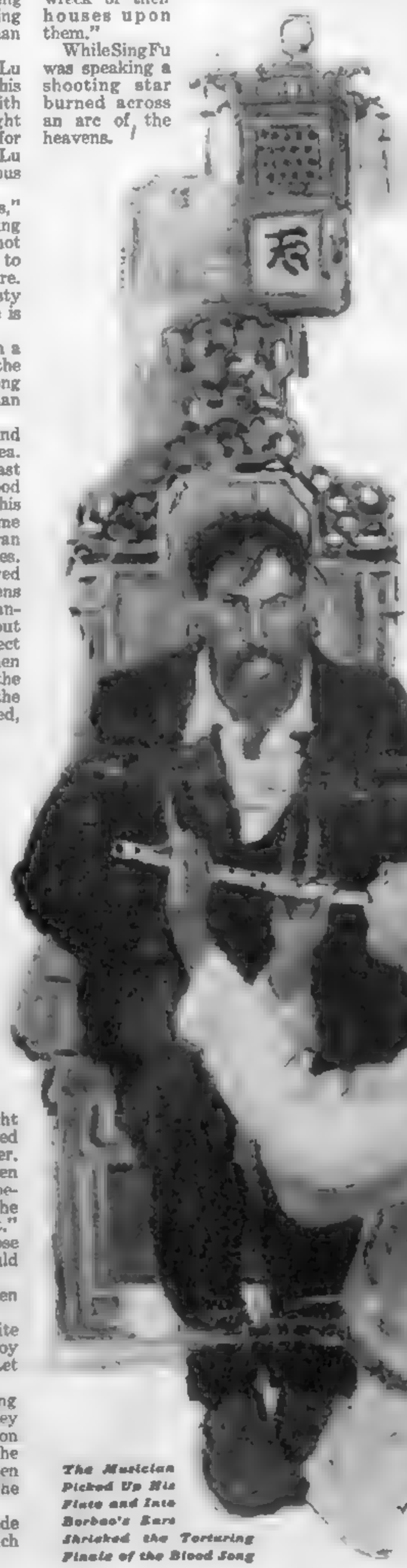
As rapidly as they could the pair made their way through the narrow alleys which led to their residence.

"I am very cold," Sing Fu said to his companion. "In my old limbs I feel the hell of age."

They came to a little open place at the intersection of two streets. Rising against the night sky lifted the lines of a high structure. Sing Fu looked at it for a moment.

"It is white," he said to the boy beside him. "It is the White Pagoda. The Starry Tower Pagoda. The pinnacle of that pagoda touched the skies until the dragon burrowed under the three hills of Fu-chau and shook it down. On that night a comet was seen. It was a night of death, and many people lay in the streets with the wreck of their houses upon them."

While Sing Fu was speaking a shooting star burned across an arc of the heavens.



The Musician Picked Up His Flute and Into Borbee's Ears Shrieked the Torturing Finale of the Blood Song

"Ai! This, too, is a night of death. An evil omen."

From the dark interior of the house beside them a wooden bell boomed its slow, melancholy tones into the black night.

Sing Fu seemed overcome with some paroxysm of fear.

"Let us fly from here," he chattered to the boy beside him, "or else before the year is out I shall know death. The star and the bell!"

When they had regained their house the man lay for the balance of the night shivering with fear. Hong Chung Lu did not understand this:

"What have the star and the bell to do with the dissolution of substantial flesh?"

On the next day Sing Fu was silent, and thereafter for many weeks until the year was dying he was no longer the gay and cheerful companion whom the boy had known. The evil genii seemed to have found residence within the breast of Sing Fu, the red-headed man, for all of his days and nights were spent in trying to cough forth the spirits of disaster.

On a day when the branches of trees were black against the sky the boy played softly on his mandolin and to the air he sang the words of Chen Sho Chi:

"See! The autumn leaves are falling;
List! The north birds loudly calling;
Swift their southern flight.
Dread the mountain's winter bareness,
Robbed of summer's leafy fairness,
Chilled by dreary night."

His fingers instinctively repeated the last few notes of the music. Sing Fu called to him.

"Come beside me. It snowed today," the man said gently. "Snow is white and white means death. Three is the number of life. My hair is red, and so is yours. You are the son of my spirit. Somewhere in this world you will encounter the person who would have made the third member of our house. You have been a good son. There is silver in the black box in the ground beneath my bed. Now I shall mount to the skies on the back of the Celestial Dragon."

Sing Fu closed his eyes. The boy thought that his companion slept, but at dawn Sing Fu had not wakened, and in a little while the boy came to realize that death had entered the house. He fled the scene of his sorrow, taking with him nothing except the favorite flute of Sing Fu. Abandoned were the gifts which members of his several audiences had given him. Abandoned was the box of silver money under Sing Fu's bed. The instinct of flight persisted, and by nightfall he had departed through the east gate of the city. At midnight in the hills beyond the city he began the soft music of Twin Butterflies, but at the point where the air marks the death of the big butterfly a single note of the measure lifted softly into the night and abruptly stopped.

II

ON A DAY late in January, when the first almond blossoms lay like snow in the bleak branches of the trees, Hong Chung Lu stopped at a wayside shrine where a Buddhist priest was chanting a prayer in Sanskrit. When the priest stopped shrieking the boy questioned him:

"What is that you were saying?"

The priest knew as little of the meaning of his Sanskrit as did Hong Chung Lu.

"I am saying that all who pass this way must pay four copper cash for suffer from the evil spirits of Black Mountain."

"I have only two cash in my girdle," the boy replied.

"Hand them to me," the priest demanded. "Hand them over, and only the unpaid half of the evil spirits will bother you."

The boy gave the priest the two copper coins. The priest picked up a hollow wooden carp, which he rattled three times.

"This is a lucky day of the Plum Moon. To-day before the evil spirits descend you will experience good fortune."

The boy continued his journey, half regretting that his purse had not contained another two cash. But his regrets were presently superseded by speculations concerning the good fortune which the Buddhist priest had predicted. At a turn in the road below a steep hill he came upon a camp of fifty strange men the like of whom in all his experience he had never seen.

"Hola!" he said to one of a little group seated upon the ground. "Why are so many queer men together?"

"This is the theater troupe of the Chang Pan of Hang-chau. He is the greatest Chang Pan in the world and we are the greatest actors in the world. I am the greatest of them all. What is that you have there?"

"This is the flute of Sing Fu, a red-headed man, who was my father."

"Play upon it, boy, that we may be entertained."

Hong Chung Lu had no sooner finished the shrill music of the Almond Flower Song than he found grouped about him the entire assemblage. From the cries of applause which greeted him he knew that he had pleased his audience.

"Where is the master of the chest? This boy must come with us."

The leader of the troupe stepped out of the crowd.

"Young boy," he said to Hong Chung Lu, "I am the master of the costume chest. In the great chest are costumes which if you desire will adorn your body when we stage our next performance. You will be an actor of the fourth class. At first you will be a Hua-Lien, superior to desperadoes and better than floury-faced clowns or soldiers. Servants and innkeepers, cooks and water carriers shall wait upon you, and in five years perhaps you can be an actor of the third class—a member of the Siao-Sheng. Who knows but what time may bring to you some military part in some great play or that you may become a full Lao Sheng?"

Hong Chung Lu did not understand the jargon of the master of the chest, but he sensed its meaning.

"How much money is a Hua-Lien paid?" he asked.

"Besides your food you will get two dollars each year. At first you will play the part of a girl, and then of a lady. After the first year I will give you four dollars for each succeeding year."

"And the food?" Hong Chung Lu questioned.

"Every delicacy the land affords, such as rice and fish, and twice a year a feast of the meat of pigs."

"I will go with you," Hong Chung Lu agreed.

"That is well," commented the master of the chest. "Play now upon thy flute to entertain these members of my company. To-morrow we shall enter the village of Ying Chow Fu, and by midsummer the people of Hang-chau will know our skill. At Hang-chau I shall give you one dollar—the half of your yearly wage."

During the course of ten years Hong Chung Lu journeyed with the outcast actors through various villages in the southern provinces. One year at late summer the troupe came to the borders of the city of Hang-chau. At the first performance on the crude stage beyond the city wall the food which he had that day enjoyed, together with one hundred cash which lay within his girdle, gave Hong Chung Lu a spiritual uplift which contributed to the

(Continued on Page 124)

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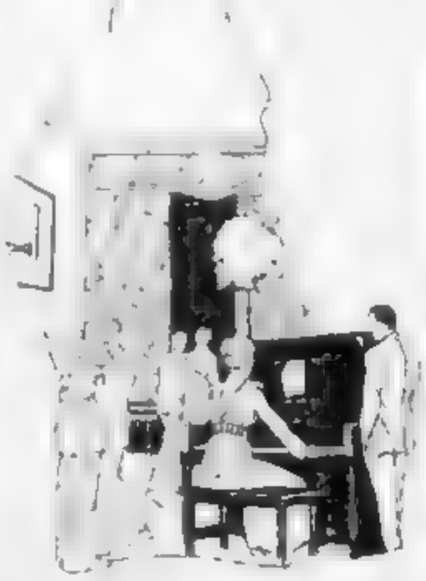

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Which Is the Musician? Both— if the Player-piano Is a Gulbransen

Is the piano any less a musical instrument than the harp? Is a harpist more of a musician than a pianist? You laugh at the suggestion of any difference, yet the first pianos, called harpsichords, were sneered at as "mechanical." "Do they not have 'mechanism' between the musician's fingers and his strings?" "Hopelessly inartistic." "Unmusical boxes." That is what was said of them.

Yet because the harpsichord was easier to play than the harp and offered superior musical possibilities, it was soon "accepted" and its successor is now the leading musical instrument—the piano.

The Gulbransen is today repeating the history of the harpsichord. It has eased the work of fingers still further. It has liberated the musician's mind of infinite problems in muscular control. It has shortened by ten years **and ten thousand hours the time required to learn to play.**

Gulbransen Trade Mark.

Yet it does not withhold from the musician the freedom to play with feeling and expression—any more than did the harpsichord. Rather, it increases that freedom for the average pianist. It also permits of fine musical effects impossible in hand playing.

But greatest of all, it is opening up the joy of musical expression to every man who has the desire to make music, who has in him the love of music.

We call the Gulbransen a "player-piano," but its exquisite "pedal-touch" and direct control of expression through the pedals make it far superior to other instruments of its type.

You would enjoy a Gulbransen. You could play it well. Just try one at our dealer's store. You can locate him by the "Baby at the Pedals"—actually playing the Gulbransen—in his window. And send coupon below for our free book, "Good Times With Your Gulbransen." Tells all about the music available and the fun you can have.

NATIONALLY PRICED

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

White House Model	$[illegible]
Country Seat Model	[illegible]
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☐ Please check this square if you own a Gulbransen Player Piano.

☐ Check this square if you own a player piano of some other kind.

☐ Check here if you own a piano which is not a player.

Use the margin below to write your name and address plainly.

Have You Good Intentions?

If any men as a class are readier to do others a good turn than pipe-smokers are, we'd like to know who, what, and where.

A short time ago the following letter came to us:

Larus & Bro. Co,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

We have come to the conclusion that the day you people stop making Edgeworth will be the same day we quit smoking. Every now and then we try to smoke some other kinds of tobacco, but they're no good; we always come back to Edgeworth. We've tried every kind, from scrap to the kind that comes all sealed up in tins at four bits an ounce.

We would like to say here that if Edgeworth cost three times what it does now, it would be well worth it for the quality you give. What are we writing this letter for? Well, it seems to us that people are quick enough to complain, but far less willing to boost a product. It's a grand and glorious feeling when the boss comes in and says, "Great piece of work, boys!" Well, that's the way we feel about Edgeworth.

This letter was signed by two artists working on the same magazine. We value highly their generous approval. It proves by the written word as well as by sales that sticking to quality makes enthusiasts over your tobacco.

However, in a way, we're bound to keep Edgeworth up to the mark. We send men samples, when requested. Edgeworth either sells itself or we're just so much out of pocket.

When a man throws himself back in the good old easy chair, stretches out his legs before him and lights up a bowlful of a tobacco new to him, he's judge and jury.

He's going to compare Edgeworth as it fragrantly issues from his lips with every smoking tobacco he has ever used.

It behooves Edgeworth to be better or more satisfactory to his individual taste or he isn't going to bother about taking it on.

We've been offering samples for quite a number of years. They have done pretty well for us.

Perhaps you've read a number of our advertisements. Possibly you've about made up your mind several times to send for samples, and then forgotten your good intentions.

If you've had this good intention once or more before, why not act upon this one now?

We don't make any wild predictions that it's just the tobacco for you, but it has quality—and friends.

Merely send us a postcard containing your name and address. If you'll add the name and address of your dealer, we'll see that he has Edgeworth to sell you in case you like it.

We will send you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes, then cut into thin slices. One slice rubbed between the hands makes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed. Pour it straight from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack neatly and burn evenly, owing to their even quality.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 122)

excellence of his performance. In the audience at evening was a man who discovered in the young Chinese musician the embryo of talent with which to charm the dollars of a Western audience. On the sixth day after the play began the final act concluded, and then to Hong Chung Lu came the American.

"Tell this young man I own eight theaters in the United States and that each of them is larger than the Chinese Imperial Palace," the American said to his interpreter. "Tell him that I would like to have him come with me to the United States."

Hong Chung Lu listened to the interpreter.

"I have food," he objected, "and I have cash. I am a favorite of the company. Why should I go beyond the boundaries of China?"

The American listened to the translation of the young Chinaman's reply, and answered in one word: "Money."

"I have money—more than a hundred cash are in my pocket at this moment."

"Ask him how much he gets for a year's work," the American directed.

"He says he gets six dollars for a year's work," the interpreter answered.

"Tell him I will pay him five hundred times as much as he now gets."

Ten days later Hong Chung Lu sailed from Shanghai on the Fushimi Maru of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. At his first performance before a Sunday-afternoon audience in Seattle, Hong Chung Lu drew about six languid hands from a bored assemblage which had not fully recovered from a perspiring trio of Swiss tumblers.

"Jazz it up!" the manager said to him. "Like this."

The American made some strange gestures.

It was difficult to introduce much jazz business into a flute turn, and at the evening performance the vaudeville audience showed a minimum of appreciation. Hong Chung Lu sensed his failure as an entertainer. He ate his late supper alone. In spite of the thin roll of bank notes in his pocket he nevertheless sought to gratify his appetite for turtle meat.

"You have got one piece turtle?" he asked the waiter.

"Sure," that worthy replied, returning a few minutes later with an order of ham and eggs. "Coffee?"

He returned to his hotel after midnight. He found the American vaudeville man waiting for him in the lobby of the hotel.

"Your room is changed to a hotel down the street," the American told him. "They're full up here."

Before he went to sleep that night Hong Chung Lu realized that the radiance of his future had been dimmed by two or three conditions over which he had no control. He reviewed the sources of imperfection which might contribute to the failure of his act. He knew that never in a million years would he understand the complex technic of the jazz business. As near as he could define it, jazz was a matter of duplicating a crazy man's actions, but for crazy men the state provided big stone houses.

"These people are queer," he thought as he went to sleep.

He played his week in Seattle and finished a rainy three days in Portland. In the car from Portland to San Francisco he sat alone throughout the trip. He played a week in San Francisco. On Wednesday night the manager handed him four dollars.

"You're finished," the American said. "Taking out your transportation, you have got four dollars left. Here it is. That's all."

At midnight Hong Chung Lu left the theater. A light rain was falling.

"To-morrow the earth will be moist with the tears of heaven," Hong Chung Lu reflected.

He walked to Market Street, where he stood for a little while observing the midnight traffic. Then he retraced his steps to Grant Avenue. Over the crest of the incline which stretched before him to Chinatown he heard the crash of a sudden volley of firecrackers. He questioned one of his passing countrymen.

"What lucky mandarin is dead now?" he asked.

"No mandarin is dead," the Chinaman replied. "It is the first night of the New Year."

Hong Chung Lu stood silent for a little while digesting his surprise.

"There are some things which a man forgets easily. Perhaps I can as easily forget the death of my ambition. An audience of foreign devils is hard to please. I am a man of China and with men of China I shall make my home."

He returned quickly to his little room at the obscure hotel. He packed his two silk costumes tightly into a small round basket. Carrying the basket and his flute, he walked into the night. Ten minutes later he was idling along Grant Avenue, deep in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown. From all about him crashes of exploding firecrackers drowned the normal noises of the night. The gutters were littered with wet areas of vermilion paper. The sidewalks were blotched with the crimson fragments of exploded firecrackers. Beside him old Chinamen shuffled along in the mist carrying baskets of lilies to their friends. Young Chinamen walked rapidly toward no place in particular. At each street corner were two or three plain-clothes operatives of the police department. Fronting the boarded windows of the stores red lanterns added their color to the pearl-painted fog. Down the street the strenuous music of a merry-go-round piped its harsh lure into the ears of excited Oriental nickel spenders. From behind closed windows above the heads of the crowd the music of Chinese orchestras added its discord to the explosive crescendo of fireworks.

Hong Chung Lu stepped lightly over a string of banging firecrackers. He stopped beside one of the temporary fruit stands on the edge of the sidewalk and purchased an orange. The orange seemed to accent a demand for heavier food. He realized his hunger.

"Always, it seems, I am hungry." He made a mental inventory of his resources. "These twelve American dollars will last me but a little while. I must find work. But first I shall eat."

He entered a doorway across the street and mounted the stairs to the third story of the building. He walked into a brilliantly lighted room in which were a dozen tables spread with a repast appropriate for the New Year celebration. Against the front wall of the room, between two windows, a Chinese orchestra was busy with an interminable movement from a native opera. Hong Chung Lu seated himself at a table.

"Hola!" he said to one of the waiters. "Bring me food." The spirit of the music reacted in him. "Bring me rich food." He thought of the twelve dollars which he owned. For a moment he was tempted to countermand his order, and then he plunged. "Have you any turtles?" he said.

"There are three reserved for the proprietor."

"How big are they?"

"Two are six-inch turtles," the waiter replied, "and there is a giant Ch'en seven inches big."

"Bring in the giant."

"That will be seven dollars," the waiter replied. "The price is one dollar an inch, measured across the mountain of the giant's shell."

Hong Chung Lu counted out seven dollars.

"Serve him on his own shell, and see that no chicken flesh or dog meat is substituted."

The waiter bowed low. He summoned an assistant, and in ten minutes a service had been spread before Hong Chung Lu fit for the banquet table of a mandarin. While he was waiting for the arrival of his dinner Hong Chung Lu walked over to where the Chinese orchestra was adding its horror to the night. At intervals of ten minutes there was a lull in the music during which the audience had opportunity to summon enough courage to endure the succeeding torture. The music was suddenly still. Hong Chung Lu addressed the flute player.

"Give me that flute," he said brusquely.

The flute player handed over the instrument. Hong Chung Lu looked at it carefully.

"Now," he said to himself, "I shall answer the questions within me. If I am a failure as a musician I shall know it within the next ten minutes."

He bowed to the assemblage in the restaurant. He put the flute to his lips and into the noises within the room there filtered a silver strain of exquisite harmony. When he had hushed the fears which his failure before American audiences had inspired were lost in the crash of applause which greeted him. He hesitated for a moment, and then bowing low he again addressed his audience:

"I shall play for you the First Moon Lily Song."

The music left his hearers hushed. Those of them who had known China were suddenly back again in the far country of their youth, where crowded cities verge irresolute canals that wander inland from the Yellow Sea.

"Ai!" they breathed. "That is magic music. In the song of that flute the falling blossoms of life's springtime strike gently on the silver strings of age."

Hong Chung Lu returned the flute to its owner and seated himself at the table where his dinner awaited him. When he had finished with his food his thoughts lingered for a little while upon a bite of turtle meat which he had eaten at evening in the shadows of the high hills that lifted from the river near the place of his birth.

"The giant Ch'en commanded me to look upon the world from the fastness of the high hills. Life is naught but a mountain range. I have known the hills and valleys which bound life's level plain. I have yet to accomplish the great heights from which the whole world of experience can be seen, and I have still to pay the debt of love I owe to Sing Fu, who is dead."

His reverie was interrupted. The proprietor of the restaurant stood beside him.

"You are a master of music," this man said. "If you are not engaged I will pay you well for playing to my patrons each night."

Hong Chung Lu smiled at the compliment.

"In the cold fogs of heaven one finds the warm fleece of providence. I am without employment. How much will you pay me for my music?"

"Your food," the owner of the restaurant replied, "and for each night one silver dollar."

Hong Chung Lu thought of his depleted purse.

"I will play for you," he said. "Each night I will play the music of China."

"I have no home," Hong Chung Lu said later to the owner of the restaurant. "To-night I would like your permission to sleep on one of your tables after your guests have departed."

The restaurant keeper gave his assent to the proposal.

"You are welcome, homeless one," he said.

Before morning Hong Chung Lu curled up on a table and closed his eyes, but sleep did not come to him. At dawn the rain ceased. Hong Chung Lu walked to a table near one of the windows in the east wall of the deserted room. He picked up a mandolin. From his pocket he took the shell of the turtle which he had eaten. Upon the table above the turtle shell he fixed a spray of almond blossoms in a jade-green vase. To this impromptu shrine he softly played the music of Twin Butterflies.

His wings are heavy,
The way is long,
His soul is weary,
Hushed his song.
Love that was all of life
Lived but to die.
Sorrow has crushed him,
Lone butterfly.

Word went about Chinatown that a master musician would entertain the patrons of the restaurant, and soon the place was thronged by guests whose appreciation brought great joy to the heart of Hong Chung Lu and solid cash to the owner of the restaurant. After a few nights, when the success of his music had been demonstrated, Hong Chung Lu sought a residence appropriate to his new status. On a street lying above Grant Avenue he found a vacant cellar. A flight of stairs led from the sidewalk down to a narrow pair of rooms. The front room of the cellar had for its boundary the retaining wall of the street which it fronted. The back room gave upon a vacant lot, one side of which was screened from the street by a billboard whose area was interrupted by a gate large enough for the passage of a loaded truck.

Hong Chung Lu rented the two-room cellar and with it the little yard which lay beyond it. In the back room he built his bed out of scrap lumber which he bought from a Chinese carpenter. He covered the walls of both rooms with brilliant-colored paper. He cleaned up the rubbish which littered the yard back of his cellar. Some of the things which he found in the débris were salvaged for his personal use. Some other things, notably a steel-framed baby carriage which lacked only the two front wheels, he sold to residents of the Chinese colony.

From these sales he derived substantial additions to his growing purse. With the slow passage of the months he came finally to devote his idle mornings to collecting

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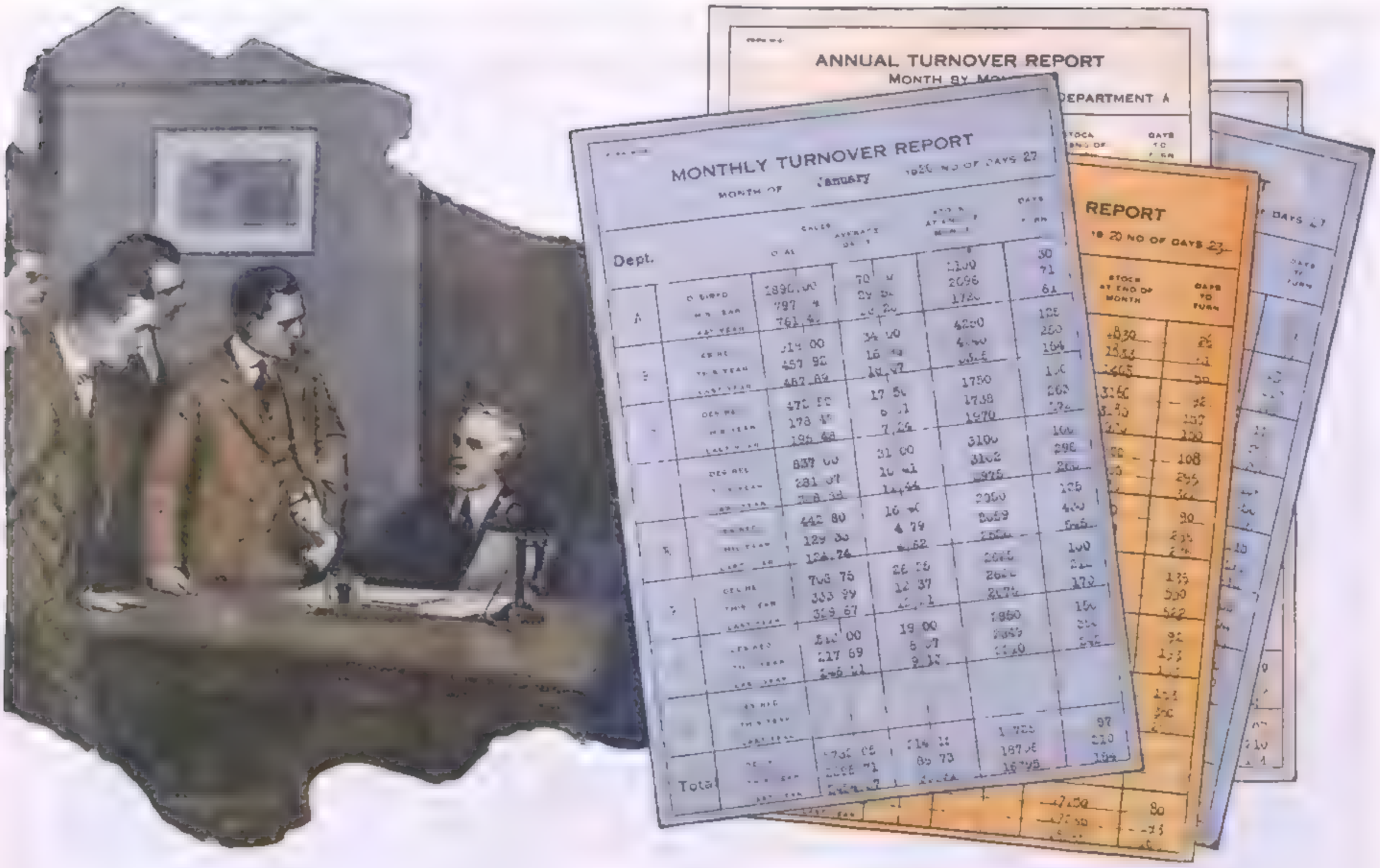

"Gentlemen, we've got to speed up our Sales Turnover"

"Sales Turnover" tells the story of many a business failure or success.

A hat merchant may buy hats at a dollar each, sell them at three dollars, and still lose money, if his turnover is too slow—if his stocks remain too long on his shelves.

On the other hand, a small profit margin may mean big profits—if selling and re-ordering follow fast enough on each other's heels.

If your business is buying and selling, speeding up your turnover means making more money.

On this page we show a monthly sales turnover report, which will enable you to get the facts regarding turnover in every department of your business.

With this exact information at your command, you are enabled to place the situation before your department heads so clearly that they will see for themselves the necessity for greater sales effort.

Write us, and we will gladly send you this form, with a little pamphlet which fully explains its use.

We will also send you other useful forms—all of them printed on Hammermill Bond. We want you to see and feel the quality of this reliable watermarked paper—the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market.

Acquaintance with Hammermill Bond quickly shows you why so many big business houses say "Use Hammermill Bond," whenever they order printing.

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

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The Utility Business Paper

Slavery flourished when Man knew no other source of Power than the human body. Slavery declined just as soon as he began to CREATE power by mechanical means. ¶ No wonder, then, that the creation of Power today is a problem that is worthy of the UNDIVIDED effort of an enormous organization—such an organization, for instance, as that devoted to the task of maintaining the quality standards that the world looks for—and finds—in motors bearing the Continental Red Seal.

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Offices: Detroit, U. S. A. Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

(Continued from Page 124)

things which their owners termed valueless; odds and ends of furniture and a multiple array of discarded junk which derived from the march of individual ambition. Presently he found that the income from his professional services at the restaurant was only half of that which came to him from his junk business.

He discussed his affairs with the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Each night for more than seven years I have entertained your people who come here," he said. "On the first night of the First Moon I shall play for you for the last time."

On the first night of the First Moon the musician played his farewell to the man who had befriended him. At midnight through the noise and the débris of the welcome with which Chinatown greeted this New Year he returned to his establishment. Arrived at his house, he unlocked a trunk which stood beside the front wall of the cellar. The trunk was half filled with live turtles. Out of the dark of this treasure chest he selected a ten-inch turtle, and presently he sat at his table in the back room of the cellar enjoying the flavor of this little brother of the giant Ch'en.

III

ON THIS New Year's Eve into Chinatown from the Latin Quarter west of Telegraph Hill walked a woman carrying a baby bundled in ragged winding clothes. The woman's physical distress was spoken in the manner of her walk. She dragged her slow way from Stockton Street down the inclined sidewalk toward Grant Avenue. At the steps which led to the musician's cellar she collapsed. The bundled baby which she carried hung for an instant on the coping of the steps which led to the cellar of Hong Chung Lu, and then it rolled downward into the darkness and lodged gently against the door which lay between the street and the room wherein the musician made his home. From the corner below on Grant Avenue one of the plain-clothes squad saw the woman fall. He called his associate and the pair walked quickly to the side of the figure lying prone upon the sidewalk.

"Booze?"

"No chance! Ring for the wagon."

One of the operatives walked back to Grant Avenue and rang in for the patrol car. When he returned his companion spoke of the tragedy which lay before them.

"All gone! Croaked! Probably starved to death."

The pair picked up the woman and carried her to Grant Avenue. Despite the lateness of the hour, by the time the patrol arrived a crowd had collected.

"The morgue," one of the plain-clothes men directed.

Three minutes later the patrol swung under the green light of the morgue behind the city jail.

Near the place of the woman's death Hong Chung Lu in his cellar munched reflectively upon the last few bits of the ten-inch turtle.

"The delights of life increase with the flight of the years," he commented.

He reviewed the events of his youth, his wanderings, the hardships he had known and the hours of happiness which stood distinct against the background of his yesterdays. He thought of the red-headed man of Fu-chau—the man whose love had meant life to him.

"I owe my life to him," Hong Chung Lu reflected. "May his be the pleasures of the seventh paradise! When I encounter the third red-headed member of our trio I shall repay in love and kindness the things I received at his hands." He lighted a stick of incense in a jade-green vase which stood before a shrine in the corner of the room. "I shall play a little song of devotion to this friend of my helpless days," he said to himself. "First, that there may be no interruption I shall fix the steel guards against the evils of the night."

He mounted the stairs which led from the room to the street. He hooked three brass padlocks in their hasps against the door. He reached for a hinged iron grille with which the door was reënforced at night. As he did this he saw through a dusty glass panel a bundle lying upon the steps where it had fallen against the base of the door. Quickly he unlocked the padlocks. He opened the door carefully and caught the bundle as it rolled toward him. He laid the bundle on the table before the shrine in a corner of the room. He fastened the door and locked the grille across its area. Then he turned to the bundle upon the table. A moment later a man child six months old lay before him. The baby was red-headed.

"This is a gift which the night gods have sent me, knowing the sorrow which dwells in my heart. This is the third member of the trio! The hair of this man child is red. Welcome, Vermilion Top! Long have I waited thee. This is fulfillment!"

He cradled the child in the coverlet of his own bed.

"Food first," he said, remembering the days of his own childhood.

He lighted a fire in his stove, and five minutes later the baby was busy with a ration of warm milk which dripped from the end of a twisted cloth.

Throughout the night, with the child beside him, Hong Chung Lu lay awake. At dawn for a little while the guardian slept. When he wakened he made haste to fix two small bits of red paper on the outer panels of the door leading to the street, but lest the announcement of the arrival of the new resident might excite the curiosity of his countrymen Hong Chung Lu dimmed the brilliancy of the red paper with a smear of moist earth.

IV

WITH the passage of the months Chinatown came to know that in the cellar of Hong Chung Lu there lived a baby and that Hong Chung Lu called this red-headed child his son. Chinatown asked no questions.

When the boy was sixteen years old Hong Chung Lu wrote a red-paper announcement which he pasted in the midst of a litter of similar posters on one of the dead walls near Grant Avenue.

"A new man has come to my house," the announcement read. "He is my son, Seu Lin."

A little while later the musician gave his attention to the boy's future in the world of men. He called on the Portuguese proprietor of a little grocery store near the frontier where Chinatown melts into the Latin Quarter.

"I wish my son to become a merchant and a man of business," the musician explained to this Arcos Borbao. "If you like he will work for you without payment for five years."

The Portuguese shopkeeper saw in this offer a means of gaining for himself some further share of profitable Chinese patronage.

"I will be glad to teach him the methods of American business," Borbao agreed. "Send him to me." The Portuguese sealed the bargain with a repulsive smile.

In Borbao's grocery store young Seu Lin was busy from morning until night with boxes and packages, salt fish, rancid meat, questionable eggs, decaying vegetables and all the litter that encumbered the shelves and counters about him.

Hong Chung Lu considered his property and the substantial status which he enjoyed as an old-time resident of Chinatown. Thinking of his adopted son, for a while he was half tempted to transfer his residence to more elaborate quarters, and then he decided that the humble scene of his first years of life in San Francisco must continue to be the place of happiness which he called home. He talked it over with Seu Lin.

"I never could be happier than this," the boy commented. "I would not want to leave this house, Papa Hong."

In abandoning his unselfish ambition to establish himself in more elaborate surroundings Hong Chung Lu enlarged his horizon by a more pretentious attack on the sources of the junk which accumulated in the yard behind the cellar. It became necessary for him to employ a husky assistant in the junk yard and another one as personal conductor of the one-horse wagon which conveyed the obsolete trophies to be added to the litter in the junk yard.

"When my son learns the methods of American business, then I shall give him this great industry of mine," Hong Chung Lu resolved.

With his increased income the junk-dealing musician permitted himself to indulge in a more elaborate menu. At morning and at night the food table in the back room of the cellar came to be more heavily laden. Turtle meat, which had been an exceptional luxury, was enjoyed almost daily by the musician and his adopted son. From several sources in the United States, in the Tallahatchie swamps of northern Mississippi, the reaches of the Everglades and from the salt marshes of the California coast various turtle catchers dispatched to Hong Chung Lu the choicest products of their industry. At times two or three crates and barrels in the cellar would be filled with terrapin and soft-shelled turtles from the South, eatable tortoises of the West and the horrible thirteen-scaled water wolves of the Florida swamps.

"These shelled beasts demand food but once a year," the musician said to his son, "but every month we shall feed them so that they may furnish fat flesh for our table."

Presently the stock of turtles became so large that they rolled free about the floor of the back room. The musician, rising from his bed one night, slipped on a sluggish specimen which had been retrieved in Mississippi near Lake Cormorant.

"This has become a blasted nuisance," he said in Chinese.

His son wakened.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Nothing," the musician replied. "Nothing. To-morrow we shall find a new domicile for these crawling brutes."

On the following day the musician discussed with several of his countrymen the advisability of building a pen for his stock of turtles. One of them, who had lived for many years in Chinatown, made a suggestion.

"Fronting the wall of your cellar is an abandoned cistern that was used by the fire department in the early days. It is forgotten. The street surface has sealed it with three feet of concrete. There may be a little seepage water in it, but probably it is dry."

The abandoned-cistern idea appealed to Hong Chung Lu. He had a doorway cut through the concrete retaining wall that formed the front barrier of his domicile. The workmen burrowed for ten feet through the clay until they encountered the surface of the wall of the circular brick cistern. It was the work of an hour to drive an opening through these bricks. Hong Chung Lu lighted a candle and held it from him into the echoing tank. Before him the faint rays of the candle showed him a circular opening twenty feet in diameter. The bottom of the tank was covered with water. He tied a stone to a string and sounded the water, discovering that its depth was less than one foot. He walked to the kitchen of his cellar and began transferring his stock of turtles to the black interior of the abandoned cistern. By nightfall the work was accomplished. Within a month he had enlarged the doorway of the tank and fixed across the opening a hinged door of heavy wood. His junk wagon was impressed for the purpose of hauling sand from Golden Gate Park during spare hours, and presently against half the perimeter of the tank there lay a little sand beach on which a score or more of turtles were wont to vary their liquid environment with a more stable resting place. A bright-red square of silk suspended above the door of the tank cut off all suggestion of what lay beyond.

"This is indeed an admirable arrangement," Hong Chung Lu said to his son one night. "We have food of first quality in a place where it cannot be stolen. We could spend a hundred years in this cellar in comfort and security." The musician picked up a flute from a table before him. "I will play the Song of Contentment."

Seu Lin listened, but the lines of contentment did not discover themselves upon his face. The musician laid down his flute.

"My son," he said, "what is troubling you? The press of business? Your relations with your employer?"

"It is nothing," the young man replied. "It is nothing—except that I do not think my associate is a man of honor."

Some days later an express company delivered to the musician's door a heavy box three feet square and nearly two yards long. Hong Chung Lu tumbled the box down his cellar stairs. He read the address and labels upon the box.

"This will be from Lum Yat, the laundryman at the city of Clarksdale in the state of Mississippi." He read a half dozen Chinese characters painted on the address label. "He warns me to beware of the two great water wolves herein."

The musician picked up a hatchet and set about breaking the top from the box which lay before him. One of the panels of the box came away under the blows of the hatchet. Hong Chung Lu looked into the box. He saw therein two giant turtles whose rough, repulsive shells bore witness of their great age. Each of the thirteen armored segments of their shells was larger than a man's two hands.

Hong Chung Lu shifted the box to a position near the door of the turtle tank. He broke away the remaining cover of the box with several heavy blows of the hatchet. With an iron bar he dislodged the occupants of the box. One of them snapped savagely at the bar with his parrotlike beak.

"You are indeed a wolf," commented Hong Chung Lu. "Twin giants. Twin brothers of the giant Ch'en. There! You are safe within the tank. On some future day I shall have a great feast and invite a dozen of my friends to eat you."

He stood for a moment looking at the pair of great turtles where they lay upon the little artificial beach within the tank. A four-inch turtle rested on the sand in front of one of the water wolves. The big turtle's neck struck from beneath his armor. An instant later the smaller turtle's shell was ripped from its owner's quivering tissues. The cannibal water wolf proceeded deliberately to enjoy the repast which his savage skill had earned. The musician acted quickly.

"Hola!" he exclaimed. He summoned his assistant from the junk yard back of the kitchen. "I have a pair of hard-shelled fiends who must have domiciles unto themselves, else they will soon have eaten the last of their little brothers."

The assistant brought a dozen heavy planks and some lengths of steel wire. Hong Chung Lu courageously descended into the tank. As he did so one of the giant turtles started for him. He fended the enemy off with an iron bar, and after an hour's exciting work the cannibals were safely separated from their fellows by the wire-bound planks of a substantial cage.

"There, great ones! Until the day of execution that will be your home."

When the musician's son arrived at evening Hong Chung Lu told him of the pair of giant turtles.

"It will cost much money to feed them," the young man commented.

"We can afford to feed them," the musician returned. "How are your affairs at the store of the Portuguese?"

"Not enough purchases are made to pay the expenses of the store, and yet each month Borbao seems to grow more prosperous."

"Perhaps he has other business interests that we know not of."

"He has no other business interests."

But in this the boy was wrong. Each month from Portugal Borbao received three cases of sardines. These he invariably inspected himself, and though Seu Lin had not noticed it, two or three tins of sardines from each box failed to find their resting place with their fellows upon the shelves of the store. These tins had covered the miles from Portugal to San Francisco, but they had not been packed by the fishermen of Portugal. On the bright surface of these segregated tins lay two drops of solder instead of one. The tins had been prepared and packed on the China coast at Macao, where their contents had been cooked in one of the hundred copper kettles in the opium factory of that Portuguese colony.

On this night that Seu Lin spoke to his foster father concerning the integrity of the business affairs of his Portuguese associate Borbao was actively engaged in the illicit traffic from which he derived the substance of his income. Shortly before midnight the Portuguese removed from the bottom of a little locked trunk in his living room above the grocery store two sardine tins. He put on his overcoat and placed the sardine tins in the right-hand pocket of his coat. He walked toward the center of the city down Stockton Street. Where Stockton Street dives into the tunnel which lies between Chinatown and downtown San Francisco the Portuguese looked behind him for a moment.

Except for two pedestrians the street was deserted. He walked into the Stockton Street tunnel.

The lights of a street car clattering up the grade toward him flared on the arched interior of the tunnel. Borbao waited, idling until the car had passed, and then in the obscurity accentuated by the dim lights overhead he continued his course.

He approached a bricked-up doorway which had been cut in the tunnel lining along the west sidewalk. Through this brick barrier a hole had been broken. Four feet above the sidewalk six courses of bricks had been removed for a distance of a foot or so, leaving an opening approximately a foot square.

(Concluded on Page 129)

$77,000,000 Season's Business of Del Monte Food Products Handled on Three Elliott-Fisher Machines

A whole year's business crowded into a few months makes *Rush* Work Bookkeeping Imperative for the California Packing Corporation. Elliott-Fisher System keeps it *accurate* and up-to-date.

IMAGINE the year's business of a great national concern crowded into 150 working days. Think of the speed necessary in handling the accounting, the seriousness of any delays caused by errors, the necessity of constant checking of accounts.

Last year the accounting department of the California Packing Corporation posted and proved some 300,000 Accounts Receivable items, a business totalling over $77,000,000. This accounting had to be handled in 150 working days, because the bulk of this company's business is seasonal. Quantity production in accounting was as necessary as quantity production in manufacturing. Only three Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed Machines were required to handle this situation.

The California Packing Corporation is the largest packer of canned fruits, vegetables, and food specialties in the world. Its Del Monte trade mark is in every store that sells high-grade canned foods.

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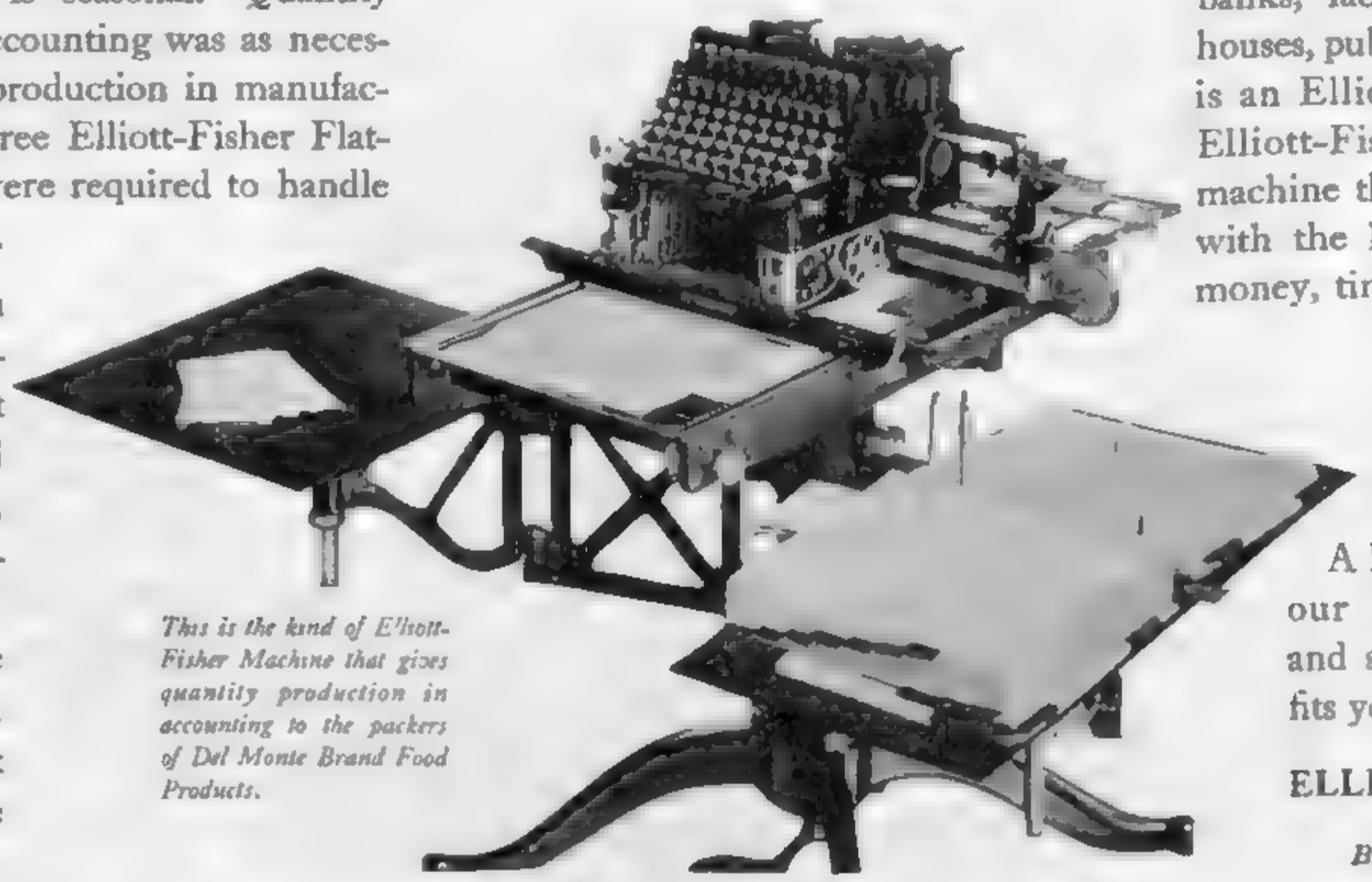

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(Concluded from Page 127)

The Portuguese paused at this hole in the brick bulkhead. His right hand carrying the two sardine tins reached into the opening broken in the bricks.

"Arcos!" he said.

His hand came back carrying a roll of currency. He resumed his journey through the tunnel.

A block behind the Portuguese a marching figure increased its pace until it was within a hundred feet of Borbao at the instant the opium transfer was consummated. The shadow followed Borbao along Stockton Street out of the tunnel entrance.

"I think that Portugee grocery bird—Borbao his name is—is mixed up in the hop stuff, chief," the shadow said to the central operative of the Federal narcotic squad at nine o'clock the next morning. "Have Jimmy take a spot on him during the day and I'll pick him up at night."

"The dope is sure drifting in," the chief returned. "I never thought his dinky grocery store made a living for him. Look him over."

Thereafter for a space of four days and nights three operatives of the narcotic squad watched every movement that Borbao made, but not until the fourth night did he venture to the Stockton Street tunnel. On this journey half a block behind him there followed a man from the narcotic squad. Entering the tunnel the shadow was within a hundred feet of the Portuguese. Borbao paused for an instant at the opening in the bricked bulkhead cut in the side of the Stockton Street tunnel. When the shadow came to this point he looked at it carefully, and in an instant from his experience he had constructed a fabric of surmise which closely approximated the truth.

"I'll trail this bird home and frisk him just for luck the next time he starts out."

On a night six days later Borbao left his store. At the corner of Stockton Street a plain-clothes man spoke to him.

"Come with me a minute."

The Portuguese continued his course for a distance of ten feet, and then his wrists were grasped by two men who shouldered up beside him.

"It's a pinch, Borbao," one of them said.

They took the suspect to a room adjoining the office of the chief of the narcotic squad at headquarters. There they searched him.

"Forty dollars, some letters and a knife; a bunch of keys, a lead pencil and two cans of sardines," the operative reported.

The chief of the narcotic squad, wise to a thousand ways that are dark, gave an order.

"Open up the sardines," he said.

Ten minutes later the Portuguese was behind the bars and at his store three plain-clothes men were diligently searching for his cache of opium.

Seu Lin protested at this invasion of his employer's store, but at his first word one of the plain-clothes men turned to him.

"Shut up, Chinky! It's a pinch."

In Borbao's trunk they discovered twelve tins of opium. When they left the store they took Seu Lin with them. Twenty minutes later he was behind the bars in a separate cell.

"I know nothing of this opium affair," he protested. "My father is Hong Chung Lu, the great Chinese musician."

"A half-breed!" The recording clerk voiced his contempt in three words. "The looks of a white man and the foxy brains of a Chink. No wonder you and the greaser beat the game so long."

In his cellar at evening the musician waited long for his son to join him at supper. An hour after the chairs had been placed at the table a voice called to him down the stairway.

"Your son is in the white man's jail."

Hong Chung Lu clattered to the top of the stairway, but failed to discover the source of the announcement of his son's misfortune. He made his way rapidly to Borbao's store, but it was closed. In front of it stood a plain-clothes man. On one of the dead walls littered with red-paper bulletins Hong Chung Lu read an announcement which had been posted within the hour.

"The keeper of the grocery store and Seu Lin, son of Hong Chung Lu, are arrested by the white police for selling opium."

As quickly as his feet would carry him Hong Chung Lu went to where his son was confined. At the door of the jail he was refused admittance.

"You Chinks are all alike. Beat it before I lock you up!" the man in uniform threatened.

The musician walked slowly back to his cellar. He ate his supper in solitude. He reviewed meanwhile the factors of evidence which memory contributed. On the next day he called at the office of an attorney.

"My son is arrested," he said. "He is charged with selling opium."

The pair called at the jail and the attorney gained an audience with Seu Lin. Hong Chung Lu asked his foster son one question.

"On my word of honor," the boy replied, "before your gods and mine, I knew nothing of Borbao's criminal industry."

A great weight lifted from the musician's heart.

"All will be well, my son," he promised. "The truth is first. Truth is greater than death."

When the case came to trial the musician's son was railroaded and Borbao was released.

"A frame-up," the Portuguese said in his own defense. "That bird is a slick one." To himself he reflected that a fall guy was good insurance against the disaster which seemed to attend his illicit activity.

A month after Seu Lin had been sent to the penitentiary to begin a ten-year sentence Hong Chung Lu visited him.

"I am told that for ten years your life must be spent within this hell," the musician said to his son.

"Not ten years, Papa Hong," the boy replied. "If I am good and if I do my work I will be released almost four years before that time."

That afternoon the musician returned to San Francisco. He went directly to his residence. He sat for an hour in the front room of his cellar overcome by a cloud of melancholy which presently gave way to black despair. Then suddenly his mood lightened. He reached for his flute. Softly he played Twin Butterflies. With the last note of the air his memory pictured the Fu-chau chapter of his life. He sensed the wrong which had obtained in the conviction of his son. Deep in his heart he felt a quickened venom—a passion of malignant hatred for the Portuguese. He lifted his flute and into the glaring day shrieked the wild notes of the Heu Gow Chung—the Blood Song of the mountain men.

"When the gods fail, a man may balance the ledgers of blood with the steel of his own strong hands." He called to his assistant, who was busy in the junk yard of the cellar. "When your companion returns I would speak with both of you."

At evening the musician's second employee returned. Hong Chung Lu talked with his two men for a little while. They left him and went to the junk yard behind the cellar. A minute later they drove from it in the junk wagon. Late that night they returned. In the wagon, half concealed under a dozen broken chairs, lay a great basket. The two Chinamen unloaded the wagon. While they were at work the musician appeared at the back doorway of the cellar.

"You succeeded?" he asked.

"Master, we have succeeded."

Presently the pair came toward the cellar door carrying the great basket between them. They set the basket down in the front room of the cellar. The musician dismissed his two employees. He locked the back door of his cellar, and across the front door leading to the street he fixed the heavy iron grille. He returned and seated himself at the table near which lay the basket. His reverie lasted for half an hour. Then he got up and broke the three fastenings which confined the lid of the basket. In the basket bound with fine catgut lay the Portuguese. A crimson-silk handkerchief was stretched tightly between his open jaws. His lips were bared in a repulsive smile. Hong Chung Lu lifted the limp hulk of the Portuguese from the basket.

"Wake up," he said. "One little pill of opium cannot make you sleep forever."

He placed the Portuguese on a heavy ebony chair. He stripped the strings from a half dozen of his instruments of music hanging against the wall and with these catgut cords he tied the Portuguese in an erect position. The Chinaman seated himself a little way from his inert companion. For half the night he waited patiently for the Portuguese to regain consciousness. It was after midnight before Borbao's eyelids lifted. Presently the malignant glitter of the man's eyes spoke of returning life. Hong Chung Lu addressed his prisoner.

"You can hear me now. Because of you my son must rot for six long years within the stone walls of a hell that rightfully is yours. Listen while I play my promise to you."

The musician picked up his flute and into Borbao's ears shrieked the torturing finale of the Blood Song. The music stopped.

"That is my promise. On the day that my son is released, then shall I set you free."

With the quick movements of an old spider Hong Chung Lu wove replacement strings above the ones which bound the Portuguese. Presently, except for his new set of restraining cords, Borbao was free of the chair to which he had been bound. The musician selected a little stick of incense from a silver box. He turned his head away in lighting it. He held it for ten seconds under Borbao's nostrils.

"You will sleep for an hour or two."

The head of the Portuguese sank and his lids masked his venomous eyes.

The musician swept aside the silk curtain which concealed the door to the turtle pen. He opened the door. He returned to where Borbao drooped listless between the arms of the ebony chair. He picked up the Portuguese and carried him to the door of the turtle pen. He cast Borbao from him into the darkness. The Portuguese landed heavily on the little sand beach four feet below. The musician stepped lightly down a short ladder which led to the floor of the turtle pen. He worked rapidly at the catgut strings which bound Borbao's hands and feet. From the mouth of the Portuguese Hong Chung Lu removed the crimson gag.

"Enjoy your liberty," he said. "Now you are as free as my beloved son."

He mounted the little ladder which led to his cellar room. He turned and locked the door to the turtle pen. During the night the existing fastenings were augmented by the addition of four steel hasps. Dawn was breaking when the musician had finished. He felt the fatigue of the night's work heavy upon his body. For an hour he slept.

Each month Hong Chung Lu visited his son in the penitentiary. Much of the time between these visits the musician spent sitting before a little shrine which he fixed at the head of the boy's empty bed in his cellar. For hours each day he sat before the shrine playing softly on his flute. On his eleventh visit to his son he carried a little bowl in which grew the roots of three lily bulbs. From these bulbs lifted six flowering stalks.

"To-morrow is the first day of the First Moon," he mused. "These blossoms speak a promise of new life. My son will know happiness in the message which these lilies bring."

An hour later he entered the great iron gates of the penitentiary. He made his way to the visitors' room.

"I wish to see my son, Seu Lin," he said to the clerk.

"Seu Lin died last week—lungs," the clerk informed him.

Hong Chung Lu stood motionless for ten seconds, and then the bowl of lilies crashed from his hands upon the tile floor.

On the train returning to San Francisco his head bowed a little and two hard lines appeared at the corners of his mouth. Except for this he gave no outward sign of the torture that raged within his soul.

"An intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven."

At San Francisco he returned directly to his cellar.

At midnight into the street noises of the welcome with which Chinatown greeted the New Year there shrieked the notes of the Blood Song. The musician laid down his flute. From a little silver box he took three sticks of incense. He drew the silk curtain from where it hung over the door that led to the turtle tank. At a little lamp he lighted the three sticks of incense and threw them quickly through the wicket into the turtle pen.

"This is the perfume of sleep," he said.

The silk curtain dropped to its place. Hong Chung Lu returned to his chair before the shrine at the head of his son's bed. He began to play the gentle music of Twin Butterflies, but with the fifth note he laid the flute down. For ten minutes he sat motionless. He rose to his feet.

"The perfume of sleep will have accomplished its work," he said half aloud.

He walked to the door of the turtle tank and removed the silk curtain. He unlocked the several locks which were before him. He opened the door, and a minute later when his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness before him he stepped down the short ladder to the little sand beach. On the wet sand lay the Portuguese. Hong Chung Lu touched the inert form with his foot.

"Presently you will waken," he said. "After a while you will sleep again—whatever is left of you."

He walked to the crude pen in which lay the giant turtles. He poked a little stick at one of them. The turtle struck with all the vemon of a rattlesnake.

"Hai! You are ready for your work!"

With three quick blows of a hatchet the Musician broke open the cage wherein raged the water wolves. Before he had gained the exit of the tank the two great turtles were free.

Hong Chung Lu shut the barrier of the tank behind him. The third lock of the door clicked sharply.

He called through the wicket: "Seu Lin, my son, is dead!"

From within the tank a wild cry answered him.

The Musician lighted a stick of incense at the shrine beside the empty bed wherein his son had slept. He sat down and reached for his flute. Into the torture shrieks that lifted from within the tank there melted the gentle music of Twin Butterflies:

Love that was all of life
Lived but to die.
Sorrow has crushed him—
Lone butterfly.

The cries within the tank were stilled. The music ended. In the house of the musician was silence.

GENIUS LEAVES TO NOVICES THE FANTASTIC AND OSTENTATIOUS, AND ITSELF PIERCES DIRECTLY TO THE SIMPLE AND THE TRUE

Those of us who lay no claim to genius may take guidance from genius.

Here at the Peerless factory we have bent our best efforts to the attainment of simplicity, in our organization as in our product.

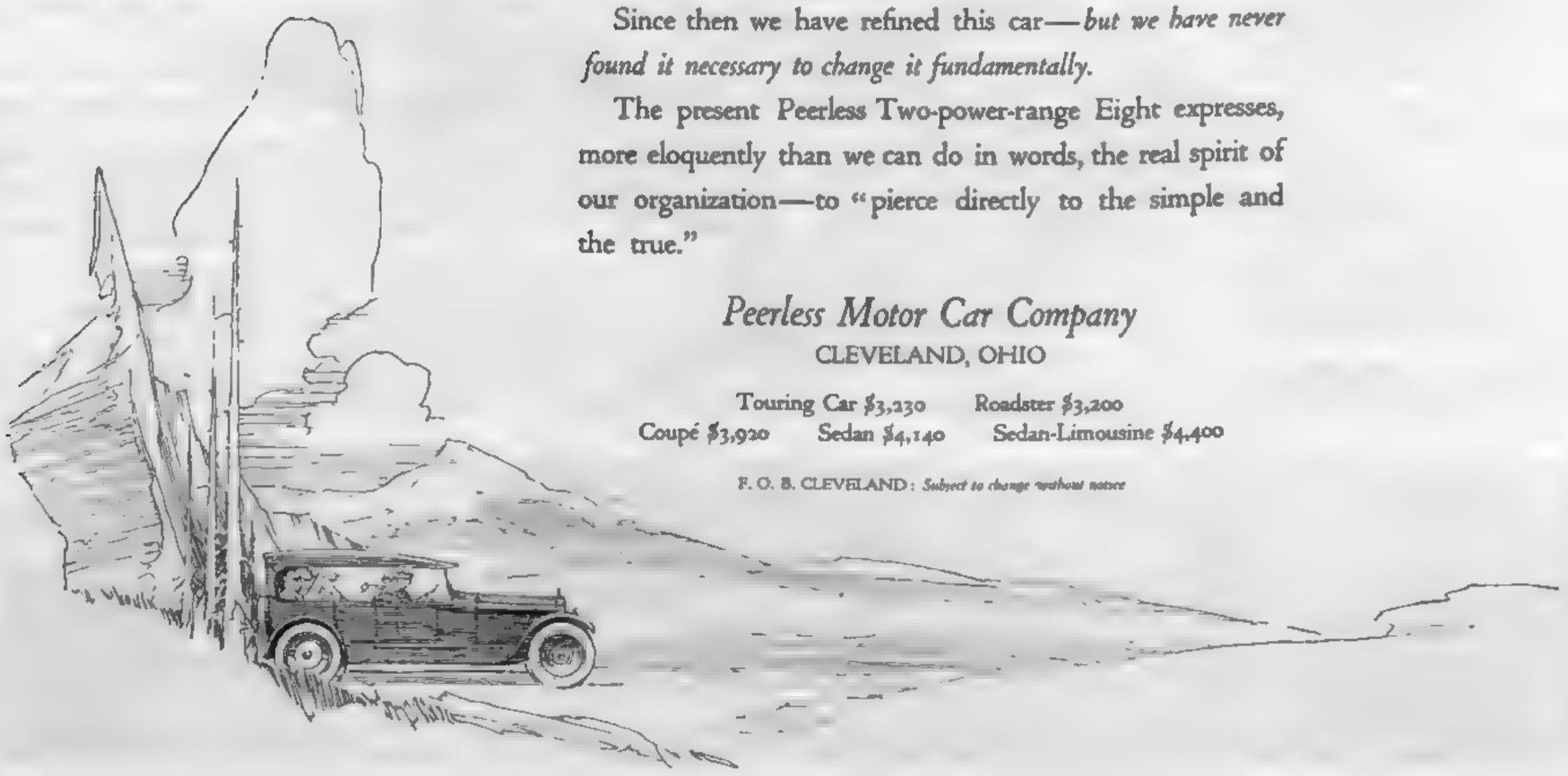
Red tape and the trappings of industrial oligarchy find no place here in our relations with one another. The trappings of show are barred from the Peerless Motor Car.

Though we may not hope to build the mythical "perfect car," we may approach it, and we believe that the Peerless Two-power-range Eight stands today very far out on the road to what may be called the perfection of human attainment in motor car building.

It has been five years since we reached, in the development of the Two-power-range Eight, what we had striven for as our ideal and completely rounded out performance of efficient simplicity in a motor car.

Since then we have refined this car—*but we have never found it necessary to change it fundamentally.*

The present Peerless Two-power-range Eight expresses, more eloquently than we can do in words, the real spirit of our organization—to "pierce directly to the simple and the true."



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In about ten minutes after the burners are lighted, hot water can be drawn from the faucet. In about twenty minutes there is hot water enough for dish-washing; and in a short time thereafter there is sufficient hot water for a bath. Fully guaranteed.

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Made and sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS

(Continued from Page 19)

those dear dead days. There were the Sarmatians, the Scythians, the Celts, the Romans, the Goths, the Teutons, the Huns, the Slavs, the Avars, and probably a number of others whose fighting abilities were not sufficient to get their names mentioned in history. But each of the tribes and races which entered the big mountain-rimmed basin made an attempt to consolidate it and hold it—and couldn't.

In the year 895 the Magyars left the shores of the Black Sea, crossed the mountains and came into the territory which they have held ever since. Even the Hungarian historians are unable to agree on the reasons which brought them in. Some say that they were invited to come in to do a little high-grade fighting, others say that they were compelled to move in because certain tribes on the outsde were too strong for them and kept crowding them. At any rate, all historians agree that it was in the year 895 that they moved in. They moved in, took the country, consolidated it and held it; and on this fact they base their argument which starts "For over a thousand years ——" Until the Magyars came nobody had ever been able to get a nation started. The Magyars succeeded where everybody else had failed; and for over a thousand years they have kept right on being successful. The few scattered peoples who were wandering round the Hungarian basin were absorbed by the Magyars and became Magyars.

The ancestors of the Slovaks in the north, the Magyars claim, were colonists who were brought in by contractors 200 years after the Magyars arrived—contract labor introduced for the purpose of clearing the forests. On this, as well as on the argument that the majority of Slovaks do not wish to be separated from Hungary, the Magyars base their ear-piercing howls against the cutting away of Slovakia from Hungary.

The Rusins, they claim, were immigrants who crossed the mountains almost 500 years after the Magyars arrived, for the purpose of pasturing their cattle on the Carpathian slopes.

The Rumanians of Transylvania, declare the Magyars, were wandering shepherds who didn't start crossing the mountains from Rumania into the Hungarian basin until the year 1245.

As for the Germans who occupy German West Hungary, the Magyars say that they were immigrants whom the Magyars encouraged to come into Hungary from 1150 to 1250, and again from 1711 until 1783.

History as a Lethal Weapon

The basis of all European argument is history. A European can dive headlong into a mass of historical facts and semihistorical facts, come up grasping a handful of bleached bones, and rattle them together loudly enough to drown out all other sounds within a ten-mile radius. To Americans who are accustomed to regard the founding of Plymouth Colony and the courtship of Miles Standish as the very dawn of history, the European history hound is an incomprehensible and unmitigated bore. He won't talk about anything but history. In the course of twenty minutes' conversation he drags in unpronounceable names, dates with six inches of dust on them, tribes of people that haven't done any active tribing since the year 1099, and battles that took place three years before the Norman Conquest of Britain was thought of. He also expects his listeners to have a perfect and complete understanding of everything he is talking about. This habit is not restricted to one or two Central Europeans, but is common to nearly all of them. The Poles, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Ukrainians, the Magyars, the Serbs, the Croats, the Bulgarians, the Rumanians—all of them quote history in support of their claims that they deserve more than they possess.

Let me give you a sample of the historical discourse—not to hold up anyone to ridicule, but to explain why it is that an American finds Central European affairs difficult to grasp unless he has read at least 250 pounds of assorted histories. I started to discuss with a Magyar the present-day Rumanian invasion of Hungary—the invasion in which the Rumanians stripped Hungary of horses, cows, sheep, seed corn, stores of food, farming implements, railroad cars and practically everything else that wasn't cemented to the ground.

"There are certain parts of Hungary," I said unwarily, "which have been occupied by Rumanians almost as long as by Magyars, aren't there?"

That question was all the Magyar needed to set him going.

"Shall We Endure It?" The Hungarians Protest in Poster Form Against Dismemberment

"No! No! Never!" he exclaimed. "The most cruel people in the world were the Beskides or Bessenyok; and Constantinus Porphyrogenitus says that ——"

"Hold on, there!" I begged him. "How do those cruel people get into this, and who was that man you mentioned so lightly?"

"Dear sir," said the Magyar earnestly, "the Oláhs claim ——"

"Oláhs? Oláhs? This is the first time I ever heard of them! Who let them into this argument, and what are Oláhs?"

"Dear sir, the Oláhs are the Rumanians of to-day. The Oláhs, or Rumanians, claim ——"

"Look here: If the Oláhs and the Rumanians are the same thing, why not call them Rumanians and leave out the Oláhs? That Oláh stuff means next to nothing to me or to any other American. So far as we are concerned, you might as well call them Blups or Glugs or Oompahs. If you want us to understand you, you must be simple and concise. Remember, above all else, to be simple."

"Very well, dear sir. The Oláhs, or Rumanians, claim that they have inhabited the eastern end of Hungary continuously since Trajan colonized that territory; but Constantinus Porphyrogenitus ——"

"Just a moment! Who is this Trajan?"

"The Roman emperor, Trajan, dear sir. But this statement is false and absurd; for Flavius Vopiscus, Eutropius and Rufus Lextus ——"

"Here, here! This is getting too complicated! You have referred to Constantinus Something-or-Other. What has this fellow got to do with this crystal maze? And would you mind calling him Con for short?"

"Ah, yes! Constantinus Porphyrogenitus! We have his word that ——"

"But who was he? Who was he? Why quote him? And please call him Con!"

"Dear sir, Con was a Greek emperor. In 950 Con tells us that the Beskides the most cruel enemies of the Magyars, lived next to the territory in which the Oláhs, or Rumanians, claimed to have lived, so that they couldn't have lived there at all."

"I don't see it. I don't know what you're driving at. You'll have to make it clearer."

"Dear sir, because of the extreme cruelty of the Beskides the territory next to them was left uninhabited. The Oláhs, or Rumanians, claim that their ancestors lived in that territory when the Magyars entered Hungary in 895; but Constantinus Porphyrogenitus informs us that in 896 there was nobody living there. The Magyars had entered Hungary, but the eastern portion of the land was uninhabited."

"Well, what did Con know about it? Was he writing for a Greek newspaper, or what?"

"No, dear sir! Constantinus Porphyrogenitus was an emperor who personally investigated conditions in Hungary for the sole purpose of investigating."

"But isn't there a chance that if Con wrote his report in 950 on conditions which existed in 896, he may have made some bad slips?"

"It is hardly possible, dear sir. An emperor's position is such that he would have no occasion to distort the truth."

"There is something in what you say. At any rate we will allow that point to pass. But you said something about the Emperor Trajan colonizing that territory. How about that?"

"Dear sir, the Emperor Trajan colonized that teritory; but each of the three authors, Flavius Vopiscus, Eutropius and Rufus Lextus, records the fact that the Roman emperors moved every inhabitant out of that region. The Rumanians, or Oláhs, claim that they descended from the Romans living there, but there was nobody living there, so their claims are false."

"That sounds fair enough. But if the Rumanians didn't descend from somebody who didn't exist whom did they descend from?"

"Dear sir, in the year 1010 the great Saint Stephen, king of the Magyars, sent out Magyars to colonize the uninhabited region which the Rumanians claim to have occupied before our arrival. These colonies were increased from time to time, until the Tartars ——"

"How did the Tartars get into the story? I thought we were talking about Rumanians."

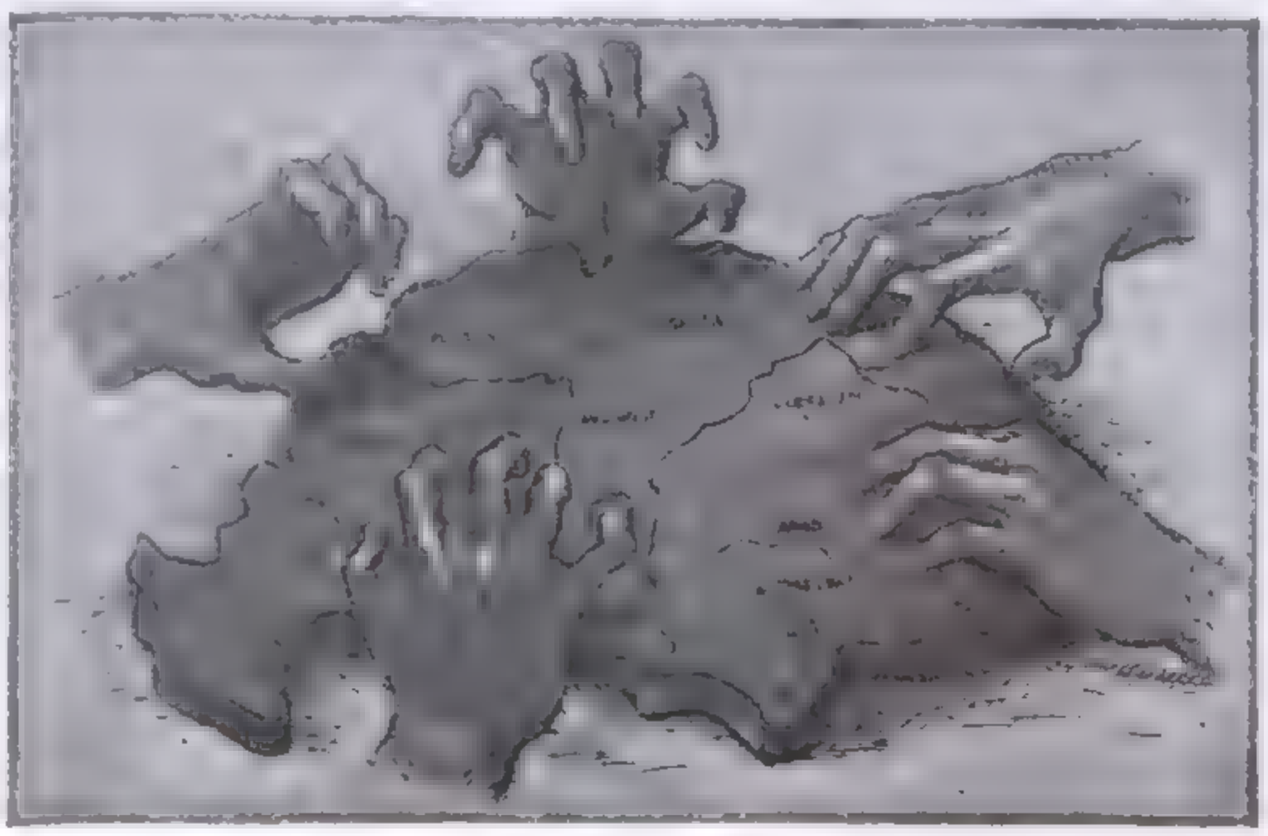
"The Tartars, dear sir, swept down from Tartary in the year 1245, and massacred great numbers of Magyars. They killed off thousands and thousands of the Magyar colonists in Transylvania and put an end to Magyar expansion; so the kings of Hungary permitted wandering shepherds from Rumania and Bulgaria to cross the mountains with their flocks and herds. These wandering shepherds are the Oláhs, or Rumanians of to-day. Therefore, if Transylvania is taken away from the Magyars and given to the Rumanians, or Oláhs, dear sir, it will be taken from a nation which first made the land safe, and given to the descendants of wandering shepherds who were received in unsupecting friendship."

What Could be Simpler?

That, in brief, was the manner in which the Magyar presented the case. He referred to many other things in the course of his chat. He proved by philology that the Rumanian language didn't come from the place where the Rumanians claimed that it did. He dragged Albania and Thessaly into the story. He devoted a considerable amount of time to the Western Goths, the Eastern Goths, the Gepids and the Avars. He spoke of Krassó-Szörény and upward of thirty other districts that I couldn't make a note of because I hadn't the slightest idea how to spell them. He worked Saint Ladislaus into the narrative, as well as King Geza II, the Wallon Italians, the Saxons, King Andrew II, the German Order of Knights, King Bela III, the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church, Rumanian national literature, the lack of culture among the early Rumanians—and all these features, I believe, are quite necessary to a lucid and scholarly presentation of the case.

If I were to go at all thoroughly into any one of the many moot points which are constantly being mooted by the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Rumanians and the Jugo-Slavs and the Magyars on the largest and loudest mooters on which any mooting has been done in modern times, this little thumbnail sketch would run on to such an unconscionable length that there would be no room in the back of the magazine for any of the advertisements which are so essential if the subscriber is to purchase his copy at five cents, and if the author is to live in the style of which the butchers, the tailors and the grocers are trying to break him. Several volumes could be written on the historical claims which the Czechs and the Magyars set up to that part of old Hungary which is now Slovakia. Several more volumes could be written on the Rumanian and the Magyar claims to Transylvania. To cut down the length of any one of these claims is to be accused of being superficial. The Slavs who read these paragraphs will accuse me of being sufficiently superficial to float round on a bowl of skimmed milk

(Continued on Page 137)



"The Hands of Robbers"

Packard

FINE pianos such as Packard are works of art. They can be made only by men who are master piano-makers, who take the artist's pride in their work, and who are inspired to produce the finest pianos possible. Such are the men in the Packard plant. Like all artists they are happy at their chosen work. To them, the making of fine pianos is the highest interpretation of art—an expression of the music that is in their hearts and souls.

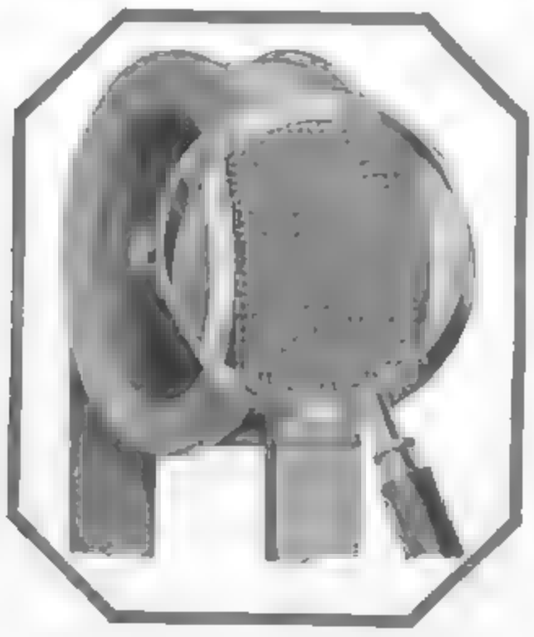
As your fingers touch the Packard keyboard, you sense at once that the ambitions of these men have been entirely fulfilled. You rejoice at the glorious sound that fills the air. You delight in the delicate balance of the action, the rhythmic roundness of the tone, the sheer architectural beauty of the piano itself. You feel that never before have you attained true expression of music. And you are glad that men who are artists have been encouraged to make pianos.

THERE are grand, upright and player models of Packard Pianos, in several styles and sizes. You will find among them the piano you long to possess. A pictured brochure will gladly be sent postpaid.

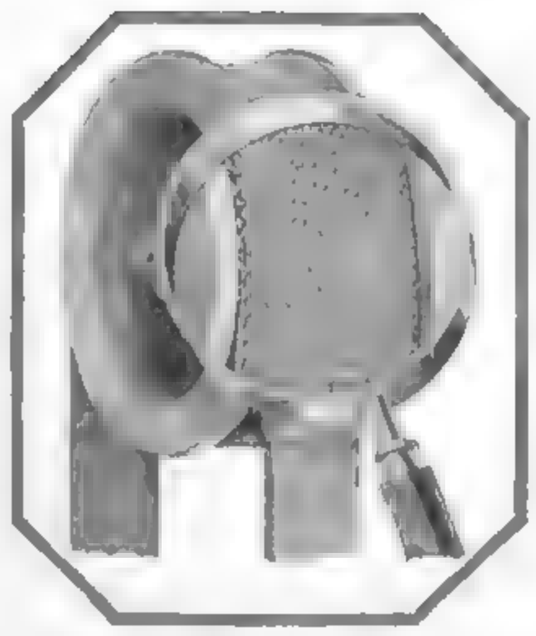
THE PACKARD PIANO COMPANY
FORT WAYNE · INDIANA
ESTABLISHED 1871

Packard Pianos

"IF THERE IS NO HARMONY IN THE FACTORY
THERE WILL BE NONE IN THE PIANO"



This illustrates a belt whose threads run lengthwise and across. It has no resiliency. In service it stretches quickly; this causes slipping with its attendant dangers and adjustment annoyances



The Gates Vulco Cord Belt shown here has a bias weave: it has elasticity; all the strain is absorbed; stretching is overcome. This belt always grips the pulley firmly; it does not slip. A patented feature

Do you know why your motor overheats?

An overheated automobile engine is usually caused by a slipping fan belt. Every engineer knows this and allows for it, but that's a makeshift; you can't make allowance for inefficiency.

Somebody had to study this problem, and make a really efficient fan belt. We did; and we made the Gates Vulco Cord Belt with a bias weave; our patent.

The bias weave gives elasticity which eases the strain of constant service; and it takes up the shock of starting and sudden stopping; it enables the belt to grip the pulley firmly all the time. The Vulco Cord Belt does not slip; every revolution of the shaft is carried to the fan; that keeps your engine cool. It is a scientifically constructed fan belt.

The bias weave doubles the strength and life of this belt; it's so good that 6,000,000 were bought last year, 100,000 dealers having them for sale.

We make Vulco Cord Belts, V-shape or flat, in standard sizes; fit every make of car; buy them for service.

These belts are also used as standard equipment for small machinery like washing machines, etc.

Manufacturers who have belt troubles should write us; tell us your needs; we'll submit plans for specially designed belts.

You escape the trouble of an overheated engine if you'll equip your car with a Gates Vulco Cord Belt

GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO

Makers of

Gates Tested Tubes Gates Half Sole Tires

GATES VULCO CORD BELTS

Made by the makers of
GATES SUPER TREAD TIRES

(Continued from Page 133)

There is another great point of argument which centers in the old Hungary, and that is the question of oppression. The Rumanians claim that the Rumanians in Hungary were terribly oppressed by the Magyars. The Czechs and some of the Slovaks claim that the Slovaks in Hungary suffered untold agonies from Magyar oppression. The Magyars, on the other hand, claim that these people weren't oppressed at all. In fact, they claim that the percentage of Rumanian schools for the Rumanians in Hungary was greater than the percentage of Rumanian schools for Rumanians in Rumania. They claim that the Slovaks and the Rumanians and any other nationalities within the Magyar domain could do as they pleased so long as they weren't guilty of disloyalty to the Magyar nation. It is certain that the Slovaks who have educated themselves in Magyar colleges have risen to high positions in Magyar university faculties, in Magyar courts and in the Magyar government. The people of Slovakia under the Magyars developed their Slovak arts, learned Slovak in the primary schools, spoke the language without interference, and wore their national costumes whenever they pleased. The same thing is true of the Rusins and the Rumanians of the old Hungary. The Magyars have tried to educate them along Magyar lines, just as the Czechs will try to educate the Germans along Czech lines, and just as America is trying to educate everybody in America along American lines. Some people point to the illiteracy in Slovakia, Rusinia and Transylvania as a sign of Magyar oppression. The same type of illiteracy exists in the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and Maine, and for the same reasons. The peasant people of Southern Italy yield the palm to almost nobody in the matter of illiteracy; but they aren't oppressed, and nobody tries to argue that they are.

There is no doubt that the Magyars were represented by many stupid and cruel governors at various times in various parts of the Magyar kingdom, and that these people behaved toward the people under them as stupid and cruel people always behave. There is also no doubt that a great deal of buncombe has been written about Magyar oppression by the politicians of those portions of the old kingdom which were seeking to break away. When the Germans in Nebraska are not allowed to have their own schools they are oppressed to a greater extent than, in many cases, the Slovaks and the Rusins and the Rumanians were oppressed by the Magyars.

Better Terms Proposed for Hungary

It is not my object to whitewash Hungary in this brief account, or to convince the readers of this article that Hungary is innocent of everything. I merely aim to report what the situation was in Hungary in March, 1920, and the opinion that had been formed by those who had sifted the evidence. That opinion, as I have said before, was almost universally in favor of giving back to the Magyars a large part of the territory which the peace conference originally took from them. An American general after studying the situation carefully reported that in his opinion the peace treaty should be revised in favor of Hungary. I found no Americans in Hungary who did not hold the same opinion

From the London Times of March 4, 1920, comes the following news item: "The Supreme Council yesterday dealt chiefly with the question of peace with Hungary. Considerable difference of opinion arose between the various delegates, mainly in consequence of an Italian suggestion that the frontiers assigned by the general treaty of peace to Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia should be revised in favor of the Magyars. This suggestion seemed to have received some support from the British representatives, but to have been opposed by the French, who do not favor the idea of throwing an important part of the general peace treaty into the melting pot."

I must repeat again what I have said before in my articles on Poland, Austria and Czechoslovakia. There is scarcely an American in Central Europe who does not regard the peace conference and its decisions as a gigantic joke. In one country it has disregarded ethnographic claims and stuck to geographic claims. In the next country it has done exactly the opposite. Though the treaty pretends to stand for the self-determination of peoples, there is not a country in which self-determination exists. Austria is not permitted to determine its future. The Germans in Bohemia have as much chance of self-determination as has a bucket of oats in front of a horse. The same thing is true of Magyars in Slovakia, Ukrainians in Poland, Poles in Bohemia and Magyars in Rumania. These are only a few instances; but they are typical of the work which the peace conference has done behind the pretty scenery of self-determination.

There are, I know, many people in the United States who will object rabidly to any such defamation of that august body. If these people will hark back six or seven barks they will recall that one of the most austere and intense American supporters of the peace conference and its works once gave an English newspaper an enormous amount of free advertising. This paper, he said, was the only one he ever read, because of its wonderful grasp of European politics. He was referring to the Times.

"For the first time," says an editorial in the London Times of March 4, 1920, "the British public have now seen the European Areopagus—the Supreme Council of the peace conference—at work under their eyes. They have beheld its cowardice, its vacillation, its meanness. They have watched it as it jettisoned one doctrine after another as the fears and the hopes of each triumvir for his own electorate seemed to demand. They have observed it fumbling and groping from one subject to another without knowledge to illuminate it or principle to guide its steps. That has been a very wholesome object lesson to them. It has explained to them the character of much that was done in Paris. They understand now how the whole treaty was made, and they know why it was made so ill."

There will also be many people who wish to take me to task for what I have said regarding the buncombe which has been written concerning Magyar oppression of the different nationalities within the borders of the old kingdom. To these people I would like to quote a statement made by Theodore Roosevelt to a prominent Hungarian in 1904.

"I know the history of Hungary," said Roosevelt, "and I cannot but admire the manner in which the dominant Magyar nation manages so many different nationalities and religions—manages to keep them loyal to their country, as they have been for so many centuries. We have the same problem in America, and in this respect we have much to learn from Hungary."

For all these reasons the Magyars lift up their voices and shout *"Nem! Nem! Soha!"*—No! No! Never!—when they speak of the dismemberment of the kingdom. Hungary is covered with antidismemberment posters, the most popular one being the blood-red relief map of Hungary as it was before the war, with great cracks running across it along the new dismemberment lines of the peace treaty, and with the words *"Nem! Nem! Soha!"* splashed beneath it.

But there are many other protesting posters. A new one is issued every few weeks, and all the shop windows and all the billboards and all the blank walls display it until a new one appears. One shows a relief map of Hungary with a hand plunging a cruel-looking knife into it and carving off huge chunks. "Can we endure it?" asks the Magyar word beneath the map—intimating that the Magyars are practically out of endurance. Another shows a Magyar peasant in his national costume, clasping a map of Hungary to his breast and protecting it against the attacks of birds of prey. Still another shows huge hands grasping at different sides of Hungary. "Thieves' hands," says the title of this poster. Others show Magyar warriors in full armor defending the industry, the art and the religion of the western world from the Tartar hordes and the Turkish invasion. The Magyars say that prior to their wars against the onrushing Turks back in the sixteenth century, eighty-five per cent of the population of Hungary was pure Magyar, but that so many Magyars fell before the Turks that at the close of the Turkish wars the population was only forty-four per cent pure Magyar. This terrible loss of life took place in only a few decades; and because of it Hungary claims the title of the Ancient Bulwark of Christendom. By permitting Hungary's dismemberment, say the posters, Christendom will be making a very evil return for the debt which it owes to Hungary. "He who would dismember Hungary," reads one poster, "is paving the way for a fresh war." "Do you want four Alsace-Lorraines?" demands another, which represents the four dismembered sections bursting into flames. "Presburg, the Magyar Strasburg," reads still another, referring to the ancient Magyar city on the Danube which the Czechs have occupied.

The mental picture which the average American has formed of the Magyar, or Hungarian, I believe, is a somewhat erroneous one. The popular impression of him, if I am not mistaken, is that he is one of the hardest of hard-boiled eggs—a low person with a baroque mustache who gets into violent fights on Sundays. In reality the true Hungarian is one of the most amiable, hospitable and attractive persons that one can find in Central Europe. On this fact the surrounding nationalities base some of their loudest shrieks. "Everyone who goes to Hungary," they claim, "falls into the clutches of the Magyar aristocrats, and is hoodwinked by their fine manners and their fluent lies and their generous hospitality!"

It is a fact that practically every American or Englishman who goes to Hungary is more favorably inclined toward the claims of the Magyars than toward those of most of the surrounding nationalities. To say, however, that all of them are hoodwinked is to make a statement which cannot possibly be true. There must be quite a number of Englishmen and Americans who are still capable of nailing lies, seeing through fine manners and resisting the debilitating influences of hospitality, whether these parlor tricks originate with Magyars, Celts, Slavs or Germans. Roosevelt liked the Magyars, and it is highly probable that the amount of hoodwinking that was successfully foisted off on him would have discouraged the most hardened foister.

However, the true Magyar is either an aristocrat or a lover of the pomp and gauds of aristocracy. The newcomer writhes internally when he hears for the first time the form of farewell that is used so frequently by Magyar underlings and shopkeepers—*"Ich küsse die Hände"*; or "I kiss the hands." The Viennese, too, have that odd form of expression. One walks out of a restaurant or a theater or a store amid an echoing volley of "I kiss the hands!" It's enough, as the less cultured American is sometimes heard to remark, to get your goat. But the Magyar likes it. He is a monarchist by nature. He wants a king. He is a superiorist; he feels that he is far better than any of the surrounding nationalities; and when asked about it he freely admits it. In the perpetual wrangle about culture which is constantly going on in Central Europe, the voice of the Magyar rings out loud and clear above all the others—not necessarily because his culture is so much better than all the others, but because he feels confident that there's nobody with a culture which has his, so to speak, shaded.

When a Central European gets his legs under a table and starts to discourse on his culture he can run on for hours at a time unless he is forcibly shut off. He argues either that the other nations have no culture or that the other nations stole their culture from his own. The Czechs, for example, snort loudly at Magyar culture, saying that the Magyars stole what little they have from the Slovaks. This makes the Magyars almost wild with rage, and they howl frantically that the Czechs are rude and cultureless, and that the Magyar culture is worth eighteen or twenty cultures like that of the Czechs. They speak of their cultures in much the same way as chiefs of laboratories discuss diphtheria cultures. They mention them as though they could be injected into the forearm with a hypodermic needle. To an outsider who is getting his eightieth or ninetieth cultural earful in the course of about two weeks most of the Central European culture conversation sounds about the same way as a cultural squabble between the cities of Terre Haute, Kansas City, El Paso and Elmira would sound.

Unwelcome Excitement

The Magyar, however, believes and has good reason for believing that he is more advanced in his civilization than are the Slovaks, the Rumanians and all the other peoples who have been under Magyar rule for so many centuries. And the Magyar has been a fighting man for centuries. He is a born warrior. He has been accustomed to fight for what is his. Being a superiorist he believes that it is genuinely better for the nationalities of the old Hungary to be under his rule than to be under their own rule. He sincerely believes that every part of the old kingdom belongs to him as much as Budapest belongs to him. Having been accustomed in the past to fight for what is his he intends to keep right on fighting for what he considers his. Sooner or later he will fight for all the parts of the old kingdom that have been taken from him—just as we would fight eventually to get back South Dakota if the Grabbonians took it away from us. Germany has no argument to put up over the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and German Poland; Austria has no ground for protest over the loss of Bohemia; but Hungary has a large amount of ground on which to protest loudly and persistently against the loss of her integral parts.

For this reason the Magyar wails of *"Nem! Nem! Soha!"* cannot be sniffed at by any person who hopes to see the peace of Europe in a position where it is not likely to be smashed into a million fragments by a week from almost any Friday in the future.

For the past six years the Magyars have had as much unwelcome excitement as any nation has ever had in that period of time. According to the Magyars they were forced into the war by Austria against their wills. Hungary, they claim, had nothing to gain and everything to lose. They also claim that they have always had rather more than less sympathy for the Serbs—against whom the opening guns in the great war were fired by Austria-Hungary—and that their admiration for England and America has always been very great. All the Magyars, moreover, say that they detest Austria and have always detested her. Austria, they say, has always made cat's-paws out of them—has always treated them like yokels. It is a fact that Hungarian society would never receive the Austrian and the Czech army officers before the war. The Magyars also claim that they have no use for Germany and never have had—that

(Continued on Page 141)

"Help!" Hungary Sends Out an S O S

Watters Finding *and* Filing Machine

Touch a number on the keys and up comes the card.

The same operation shows the exact place for filing each card, or the tray divisions of tens take cards in any numerical order. If a card is inserted upside down or reversed, it responds to the keys with the same certainty as one properly placed.

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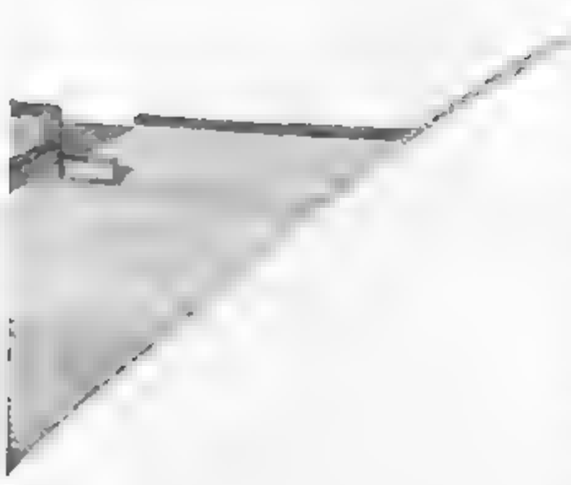

When clerks are posting, the labor saved by the certainty and speed of Watters Finding and Filing Machine is a revelation.

When the auditor considers the efficiency of the office, he knows there is no trouble from misplaced records—an audit key instantly reveals them.

When an executive is in a hurry for an employee's card, a stock record, or anything worth filing, it is located as quickly as he can form his wish into words.

When the critical eye of a customer at the cashier's window is watching, his ledger account is automatically produced—a clean and neat card with no fingered tabs and no wear on the edges, presenting a record of efficiency that inspires confidence.

* * *

Picture the Watters System in your place of business. You save the labor of handling heavy ledger books, and the delays and troubles in spelling names and turning the leaves to the right pages; you avoid the tedious "pulling" of cards from files. All accounts and records are held in the compact Watters cabinets with each and every one controlled with ten keys, 0 to 9.

The Watters Finding and Filing Machine accommodates all ledger sheets and account cards now in general use. It can be used for any sort of records, those of costs, stocks and payrolls of manufacturers as well as accounts receivable of merchants. It is a motor-driven and infallible machine that does away with the human element of error. It makes system simple.

* * *

The merchandising policy of The Watters Corporation is to market a service rather than a machine. We seek to reach accounting rooms where demands on hands and brains can be relieved with machines. Representatives of our corps of business systems specialists study and attain all understanding of a business first, and then they sell what the Watters System will do when specifically applied.

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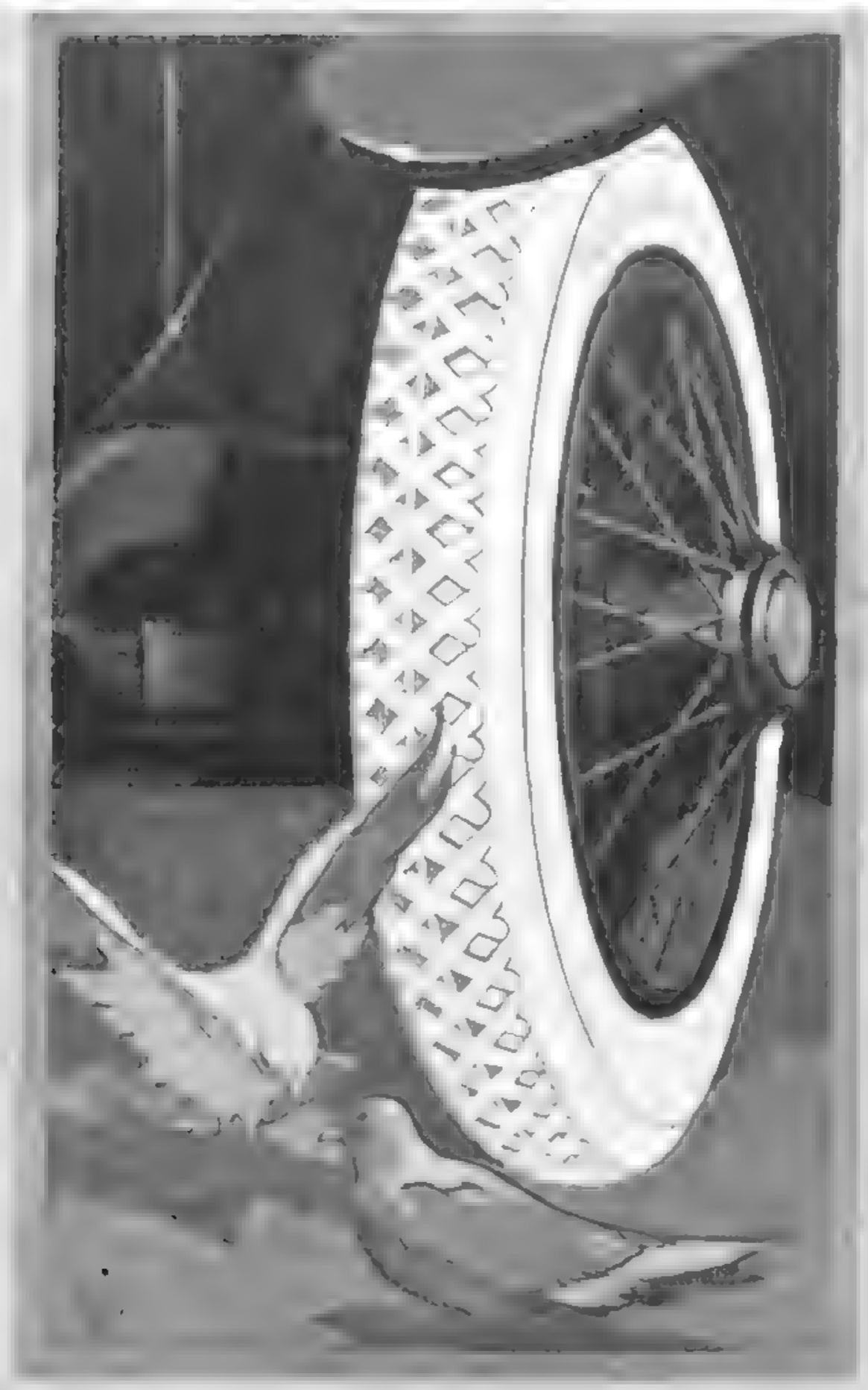

Sincerity in Tire Making

Seven years ago the founders of the Mohawk Rubber Company chose absolute sincerity and honesty in tire making as the foundation of the organization. Secrets, strange sounding materials, and mysterious cost-cutting methods have played no part in the making or selling of Mohawks.

We have held to the belief that the use of only the finest and purest of rubber, the strongest of fabrics, generous quantities of them, and well paid hand workmanship is the safest method of keeping faith with Mohawk users.

We have convinced each Mohawk workman that while a fault in construction disappoints the buyer, it harms us most of all, for it saps the very foundation of our business—the good name of Mohawk.

And we have been well repaid for maintaining this quality standard by seeing Mohawks gain a position among the leading tires of the country—gaining the confidence of buyers—well liked—well spoken of everywhere.

We have been repaid by seeing an almost complete elimination of complaints due to defects in manufacture.

We have been repaid by seeing our dealers' records prove that 85% of Mohawk trial buyers use Mohawks exclusively thereafter.

You will find the better grade of dealers everywhere handling Mohawks

MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON OHIO

KANSAS CITY DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO ATLANTA

MOHAWK "Quality" HAND MADE CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 137)

they were forced into an alliance with Germany in sheer self-defense. Such statements, must, of course, be taken with a grain of salt.

At any rate the Magyars had nearly four and a half years of war. At the end of the war there was a revolution, and the Social Democrats took over the government. As in all the Social Democratic parties which now control Central Europe, those members of the party who were extremists—or who belonged to the Extreme Left, as the technical phrase runs—were plain Bolsheviks. In all of Central Europe the extremists of every Social Democratic party—which means the political party that is giving Europe to the dogs and frightening the business men to such an extent that they scarcely dare to open their factories or to speed up their industries—have the same bitter hatred of the bourgeoisie and of capital that the Bolsheviks have. In Vienna I went to Dr. Otto Bauer, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Dr. Friedrich Adler, a member of the National Assembly, for certain statements regarding the Social Democrats. These men are leaders of Social Democracy—the ruling class—in Austria. Both men said that they absolutely refused to make any statements to the American press because it was universally bourgeois and capitalistic. The backbone of all Social Democracy is class warfare.

The Social Democratic government of Hungary, headed by Count Karolyi, was weak. The army, following the armistice, melted into thin air. Karolyi's War Minister, who apparently was chosen by Karolyi for reasons similar to those which seem to have actuated the choice of some of our own cabinet ministers, declared that he didn't care if he never saw another soldier as long as he lived. When the murmurs of the people grew to a thunderous roar Karolyi ran away to Czechoslovakia. Because he let the army go Karolyi is almost universally blamed by the Magyars to-day for their plight. He seems to have thought that the Allies would not allow an unarmed nation to be attacked. If this was the case his thinker was suffering from sand in the gear box. And he ran away under fire. This being the case, the Magyars are entitled to think as they please about him, even though some outsiders claim, as they do, that Karolyi was an idealist and a great man.

The Rule of Bela Kun

When Karolyi ran away there was a grand upset; and late in March, 1919, the Bolsheviks seized the government. The Bolshevik leaders were men of the lowest, vilest and most brutal type. They were ignorant and avaricious. Their leader was Bela Kun, or Kohn, and his chief assistants were the two Szamuely brothers—who are always spoken of by the Magyars as "the terrible Szamuely brothers." The Szamuely brothers are dead now. One, trying to flee from Hungary with millions of crowns in loot, committed suicide when he saw that his capture was certain. Another was executed. Bela Kun is imprisoned near Vienna. The Magyars are trying to extradite him so that they can try him for his crimes.

Under Kun, the Szamuelys, and the most ignorant and avaricious gang of thugs that ever held government positions outside of Bolshevik Russia, the Hungarian Bolsheviks inaugurated the red terror in Budapest. They murdered large numbers of the Magyar bourgeoisie. They did some very awful things. Under their rule the dregs of the slums rose up and scattered filth in the homes of the hated bourgeoisie. No member of the bourgeoisie was permitted to remain in full possession of his own home. In every home was put the outpouring of the slums—laughing and gloating over their hated enemies, the capitalists. The Bolsheviks printed money in a hurry—in so much of a hurry that they printed the notes on only one side of the paper. In every house they named one of their number to be a man of confidence; and to this man of confidence every person in the house had to come in order to obtain permission to have a pair of boots repaired, to buy a shirt, to get a piece of meat to eat. If the man of confidence approved it was all right; if he disapproved it was all wrong.

Stores were closed; windows were smashed; buildings were looted right and left. Persons possessing bank accounts could draw out only 200 crowns a month—and the crown was worth very little at that time. Later this law was altered so that a man could draw out as much as 2000 crowns a month, but no more. There was only one newspaper—the red newspaper; and that printed nothing but Bolshevik news. The whole world was represented as going Bolshevik—especially America; and copies of the socialist paper The New York Call, bearing across the top of the front page the slogan "Proletarians of the World, Unite," were distributed in Budapest to show that Bolshevism was strongly intrenched in the United States. The bourgeoisie were thrown into prison. Daily lists were issued of the people who were to be shot because of anti-Bolshevik sympathies. A red army was formed, and many workmen were forced into it against their wills. That is to say, some of them were forced in. Many other non-Bolsheviks went in of their own accord.

A great many non-Bolsheviks shouted for Bolshevism in Hungary during Bolshevik régime, because the Magyars are great opportunists.

A part of the red army was sent down against the Rumanians, and a part was sent up against the Czechs; for when the Rumanians and the Czechs had seen Hungary lying helpless before them without an army or any other means of protection they had promptly waded in and helped themselves to whatever they wanted—and their wants were not at all modest. The section of the red army which went against the Rumanians got into action first, and promptly went to pieces. The Rumanians, fairly climbing up the backs of the fleeing Bolsheviks, came all the way across Hungary and into Budapest. That was early in August, 1919; and on that day Bolshevik rule in Hungary became a thing of the past.

The Stripping of Hungary

Terrible as was the Bolshevik rule and the red terror in Hungary, it had one beneficial effect: Hungary having had a good dose of Bolshevism is permanently cured. It is the one country in Central Europe where there is no more fear of Bolshevism. "We know what it is now," says the Magyars, "and it can never happen again. Anything is preferable to it. It can never get started in the future."

From August until November, 1919, the Rumanians occupied the Hungarian capital. Not caring to wait for reparations committees to decide what indemnities Rumania should receive from the Central Empires, the Rumanians decided to be their own reparations committee and take what they wanted from Hungary while it was lying helpless on its back. So they went through Hungary with a fine-tooth comb. They took locomotives, freight cars and passenger cars. They took astronomical instruments, microscopes and scientific instruments. They took farm tractors and harvesting machinery. They took hoes and rakes and shovels and every other farming tool that they could find. They took corn and wheat and potatoes and all the other foodstuffs that the farmers didn't conceal. They even took from the farmers the seed wheat that had been tested and selected after years of experimenting, and shipped it back to Rumania to be ground up into flour. They gathered up all the horses and cows and sheep that they could find and shipped them back to Rumania. As a result the Magyar farmers lack farm implements, animals to cultivate their fields, and seed with which to plant them. There is a grave possibility that instead of being self-supporting in the autumn of 1920, as the Magyars had expected to be, another year may have to elapse, thanks to the Rumanians, before they can produce enough to feed themselves properly.

After Bela Kun and his infamous crew had been driven from power one government followed another with bewildering rapidity. Hungary has always been cursed with politicians; and the post-Bolshevik political clans were representative curses—selfish fortune hunters, for the most part. The governments had no semblance of strength and no power to keep order; and under them the young Magyars run amuck, took the law into their own hands and killed a large number of the Bolsheviks who had made life so horrible for the Magyars. This sort of lynch law is only too common in the United States; so if Americans will consider what the Magyars endured from the Bolsheviks they should have no difficulty in understanding how it was possible for the young Magyars to run amuck.

There were even posters in parts of Budapest reminding the citizens of the outrages which they had suffered, and suggesting by implication though not in words that the same treatment be accorded to the people who had been responsible for their suffering.

During the Bolshevik régime a Magyar admiral named Horthy decided that the time was ripe for action and plenty of it. Horthy had served in the Adriatic with distinction during the war and had received so many decorations that when he put on all of them his left shoulder was five inches lower than his right. He was a popular man and a fighter. Moreover, he came of a fighting race; for five members of the Horthy family died in the great Battle of Mohacs in 1526, when the Magyars finally went down to defeat before the Turks. And he had a fighting name—Miklos, which is pure Magyar for Mike.

Horthy went down to Szegedin, in southern Hungary, with a handful of other fighters, and sent out a call for volunteers. Officers and men flocked to him, coming in the most devious ways to escape the Bolsheviks. The Italians helped him and supplied his men with part of the arms which they needed. Horthy's men are well-trained, soldierly looking troops. The Magyars themselves say that there are 30,000 men in Horthy's army. As a matter of fact there is nearly double that number, at least.

When the Rumanians moved out of Budapest Horthy moved in. He demanded order at once, and got it. He had no use for self-seeking, agitating politicians, or for strong-arm methods, and he said so frankly. Just after I arrived in Budapest, late last February, Horthy was made military dictator of Hungary with the title of chief of state, or regent—the ruler until a king is crowned. Horthy started right out to do the dictating, too. The politicians framed up a set of rules for him to work under, so that they could go ahead picking up all the loose moneys that weren't pasted to the floor. Horthy's only powers were to be the right to kiss his hand to the people on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, attach his name to statements issued to the press and ride in front of the band on a milk-white charger. The politicians came to Horthy one February morning and said graciously: "You're elected regent; kindly step out on the balcony and address the populace." The populace, having been tipped off, was in front of the building shouting itself hoarse; and the politicians figured that Horthy would not dare to refuse the popular demand.

Horthy, however knew exactly what he wanted, and he didn't care how long he kept the populace standing in front of his residence. He demanded the right of sending parliament home when it got too windy, of making war without publishing his intentions several weeks ahead of time to the people whom he planned to hit, and of having several other highly dictatorial privileges—and of having them right away.

"A City of Madmen"

"After you have made these little changes," said Admiral Horthy to the waiting politicians with a benevolent smile, "the program will proceed. Until then the eager populace will not be addressed."

His demands were acceded to with some reluctance, whereupon he gratefully accepted the dictatorship, while the professional politicians started hunting for a soft place on which, as one might say, to get off.

Before I left Vienna for Budapest several people had occasion to ask me where I was going. When I mentioned Budapest they shook their heads knowingly. "You'll see a city of madmen," they said. "They're all crazy down there! The city is covered with posters demanding pogroms. The white terror which exists is worse than the red terror at its height."

I floated down the Danube to Budapest with both eyes wide open for madmen rushing along the banks with knives in their hands. I saw nothing but the swollen brown waters of the Danube, the flat, monotonous and wonderfully rich Hungarian farm lands and millions of wild mallard ducks. The Danube has worked up considerable of a reputation for beauty and blueness, on account of Mr. Strauss' celebrated waltz. It is however, not particularly beautiful and not at all blue between Vienna and Budapest. Instead of The Beautiful Blue Danube, Mr. Strauss should have written a jazz melody entitled Down on the Danube There Are Dandy Ducks, or something like that, if he wanted to be strictly up to date and truthful. As the little steamer churned downstream she was constantly surrounded by flocks of ducks which got out of the river ahead of her and circled round behind her to settle again and resume their feeding; blue-winged teal, geese, black swans, widgeon and mallards, but mostly mallards. There were mallards in twos and tens and hundreds and thousands. They passed the steamer in never-ending flocks. The Danube has from three to eight channels and innumerable backwaters and bayous all along the flat Danube basin, and the steamer was only kicking the ducks out of the main channel. I strongly recommend the Danube as a duck hunters' paradise.

Though there were no madmen rushing along the banks of the Danube there were a number of men on the steamer who became so extremely upset that they might have been called mad by a purist. There were 500 passengers on that steamer, and there were cabins for only thirty-eight of them. It is only a one-day trip from Vienna to Budapest; but owing to the aversion of the steamboat officials to overwork themselves the boats didn't run after nightfall. Consequently the steamer tied up a few miles out of Budapest; and the 462 people who didn't have cabins had to lie down on the floor with their baggage and try to sleep. During the night some evilly disposed persons percolated among the slumberers and stole a large percentage of the baggage. To cap the climax, the purser went ashore during the night with most of the passage money in his pocket, met some low characters, and was relieved of 30,000 crowns. Consequently all the passengers had to be searched the next morning—all, that is, except one or two Americans who didn't exactly fancy the idea of being searched and were willing to fight for their fancies. As a result of losing their baggage and being searched there were a great many persons on the boat who might have been classed as madmen without any undue stretch of the imagination.

The Mythical White Terror

The question of the white terror in Hungary is a delicate one to handle because a great many of the people who have the most heated views on the subject are the ones who haven't been in Hungary and consequently don't know what they are talking about. They are prone to think that people who base their judgment on personal observation are either mistaken or have been misled or are deliberately falsifying. Quite briefly, the white terror is supposed to be the terrorization and murder of Hebrews in Budapest because of the part that Hebrews played in Bolshevik rule. The claim is made that this white terror has the official sanction of the Horthy government. It is claimed that more people are being killed under the white terror than during the red terror. It is claimed that the city of Budapest is plastered with posters inciting the people to kill Hebrews.

As a matter of fact there are no anti-Hebrew posters or anti-Bolshevik posters or pro-pogrom posters exposed anywhere in the city of Budapest. I hunted for them very carefully, unwilling to take the assurance of Americans and Magyars alike that such things did not exist. I questioned a large number of people, ranging from college professors down to hotel porters, concerning such posters. A large percentage of the people I asked had never seen anything of the sort and were of the opinion that there hadn't been any such things. From others, however, I learned that anti-Bolshevik posters had been posted up in the city for a short time after the Bolshevik overthrow, and that these posters, by picturing the sufferings of the Magyars under Bolshevism, had tacitly encouraged retaliation. At the end of a short time, however, they had been taken down. After considerable effort I secured a copy of the poster admitted by all to have been the most virulent of the Magyar anti-Bolshevik propaganda. This poster is now in the possession of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is no more rabid than many of the anti-German cartoons which appeared in America during the war.

As to the number of people who have been killed by anti-Bolshevik persecution since the Horthy forces entered Budapest and a sound government was started, the claims have varied between 200 and 2000,

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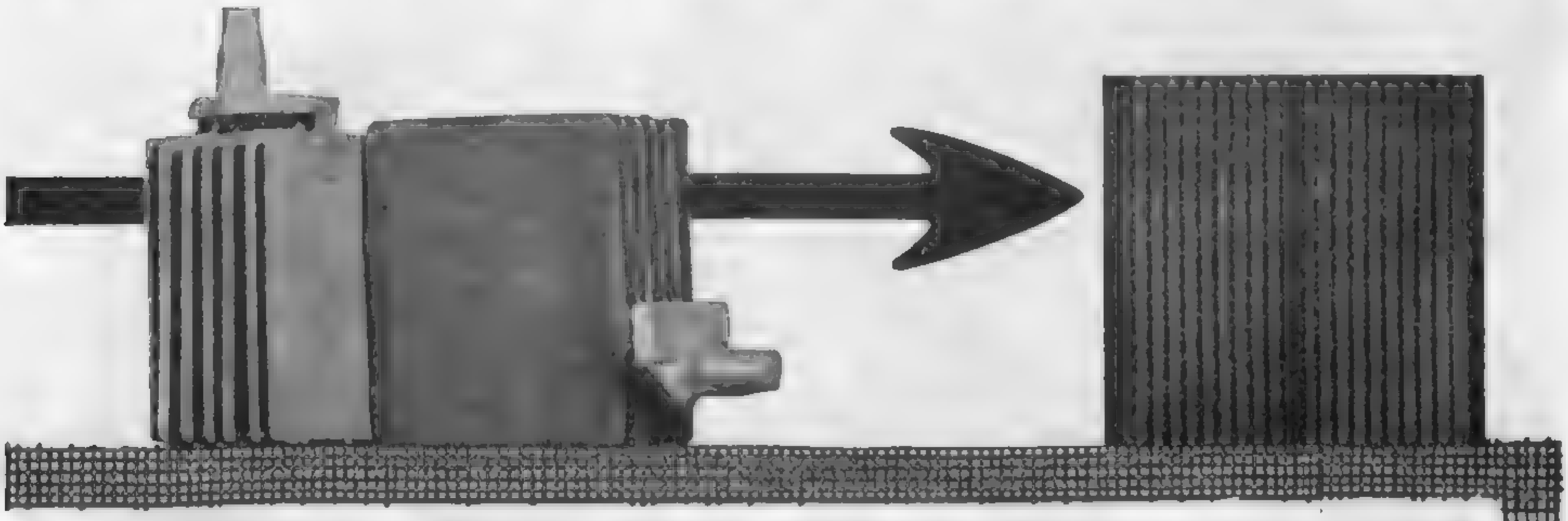
It depends on the

INSULATION



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When you try to compare one battery with another, just remember that there are three big things to keep in mind:

1. A battery is no better than the cells inside it.

2. A cell is no better than the "element" inside it, composed of a group of positive plates and a group of negative plates.

3. The element is no better than the *insulation* which separates each positive plate from the negative plate next to it.

So it is easy to see that the better the *insulation* the better the element—the better the element the better the cell—and the better the *cell* the better the battery.

There is this distinction about Threaded Rubber Insulation: ***it outlasts the battery in which it serves and does not have to be replaced at the owner's expense.***

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Willard STORAGE BATTERY

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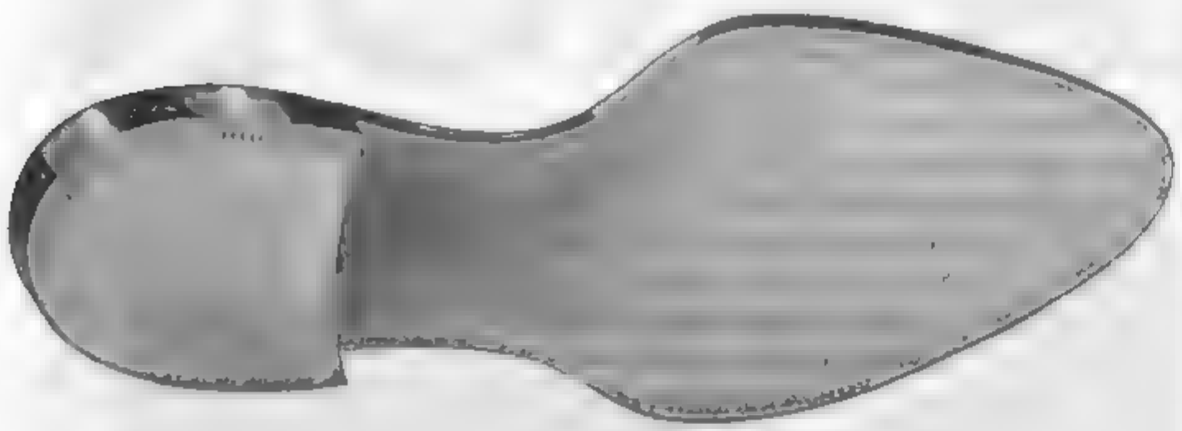

The Brand *of* Economy

On the bottom of every Korry Sole is stamped the brand name. It is your assurance that these soles will outwear any you ever had on your shoes before. The army proved their remarkable wearing quality. Thousands of men, women, and children are proving it daily. You, too, can cut your cost of shoe leather in half by having your repair man put Korry Soles on your shoes.

They are real leather, tanned by a secret process that makes them permanently waterproof. They are flexible and won't slip in the wet. Ask for new shoes with Korry Soles. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes. See that your repair man puts them on your old uppers. It is a simple way to cut the cost of living. Keep the name in mind.

Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

Specify which of the two brands of Korry Soles you want, and remember that each is stamped on the bottom.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry Special

As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

(Continued from Page 141)

with the average claimant leaning toward 2000. The Socialists have been the ones who have made the most horrifying claims. Consequently the Socialist leaders were the ones to approach in order to obtain definite charges. This was done; and the Socialists furnished a list of the people who had vanished during the first two and one half months of the Horthy rule. This list, furnished by the injured party itself, contained not 2000 names nor 200 names, but twenty-six names. These twenty-six persons had disappeared. It was implied that they had been murdered; but it was not so stated. Investigation showed that of the twenty-six, several were in Vienna, where they had fled when they learned of the violence of the anti-Bolshevik feeling in Budapest. Several others were located in Czechoslovakia, where they had fled for the same reason. This list is in the possession of Mr. Grant-Smith, American commissioner to Hungary.

Admiral Horthy's Statement

There is a white terror in Hungary; but it is a good deal like the white terror that obtains in the United States among the reds. We have good reason to want to rid America of reds. We have made the fact very plain; and American Bolsheviks of both the gutter and the parlor variety are watching their steps with unusual care. The Magyars have far better reason to loathe Bolshevism and the Bolsheviks than America has yet been given; and the Bolsheviks know it. They are adhering rigidly to the straight and narrow path. That is the white terror. Those who can are fleeing to other countries. A few have been killed. But the story that no Hebrew dares to show his face in Budapest is pure piffle. As has been the case for many years, practically all the Hungarian banks, newspapers, politicians, nobles and large farms are controlled by Hebrews who are as enthusiastic Magyars as any Magyar in Hungary; yet all businesses are running as usual in Budapest.

I went to Admiral Horthy himself for information concerning the white terror; for it is said among outsiders that the white terror is carried on by officers of Horthy's army.

"I am trying to maintain order in Hungary," said he, "and my officers and men know it. I have told them—and they understand perfectly—that if any murders take place while I am in power I will be seriously damaged. I know, if I may be pardoned for saying so, my officers' sentiments for me; and I know there is not one of them who would not suffer greatly rather than cause me any embarrassment. Whoever the men may be that are responsible for the few murders that have taken place, they have made every attempt to throw the blame on the Horthy army; but they have done it in an incredibly clumsy and stupid manner. For example, there was recently a most unfortunate and terrible affair; a newspaper editor was seized and carried to the country and murdered. His murderers traveled in a military automobile; and after the crime had been committed one of the men stood up in the automobile so that he could be seen by passers-by. He was dressed in a uniform; and in a loud voice he stated that he was an officer, and asked to be directed to the barracks. Such actions are ridiculous; for no murderer would brand himself so unmistakably. It was a clear attempt to throw the blame on my officers."

I asked Admiral Horthy whether his government wished to discriminate in any way against Hebrews, as reports say that it does.

"In no respect whatever," said Admiral Horthy. "The Hebrews control business and banking and journalism in Hungary because the Magyar aristocrats, in many instances, have been lazy and prone to regard work as beneath their dignity. Consequently we cannot exist without the Hebrews. The only antagonistic feeling among the Magyars is against the immigrants who have come in from Galicia during the war the parasites who feed on each other and on everyone with whom they come in contact, and who have profiteered in food so that they have grown wealthy while the price of the food has soared above the reach of our own people."

As regards her money, Hungary is in practically the same position as that in which Austria finds herself. The reason for this is difficult to understand; for whereas Austria is stripped of factories, coal, farm lands, food and everything that is necessary for a state's existence, Hungary still has almost everything that she needs in order to be self-supporting—or will have almost everything as soon as she has recovered from the war, Bolshevism and the Rumanian invasion. Had it not been for the Rumanians she would have produced more than enough food for her own needs by the autumn of 1920. Her claims that she cannot exist without the territory which the peace conference has taken from her are untrue. It would be hard lines—and unfair lines—if she had to get along without this territory; but she could easily do it. And yet her money is as low as Austria's—or was as low as Austria's early in March, 1920. Why should it be so? I do not know, and I was unable to find out, though I asked everybody I met, from Admiral Horthy down to the hat boy in the Hungaria Hotel, not omitting several of Budapest's prominent bankers.

Some of it is due to the fluency with which the money is rolling off the printing presses; but Austria should unquestionably have the most worthless money in the world. She should lead her nearest competitors by several miles. How it is that Hungary can run neck and neck with her is a mystery. It is as much of a mystery as the reason why the Magyars always write their names hind-side to, or front-side back, so to speak. A Hungarian who signs himself Kiralfy Bela is really Bela Kiralfy. An American who signs his name Harry J. Wimpus is at once known to all Hungarians as Mr. Harry, and any telegrams which are received for Mr. Wimpus are put in the unclaimed rack, because Mr. Wimpus has become Mr. Harry and is unrecognized by any other name. Thus, Bela Kun is always referred to by the Magyars as Kun Bela; and if Mr. Irvin Cobb should go to Budapest to live he would have to call himself Cobb Irvin or be classed down in the ruck with the unknown Jones John and Smith Samuel and Brown Charles. What pleasure the Magyars get out of fooling themselves into thinking that Macbeth was written by Shakspere William, and that the character Schofield Penrod was created by Tarkington Booth is quite beyond the comprehension of the average comprehender. It might add to the beauty of the well-known ballad Old Black Joe if it were Magyarized into Old Joe Black; but I doubt it.

Speculation in Money

Nobody knows why these things are so, but they are so. Early in March the person who was fortunate enough to have American dollars could change them into Hungarian crowns at the rate of 250 crowns for each dollar. Since one dollar could be exchanged into only five crowns before the war, the financial expert will be able to reckon that the crown in March was worth one-fiftieth of what it used to be worth.

There is the same amount of money speculation in Hungary as everywhere else in Europe. The result of this on money values is very bad. Round the fifteenth of February the money speculators were having a delightful time in Budapest. On the morning of a certain day one dollar would buy 300 crowns; at noon of the same day the rate had been forced down to 220 for a dollar—a difference of approximately twenty-five per cent. Stock speculation damages many people, of course, and is not a particularly savory proceeding; but stock speculation by comparison with money speculation is as innocent and harmless as passing the contribution box. Money speculation reaches and affects every person in the nation.

Food is plentiful in Hungary, because it is essentially an agricultural country. Czechoslovakia and Hungary are the two countries in Central Europe where an outsider with money can buy all the food that he wants, and in almost as great variety as it can be bought in France or Italy. The price of this food, however, is so high that it is almost beyond the reach of the Hungarian. A family of three people in Budapest that wishes to have meat five times a week and set a table that will keep the entire family well fed must spend 10,000 crowns for food each month, or 120,000 crowns a year. It is a difficult thing in Hungary, however, to scrape together 120,000 crowns a year. An assistant professor in a university receives 1000 crowns a month, or 12,000 crowns a year; and on

(Continued on Page 147)

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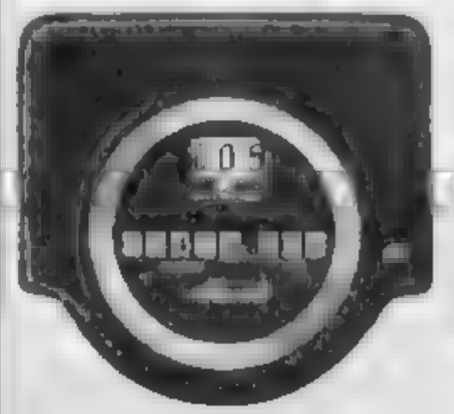
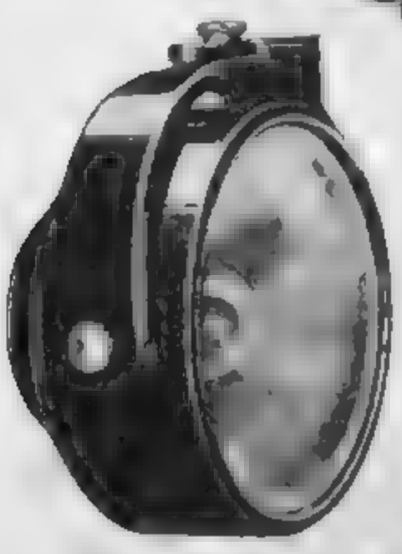


Stewart Speedometer For Fords $15



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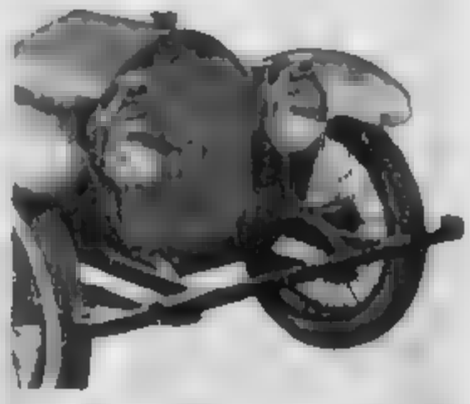

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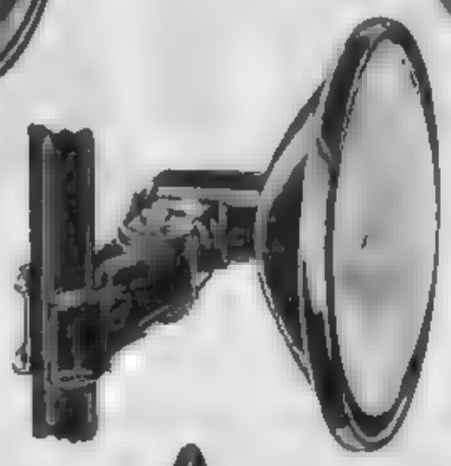

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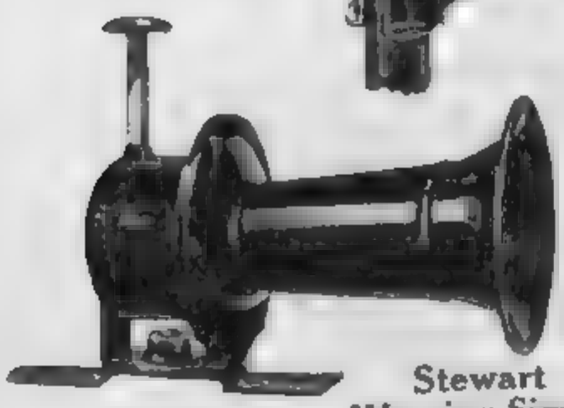

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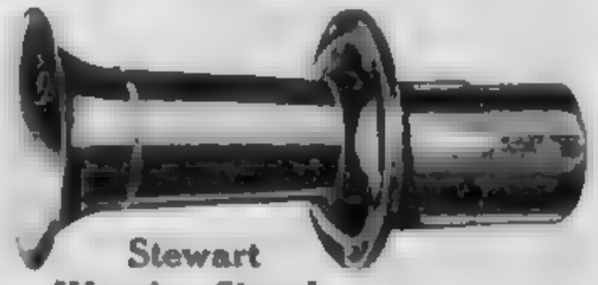

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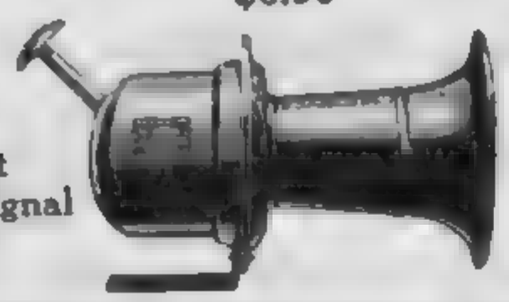

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Stewart Warning Signal $6.50

WE sincerely hope we never will be quite entirely satisfied with Stewart Custombilt Necessities.

Complete satisfaction kills progress.

Although the motoring public thinks of Stewart products as 100% perfect, we will constantly go the limit to find means of bettering them. You just can't make a mistake by insisting on the name *Stewart* on any accessories you buy.

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The Pillsbury Flour Mills Company of Minneapolis, Minn., is using Dictaphones exclusively to handle its large volume of correspondence.

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There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

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that amount of money he is so close to actual starvation that there isn't a trace of humor in the situation. The trick of having a suit of clothes turned by a tailor is the oldest of old stuff in Budapest. They learned it years ago. Now the Magyars are having their turned clothes re-turned, so that one sees some pretty pitiful things in the line of clothes.

The workmen who are working are a little better off than university professors, because the average workman's wage is 100 crowns a day. There are a great many out of work, however, because of the universal lack of raw material and also because the Rumanians gutted so many factories of their machinery and tools. Probably the greatest sufferers are the once wealthy people who owned property in what is now Czechoslovakia and Rumania. Once they had incomes; to-day they have nothing. It is bad enough, say the Magyars, to have nothing under the best of conditions; but to have nothing when everything is so frightfully expensive is many times worse. For some little time I was unable to grasp this argument; for it seemed to me that the person who has nothing when prices are low is about as badly off as the person who has nothing when prices are high. "But don't you see," explained the Magyars, "that when we pawn our belongings in order to live, we have to pawn so very much because of the high prices."

Selling Silver to Buy Food

The establishments in Budapest which traffic in old silver or jewels are doing an enormous business, and the city is full of them. I went into shop after shop of that nature, and in each one the people were lined up in front of the counter like bargain hunters in American department stores; but all of them were selling, always selling. In all the stores I visited I saw not a single person buying.

One of the largest shops of this kind was owned and managed by a Hungarian who, years ago, worked for one of the largest silver manufacturers in America. That man was one of the busiest men I have ever seen. His shop was full of people from early morning until late afternoon, all eager to sell him heavy old silver services and family jewelry and massive candlesticks, things that collectors would have fits over.

"I spend millions of crowns each month," said he, "but I haven't nearly enough money to buy the beautiful things that are offered to me. Everybody is selling all that he has in order to get food—selling, selling, selling; always selling. For every one that comes in to buy, 200 come in to sell."

"Then how do you live?" I asked him. "That arrangement isn't very equal."

"Don't you see," he explained, "that the people who buy are foreigners—Italians and Frenchmen and Englishmen and Americans? Our money means nothing to you people; so that one foreign buyer makes a great difference. Only a short time ago an Italian gave me 2,000,000 crowns and told me to buy all that I could get with it. You see, that is $8000. Yet for that amount of money I was able to buy for him wonderful old silver that Americans will be glad to pay $60,000 and $70,000 for when they come to Italy.

"You ought to buy something," he said to me insinuatingly. "You could sell it in America for fifty times what you pay for it."

"What would you suggest that I buy?" I asked him.

"Anything at all," he replied cheerfully. "That's the nice thing about it. You can buy blind and still make money."

A baroness came in with a bagful of family plate. The silver buyer examined it carefully, accepted several pieces, and handed back a beautiful silver fruit basket. The baroness asked why he hadn't taken it. "It isn't silver," explained the silver buyer. Poor baroness! Her silver wasn't silver. It was more humiliating than having to sell her belongings. I asked the silver buyer about her. He shrugged his shoulders. "Her estates are in Czechoslovakia," said he. "She can get nothing from them. She is selling everything from her town house. When everything is gone ——" He turned up his hands enigmatically.

An army officer—a colonel—came in and sold a gold ring for 500 crowns; enough to buy six pounds of bacon. "That man," said the silver buyer, "has one of the finest private collections of old gold coins in the world. He cannot take them from the country because the law prohibits it. His constant fear is that he will have to sell them at a small part of their value, in order to live."

A woman of the streets came in, pouting, and tried to sell two gold bracelets and a gold watch. She demanded 5000 crowns for the watch. The dealer offered her 2000. She accepted it and went away, still pouting.

A poorly dressed man came in, detached the chain from his watch and offered it for sale. The dealer questioned him for me. He was employed, he said, in the City Hall, where he received 250 crowns a month and free lodging, heat and light. But he works part of each day outside City Hall, and labors each night, so that his total yearly earnings are 20,000 crowns. In spite of that he is forced to take 800 crowns from his savings each month in order to get along. And even with that he and his family can never eat meat or have milk. They are vegetarians in spite of themselves, subsisting almost entirely on potatoes, beans, flour and sugar. As he talked, other Magyars came in to sell little things; one a teapot, one a pair of seed-pearl earrings, another a stickpin, one a silver mirror and a pair of cuff links. They gathered round the speaker, nodding their heads with approval at every word. Each one knew the exact price of every commodity; each one was selling his last possessions in order to live.

The farmers, like the farmers of every country, are in far better shape than the city dwellers. Owing to the difficulty which the city dwellers have in getting food they barter with the farmers. A roughly dressed farmer came into Budapest, entered the best shoe store in the city and demanded a pair of shoes. The shoe dealer shook his head. "They're 600 crowns," he said, "and I think you won't be able to pay it." "Why not?" asked the farmer. "In my grandfather's time and in my father's time and in my time the price of a pair of shoes has always been equal to a pair of chickens; and to-day it is the same. Will you give me the pair of shoes for my two chickens or shall I take them to the market?" The shoe dealer said that he'd better take them to the market. He did so; and soon afterward he returned to the shoe store with 600 crowns—for 300 crowns is the price of a chicken.

Prices Up Sixty-Six Fold

That, of course, makes it very nice for the farmer; but it helps the city dweller not at all. Figures compiled by Capt. Gardner Richardson, chief of the Hoover Child Feeders, or more formally, the American Relief Administration, in Budapest, show that on an average the costs of seventeen commodities are sixty-six times as high as they were in August, 1914, whereas salaries have not begun to go up proportionately. In other words, the costs of necessities of life have increased 6600 per cent, whereas salaries have increased only from 400 to 800 per cent. Let that sink in, all you people who find it so hard to struggle along when you find prices increased 100 per cent. Picture yourself confronted with a 6600 per cent increase in the cost of bread, meat, salt, eggs, shoes and clothes. It takes something of an imagination. A man's shirt cost five crowns in Budapest before the war. Now it costs 180 crowns. A man's hat cost eight crowns before the war. Now it costs 650 crowns. A pair of men's stockings used to cost three-fifths of a crown; and now they cost seventy crowns. Americans must imagine themselves paying about thirty-five dollars for a one-dollar shirt, $160 for an ordinary derby hat, and ten dollars for a pair of socks before they can feel that their imaginers are working with sufficient smoothness to enable them to get the Magyar attitude. Much is made of the depreciation of the German mark and the difficulties which the Germans have in getting along; but the Germans aren't within several kilometers of the terrible position in which the Poles, the Austrians and the Magyars find themselves. The Germans are unquestionably entitled to some sympathy; but in the League of Central European Nations That Need Sympathy, Germany is pretty well down in the second division.

The American Relief Administration feeds one meal to 125,000 undernourished Hungarian children each day. Because

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You cant go wrong with any 'Feist' Song
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By S. D. Mitchell, Grant Clarke, Archie Gottler
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In-stead of leaving me now, Just when I need you most you're say-ing good-bye
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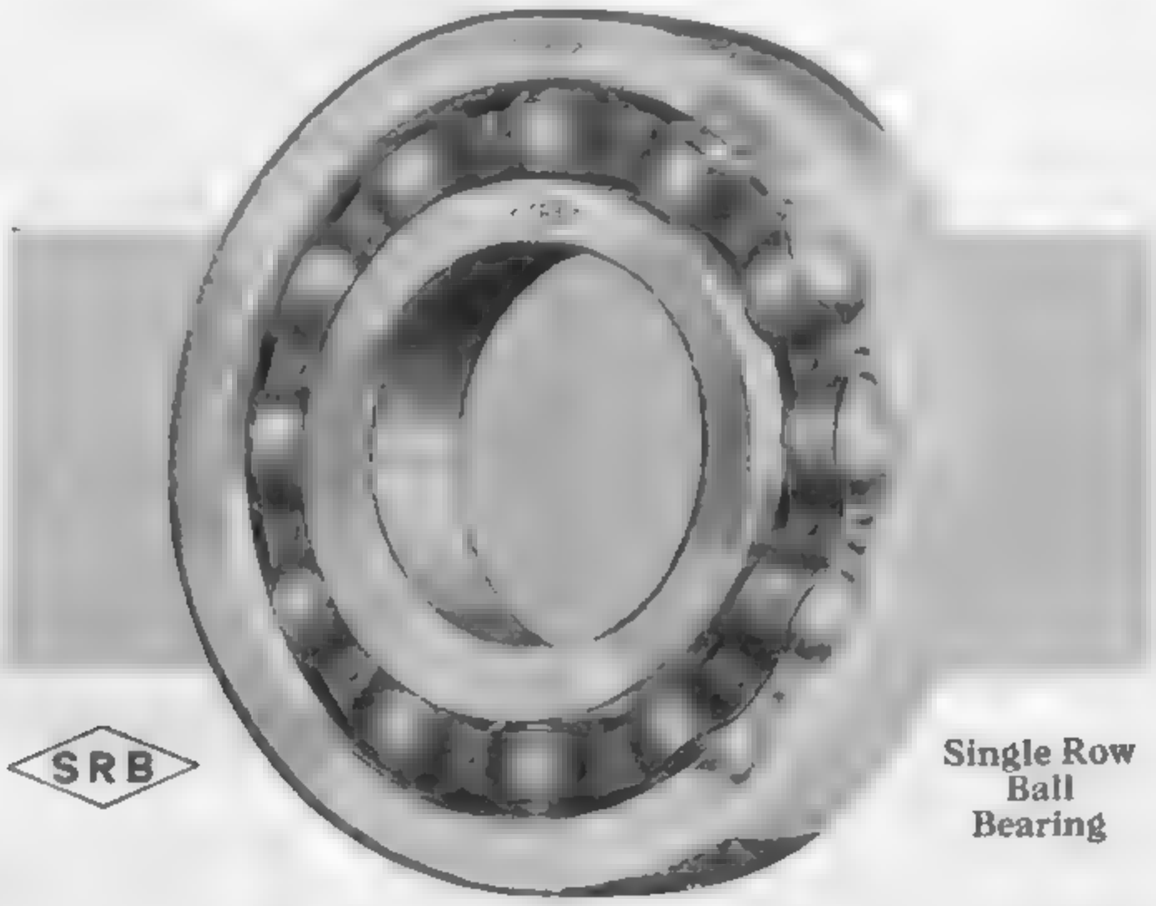

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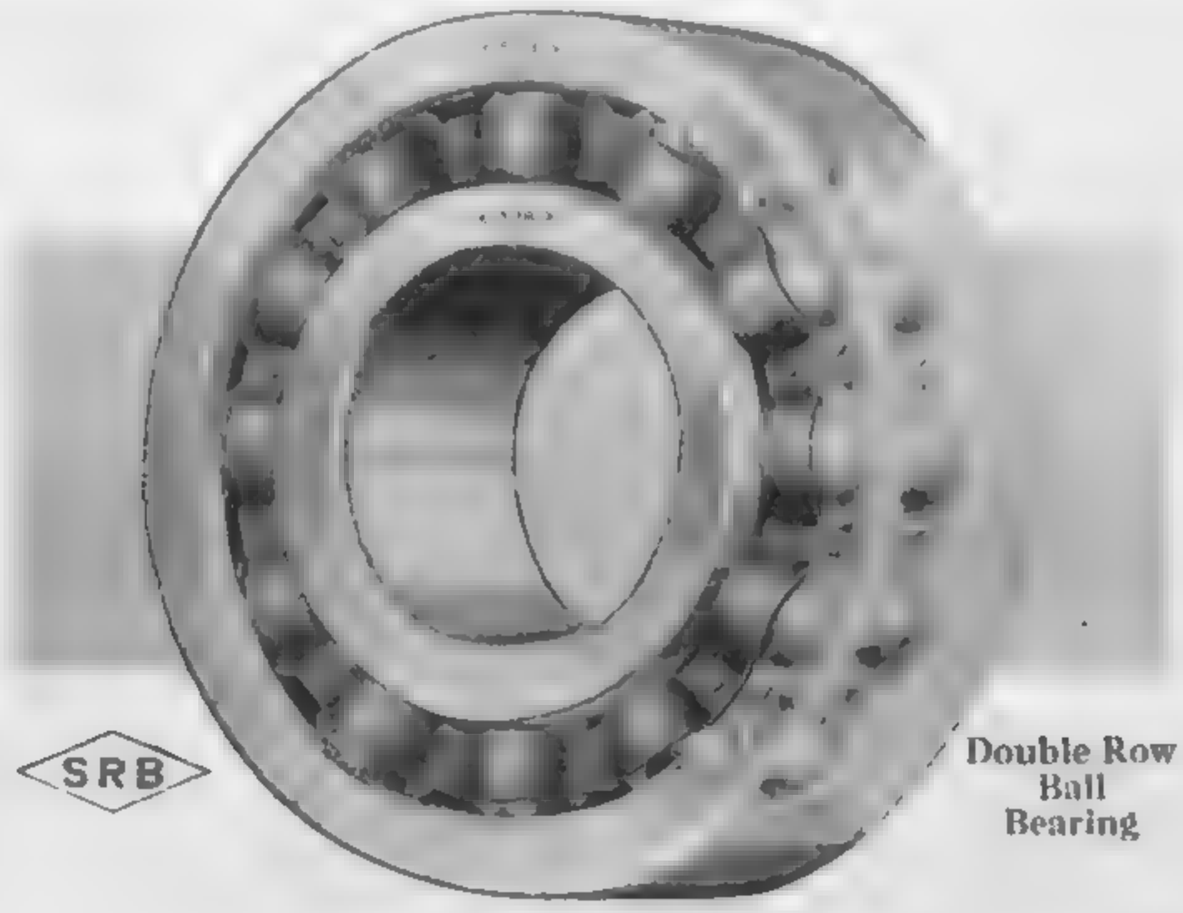

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there is plenty of food in the farming districts the feeding is restricted to the city of Budapest and its suburbs, and to the mining and industrial districts. In addition to the food the Hoover organization has shipped to Hungary 50,000 outfits of children's clothing—shoes, stockings and an overcoat in each outfit. An American Relief warehouse has also been opened in Budapest, so that the Hungarians may receive American food by presenting food drafts from America at the warehouse. No distinction is made as to race, creed or political affiliation of the children's parents. Stories have gone round outside that Hebrew children are discriminated against. The stories are absolutely untrue.

Hungary, in March, was one of those extremely rare countries where an American diplomat could live on his salary. Vienna, having received many foreigners within her gates, kept very well in touch with foreign exchange and strove to put prices up to a point where foreigners would pay real money for what they bought. But not so many foreigners had found their way to Budapest when the first warm days of spring came stealing up the Danube; and the prices that foreigners paid were in some instances even more startling in their lowness than Vienna prices, which struck Americans as being about the lowest things in the world.

What a Dollar Will Buy Over There

I had a large room in the Budapest hotel which the Bolsheviks had honored by seizing for their headquarters, and which can therefore be unhesitatingly designated as the best. However the Bolsheviks may be maligned, they must always be given credit for wanting to live as the capitalists live. They hate the capitalists, I know; but they dearly love the capitalists' homes and money and automobiles and power. In fact, the only thing about capital that they dislike is the nerve of the capitalists in having what the Bolsheviks want but are incapable of getting by lawful means.

At any rate, this hotel fronted on the Danube, as do most of the good Budapest hotels. My windows looked across the Danube to the heights of Buda and the fortifications and the great palace of Maria Theresa that tops them. Under the windows the Danube steamers plied up and down, and vessels from Greece and the Black Sea discharged their cargoes. In American money that room cost seventeen cents a day—or forty-one crowns.

I have before me a dinner card from the Hungaria Hotel, whose restaurant has the reputation of being the best in Budapest—and the best in Budapest is very good. It is dated March 4, 1920, on which date a dollar bill could be exchanged for 250 crowns. Translating the items into an American money equivalent, I find that the following prices obtained: Consommé in a cup, 1½ cents; cold assorted meats, 12 cents; goose liver in jelly, 13 cents; cold chicken, 25 cents; cold fish with mayonnaise, 12 cents; sardines, 4 cents; carp in red wine, 16 cents; ham omelet, 16 cents; grilled lamb, 18 cents; fried fillets of goose liver, 25 cents; goulash en casserole, 8 cents; roast beef, 20 cents; roast lamb, 20 cents; beefsteak hash, 20 cents; potatoes, 2½ cents; creamed spinach, 8 cents; Brussels sprouts, 10 cents; salad, 2½ cents; tarts, 5 cents; and cream cheese, 1½ cents.

Turning carelessly from the dinner card to the wine list, I remark in passing that the best Hungarian still wines, on the same day, cost from 12 cents a quart to 42 cents a quart; while the best of a list of thirty-one Hungarian champagnes nicked the buyer to the extent of $1.21 a quart. Any person who contemplates packing up and rushing to Hungary to spend the rest of his life should remember, however, that it's very difficult to get there without a good reason for going, that visés are hard to obtain, and that train travel in Central Europe for anyone but officials or persons with influential connections has the same deleterious effect on the human system that being dragged backward through a knot hole would have.

Another reason that Budapest prices are not so high as Vienna prices lies in the fact that tradesmen are forbidden by law to make more than fifteen per cent profit on the cost of the article to the dealer. With the falling rate of exchange this frequently makes it rather hard on the tradesman. A furrier, in giving me the prices of various furs in his shop, quoted a red-fox neckpiece, lined with gray satin, at 1400 crowns, or about $5.60 in American money. "We used to be able to buy an undressed foxskin for five or six crowns," he complained, "but to-day we have to pay 2000 crowns for an undressed skin."

"How can that be," I protested, "when you are selling this fox neckpiece for 1400 crowns?"

"The 1400 crowns," he replied, "represents the original cost of the skin, the cost of making it up, and fifteen per cent profit. A greater profit than that is illegal."

He deserved great credit for his extreme honesty, of course; but his career as a business man, I fear, is doomed to an early and tragic end.

The following prices are taken at random from my notebook, with American equivalents for the Hungarian prices: Women's hats in the best millinery shops, $8; women's hats in the mediocre shops, $1.70; a German-made safety razor with a dozen blades, 35 cents; a box in the diamond horseshoe of the beautiful Royal Opera House, 85 cents; a German-made vacuum bottle, 40 cents; Hungarian whisky with a label reading "Made According to the Scotch Manner," 98 cents a quart; frogs' legs in the market, four-fifths of a cent a pair; American canned salmon in 7¾-ounce cans, 24 cents a can; Japanese canned salmon in 16-ounce cans, 24 cents a can; a large can of American pork and beans, 9 cents; a can of American soup of one of the most popular brands, 4 cents. The price of this American soup, which is less than half what it costs in America, is reminiscent of Italian trading with Vienna. Italian salesmen brought sardines to Vienna and sold them at a fine profit. Later, when the Austrian exchange rate fell, the same Italian merchants went back to Vienna, bought back all their sardines at greatly increased prices in crowns, shipped them back to Italy and resold them, making a larger profit on the second transaction than they had on the first one.

However, the Magyars are learning rapidly. A foreigner who asks prices when accompanied by a Magyar is given far lower prices than he would receive if he went alone. An American had an offer of an official residence for 40,000 crowns a year when the landlord wasn't sure of his connections. Later, when the landlord discovered that he was an American official, the price was jumped from 40,000 crowns to 300,000, which would put a kangaroo to blush, as one might say, in the matter of jumping.

Embassies on the Bargain Counter

The politicians in the United States will probably display little or no interest in the information that $25,000, because of the advantageous rate of exchange, would today buy for the United States in Budapest an embassy comparing favorably with the embassies of England, France and Italy. This amount of money would buy a building that would have rented for $15,000 a year before the war. The politicians will doubtless experience not even the slightest quiver of enthusiasm over this fact. Our politicians are mainly interested in one phase of our diplomatic service and that is the phase which enables a political party to reward a sufficiently large campaign contribution by making the donor an ambassador or a minister. Men who contribute a certain amount of money to the campaign fund of the successful political party in November, whether the Democrats or the Republicans are successful, will probably be made ambassadors. Men who contribute a little less will be made ministers. That has been the common rule.

That is about the only thing about the diplomatic service of the United States of America which interests the politicians.

In spite of the tremendous cost of everything in crowns, there are plenty of people in Budapest who are wearing beautiful clothes and filling the restaurants until midnight every night. They are war profiteers and food profiteers and people who are engaged in smuggling goods out to Switzerland, where they are sold at an immense profit. The hotels are crowded. For a time I slept in the reading room of the Hungaria Hotel an enormous state chamber with a glass chandelier weighing about seven tons.

"How about a bathroom?" I asked the manager.

He looked at me reproachfully.

"There is a baron sleeping in the bathroom," said he.

Wherever a person goes in Hungary he falls over a baron. They seem to be almost as common as are Doctors of Philosophy and Science and Law and What Not in Germany and Austria. Princesses are also very common in Hungary. A brick thrown at random into any dining room would hit either a baron or a princess. There is something in the Magyar blood that craves these little fringes and advance guards of royalty, just as there is something in their blood which demands a king to wear the sacred crown of Saint Stephen. They have a lost, uncompleted feeling without a king. I took the matter up in some detail with a number of Magyars, and the impression that I gathered from them was that a Magyar without a king felt a good deal like a man on Main Street without his trousers.

Magyar Yearnings for a King

The sacred crown of Saint Stephen, to the Magyars, is a very potent emblem. If America had some particular object in which were blended the Liberty Bell, the Monroe Doctrine, the American Eagle, Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg and the Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt, it would be held in the same high esteem in which the sacred crown of Saint Stephen is held in Hungary. It is a neat-looking, dome-shaped crown topped with a cross which is bent over as though one of the earlier wearers of it had knocked it off the bureau. It was presented to the first apostolic king of Hungary, Saint Stephen, by Pope Sylvester II; and Saint Stephen had himself crowned with it in the year 1001. All the kings of Hungary have been crowned with it ever since. When Austria and Hungary were joined together it wasn't enough for the emperor of Austria-Hungary to be crowned in Vienna. He had to come down to Presburg or to Budapest and be crowned with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen before the Magyars considered that the job had been properly completed. Little replicas of the crown are sold in all Hungarian jewelry shops.

The hated double eagle of Austria has been discarded as an emblem by the Magyars and supplanted by the sacred crown of Saint Stephen. It is stenciled in silver on the fronts of the steel helmets of Horthy's army.

To the Magyars, a king adorned with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen means security and safety. I asked many Magyars why they wanted a king, and that is the answer which was made by all of them. "A king means security and safety." It is safe to say that ninety per cent of the Magyars want to be ruled by a king. "We have tried a republic," they say, "and we have had a taste of Bolshevism. Now we want a king back again."

The Magyars really don't care whether they have a good king or a bad king, a strong king or a weak king, so long as he's a king. Their problem is a bit difficult, because they can't go out and pick up a capable-looking college professor or general or drug-store proprietor and make him king. They must have a man who is thoroughly familiar with the kinging business, who can employ eighteen or twenty thousand courtiers and maintain a dozen castles and palaces without caring anything about the expense, and who knows the members of all the royal families of Europe by their first names. This requires a man with royal blood in his veins; and because of the fact that so many people of royal blood are either marooned in Switzerland or hived up in Holland for the rest of their lives, the Magyars are having a hard time of it. Admiral Horthy has been mentioned for king several times; but the mentions are not received with any enthusiasm. Horthy, say the Magyars, is a brave man, a strong man, a lover of law and order, and just the man to restore and maintain order in Hungary. But he has no royal blood in him. Therefore the Magyars do not want him for king. He represents exactly what the Magyars ought to have in the king line; but since he isn't royal the Magyars would prefer some half-baked kinglet. Horthy is the regent of Hungary—the uncrowned king. When the time comes, say the Magyars, he will name the king who is to rule; but he can never have the sacred crown of Saint Stephen blocked to fit his head. That's what the Magyars say; but they have received surprises in the past year, and they are apt to have more.

At dinner parties, in coffeehouses, on street corners—everywhere the argument over a king is always raging. It is an involved and, to an American, an incredible affair. One party, the Legitimists, wants Hungary to be ruled by the former Austrian Emperor Karl. Karl is not only a weakling, an incompetent and a trimmer but he is a Hapsburg; and Hapsburgs are forbidden by the peace treaty. None the less, the Legitimists want him, because he was once crowned with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen. Consequently they claim he is still Hungary's king. It makes no difference to them that Karl, just before the end of the war, in spite of having sworn to protect the integrity of Hungary, said to the Croats: "Take from Hungary what you will; only remain under my scepter." The Legitimists can stomach anything so long as it's royal. It is hard to reconcile the Magyars' declarations of love for the Entente and their professed hatred for Germany and Austria with the equanimity and even eagerness with which, by their own confession, they would welcome a Hapsburg king.

The anti-Legitimists, who outnumber the Legitimists five to one, lean in several different directions where a king is concerned. At leaning they are heavy rivals of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. They are particularly given to leaning toward Prince Joseph, who is living quietly in Budapest at the present time and saying nothing in a very cagy and royal manner. Prince Joseph is also a Hapsburg, but a Hapsburg, according to the Magyars, who has always been against the Hapsburg policies and the Hapsburg intrigues. He is also related to the Belgian royal family through an aunt, a great-great-grandmother, a third cousin or some other near and dear relative; and the anti-Legitimists are relying on this relationship to take off the Hapsburg curse so far as the Entente is concerned. In the war he first commanded an army division, then an army corps; then he was given command of the Transylvanian Front, and finally wound up on the Italian Front. He is said by the Magyars to have led his men into action under heavy fire repeatedly, and to have been that unusual combination, a very popular commander and an excellent disciplinarian.

Why Not the Akhoond of Swat?

It is a rather sad specimen of royalty, however, who is not mentioned at least twice a week as a possible king of Hungary. A few of the royal brotherhood even go so far as to hire press agents to take up a residence in Budapest and see that their employers are mentioned. There is loud talk of an English prince; for the Magyars are very fond of the British. In fact, the British are the most popular foreigners in Hungary, with the Americans running them a close second. The young King of Bulgaria has had a large amount of quiet but intense propaganda thrust forward in his behalf; and the Rumanians thought it would be very nice if the King of Rumania, who is not at all overworked at home, owing to the activities of the Rumanian Queen, should occupy his spare moments by holding down the Hungarian throne. This suggestion, it should be added, roused as much merriment in Hungary as a new Chaplin film. The Serbians started a little campaign in behalf of their king for the Hungarian throne; but it didn't get across very well. The Hungarians have heard too many tales about the manner in which the preceding King of Serbia met his death, so it flivved. Young Prince Charles, second son of King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, also gets his name in the Hungarian papers regularly as a likely candidate. I heard no mention of the Sultan of Sulu or the King of Abyssinia as possible occupants of the Hungarian throne, but almost every other ruler, near-ruler and would-be ruler was mentioned. As to the question of who the unlucky man will be, you are at liberty to make your own guess. Whoever it is, the Hungarians will be thoroughly satisfied so long as he's a regular king.

The Magyars have swung too far in their reaction against Bolshevism, just as Czechoslovakia and Austria have swung too far in their reaction against a monarchy. They're all sick and in need of a large amount of doctoring.

I found one man in Central Europe who is optimistic over the future relationship between the nations of Central Europe,

(Concluded on Page 153)

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How Lighthouses guide everybody

THE great storms that lash the coast have all the chance they want at the country's lighthouses. No exposure could be worse than theirs.

And yet, did you ever see a lighthouse going to ruin? Did you ever see one needing paint?

Winter and summer they stand out on the most exposed locations absolutely at the mercy of the weather except for one thing—their protective coating.

The Government knows that paint and varnish save more than they cost. They bring the same returns to anyone who uses them—they are so much more than beautifiers, important as that is. They are protectors, preservers, custodians of property entrusted to them—watch-dogs of your "treasury."

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Stucco and concrete are improved by surface protection.

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All deterioration starts at the *surface*. May we make this appeal strong and personal: "Save the Surface and you save all"?

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An interesting illustrated booklet is ready to be sent to you, containing suggestions that will actually save you money and the loss of valuable property. Address: Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT

is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.

(Illustration) © Doubleday, Page & Co.

Nearly everything in the room, that moves, shows the wainscoting, from chair backs pushed against it to the children's playthings which they throw around. A tough coat of surface protection saves the surface of many a fine wainscoting. Keep yours well protected

Notice the fire escapes on the buildings in your town—are they painted? Neglect means rust—rust brings ruin. Is there not something needing just such protection around your home—on your farm machinery or at your factory?

(Illustration) © Brown Bros.

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"—Paint & Varnish

WOOD SURFACES | PLASTER SURFACES | CONCRETE SURFACES | MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS SURFACES | METAL SURFACES | BRICK SURFACES

(Concluded from Page 150)

Hungary included. This was Admiral Troubridge, the British head of the Danube Commission, which exists for the purpose of facilitating and encouraging commerce on the Danube. The Danube, by the terms of the treaty, is an international waterway; and all commerce in transit may pass freely between the Black Forest and the Black Sea without interference on the part of intermediate states. It may, that is, if it's lucky. Admiral Troubridge based his argument on the improvement that had taken place in Danube traffic between November, 1919, and March, 1920. When the admiral made a trip of inspection up the Danube last November practically everyone shot at his steamer. Rumanian, Serb, Austrian and Czech soldiers, stationed along the banks of the river, took pot shots at the steamer every little while, apparently for the mere joy of shooting. He was carrying a crate of geese for food, and one of the geese was killed by a Czech bullet.

The admiral stopped the steamer, went ashore and read the riot act to the shooters. Their only reason for shooting seemed to be that they had guns and should therefore use them on any moving object. Every boat that moved on the river became a target for uniformed marksmen. That was in November, 1919. In March, 1920, four months later, passenger steamers were making frequent trips between Vienna and Budapest without a shot being fired at them.

The opinion was hazarded that the soldiers had found from long experience that they couldn't hit the steamers, and that they were waiting for something bigger to come along. The admiral didn't think so. He thought that the nations were calming down. He thought that the disturbances of the immediate present should be viewed with a tolerant eye; and eventually—say, in fifty or sixty years—the world will be rewarded by seeing all the nations bordering on the Danube living together in complete amity and accord. That was the most optimistic view of the situation that I found—and fifty or sixty years is a long time to wait.

The general opinion regarding Central Europe is that it is merely an extension of the Balkan States, carefully primed and pointed toward a long and complicated series of wars and revolutions and governmental crises. As a hotbed for riots, shooting frays and general cussedness, say diplomats, soldiers and travelers, Central America has at last been outdone by Central Europe. Compared with the Central Europe of to-day, Central America isn't in it.

All the Allied nations are playing politics and favorites in the new Central Europe; and the wheels are revolving with such vigor that anyone who tries to interfere, or even attempts to examine the wheels too closely, is more than likely to lose a couple of fingers or to have his coat torn off.

Italy wishes to secure the friendship of both Rumania and Hungary in order to have somebody to hit Jugo-Slavia in the back if Jugo-Slavia tries to start anything over Fiume. France is supporting Czechoslovakia so that she may have help when Germany fights again with France. Consequently she is opposed to taking anything from Czechoslovakia, no matter how strong Hungary's claims may be. England is deeply interested in Hungary because of her commercial possibilities, and also because it gives her a strong position from which to take graceful dives into Central European politics. Italy is opposed to Czechoslovakia because Czechoslovakia and Jugo-Slavia are close friends, and anything which strengthens Jugo-Slavia is offensive to Italy. That is the cloudiest beginning of that frightful mess known as Central European politics. It has more branches than a banyan tree or the Boston and Maine Railroad. To go into it more deeply at this juncture would only result in giving the reader a headache.

Meanwhile the Magyars claim that Slovakia has been stolen from them and that they intend to have it back. If they wait long enough and with sufficient patience, they claim, Slovakia will separate from the Czechs and come back of its own accord. There are 700,000 Magyars in Slovakia who are forced to live under Czech rule; the Czechs have stolen the Hungarian city of Presburg; they are oppressing the Magyars. Will the Magyars endure it?

Nem! Nem! Soha!

Rusinia is also a part of Hungary, and it has been taken into Czechoslovakia. By this Hungary has been deprived of pine forests which are an economic necessity to her. The Rusins are starving because they can no longer come down onto the Hungarian farms and earn their winter's provisions. Can the Magyars supinely endure such a state of affairs?

Nem! Nem! Soha! Not so that you could notice it!

The Rumanians have come into Hungary and stolen thousands of square miles of territory that does not belong to them. They are forcing 3,000,000 Magyars to live under a government which is far less advanced than the government under which they were brought up. They have stolen provisions and cattle and livestock of every description from the Magyars, leaving thousands of them destitute and helpless. Will the Magyars submit to this loss of territory which is theirs, and to the oppression of 3,000,000 Magyars in the stolen districts?

Nem! Not by a jugful of *Nems!*

The Allies have given German West Hungary to the Austrians. But that is Magyar territory, settled by German immigrants. The Hungarian Germans are separated from Austria by mountains, and they cannot cross the mountains or have economic intercourse with Austria unless they use balloons. Their economic future lies with Hungary, not with Austria. The land belongs to Hungary, say the Magyars, and the inhabitants wish to remain with Hungary. Will Hungary suffer this land to be torn from her?

Nem! Nem! A hundred times *Nem!* And a thousand times *Soha!*

The banks of the Danube at Budapest are underlaid with hot springs, sulphur springs, saline springs, smelly springs and very smelly springs. Huge and sumptuous baths have been built over many of these springs—not to hold in the smell, but so that the people can enjoy the baths. Admiral Horthy had taken over one of the largest of these buildings and was doing his dictating from it. I went there, and found the building full of soldiers wearing the old German tin hats emblazoned on the front with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen; swashbuckling hussars with little peanut jackets edged with black Persian lamb round the collars and the cuffs and the lower edges of the bob-tailed coats; officers fresh from the field with the new and unmistakable insignia of the Horthy army—a single large feather sticking up pugnaciously from the fronts of their jaunty caps; officers with hundreds of pounds of gold braid cunningly attached to unexpected parts of their uniforms. Aids and secretaries told me that Horthy worked from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight.

I found him plowing through a mass of papers. He was wearing a plain blue uniform, like the British naval uniform; and he looked and acted and talked like a quiet, affable and likable Englishman—though his speech sounded a bit as if he were affecting a slight Weber-Fieldsian dialect.

I asked him what, in his opinion, Hungary needed the most in the way of help. He smiled somewhat ruefully. "I will not say 'arms,'" said he; and then he stopped. But he said it in such a way that it was impossible not to gather that if Hungary could have the arms that she needed she would be quite competent to look out for her future without any help from anyone. "We have enemies on every side of us," Horthy explained. "They have stolen from us whatever they could, and they long to steal more. The situation is an impossible one. I shall never do anything which goes against the orders of the Allies; but we hope to be permitted to protect ourselves against our enemies. Just at present we have been stripped; we are a beggar nation; and there is nothing more which our enemies can take. But in the autumn, or next year, when we are producing more food than they, the robber nations will want to seize from us the food which they do not possess. Unless we can protect ourselves they will do so."

Horthy explained that the country still had hopes of being able to feed itself next autumn. "When the Rumanians robbed our farmers," said he, "the farmers were able to conceal a great deal, and bury much seed where the Rumanians were unable to find it. This is now being brought to light; and the patriotic farmers are sending it to us for distribution."

I spoke of the barbed-wire entanglements and trenches which the Czechs had made on the border between Slovakia and Hungary. "The Czechs speak of the Hungarian spring offensive, and of the inciting of Bolshevism in Slovakia by the Magyars so that they may have an excuse for marching on the country. How about it?" I asked.

Horthy smiled contemptuously. "That's only their guilty consciences," said he. "They have taken what doesn't belong to them, and they know it. Czechoslovakia is on the verge of Bolshevism, we believe; but if it should go Bolshevik we shall only defend ourselves. I have asked Admiral Troubridge to send a gunboat to Presburg to protect the Magyars there against Bolshevik attacks. That has been my only action.

"And when the Magyars say '*Nem! Nem! Soha!*' do they mean it?" I asked.

"The Magyars are fighters for what they believe to be right," said Horthy. "America recognized that years ago in the honor which she did to our great patriot, Kossuth, and the addresses which were made to him by the greatest men in America when he went there over half a century ago. I feel sure that if we wait long enough the lands which have been unjustly taken from us will fall back to us of their own accord. They are ours and they have always been ours. But it is hard to wait when Magyar people are being forced to live under civilizations which are lower than their own. These things are wrong; and the Magyars, as I have said, are fighters, for what they believe to be right.

"My greatest wish is that Americans might come to Hungary in great numbers. We are deeply grateful for all that America has done for Hungary in the past; and we are confident that all Americans who come to us will realize the wrong that has been done to us, and give us their sympathy and their understanding."

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

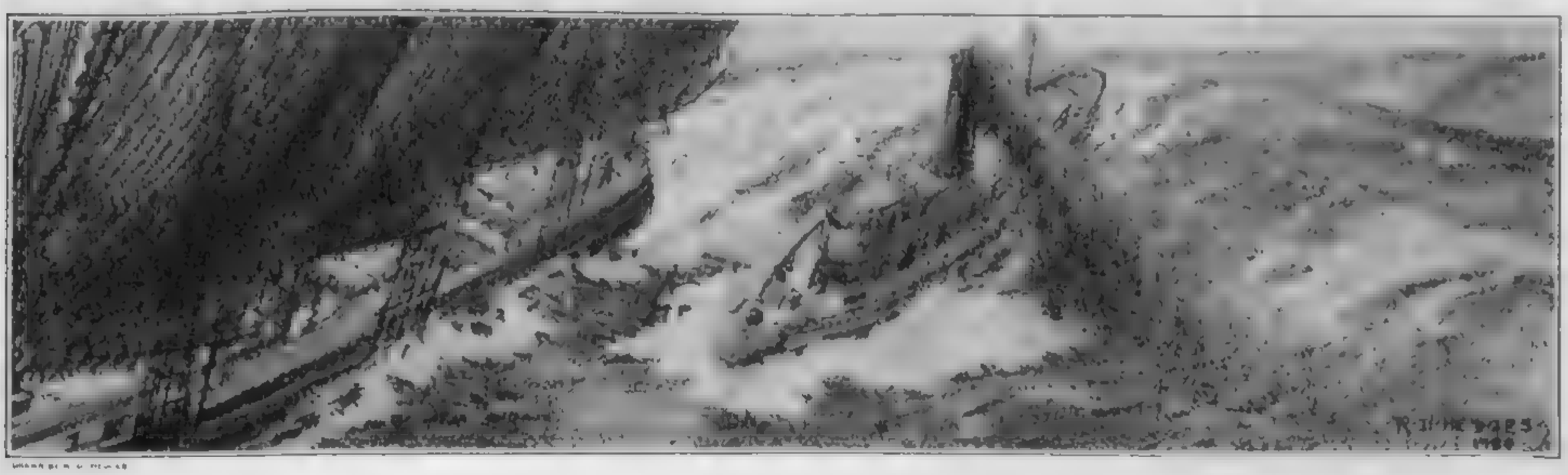
(Concluded from Page 38)

The complete results of these tests are available at the United States Bureau of Standards.

One hundred million gallons of industrial alcohol, if used in blended fuels, would make available two or three times as many gallons of motor fuel. Alcohol can be produced from a great variety of raw materials, and its production is absolutely independent of existing exhaustible storehouses such as is true in the cases of petroleum and coal. For instance, a splendid quality of alcohol can be obtained from the huge quantities of refuse molasses that are a by-product in the manufacture of sugar. Quite a number of distilleries for the production of alcohol from waste molasses are already in operation. Wood waste is also another possible source of alcohol supply that presents a promising future.

A recent report of a British departmental committee says: "As the price of alcohol for power and traction purposes, to which we propose the name of power alcohol should be given, must be such as to enable it to compete with gasoline, it is essential that all restrictions concerning its manufacture, storage, transport and distribution should be removed so far as possible, consistent with safeguarding the revenue and preventing improper use, and that cheap denaturing should be facilitated."

Alcohol may not be the only solution of our present motor-fuel problems; in fact, it may not be the best remedy that is possible. However, we are rapidly coming to a time when something must be done, and steps to effect a cure should be taken before the situation becomes surrounded with far greater difficulties than those that now exist. If cheap alcohol or something equally efficient doesn't appear soon to compete with our present motor fuels the cost of running an automobile or cooking a steak with gas will surely rise to a point where the effect will produce an acute pain in those pockets in which American citizens carry their diminishing bank rolls.



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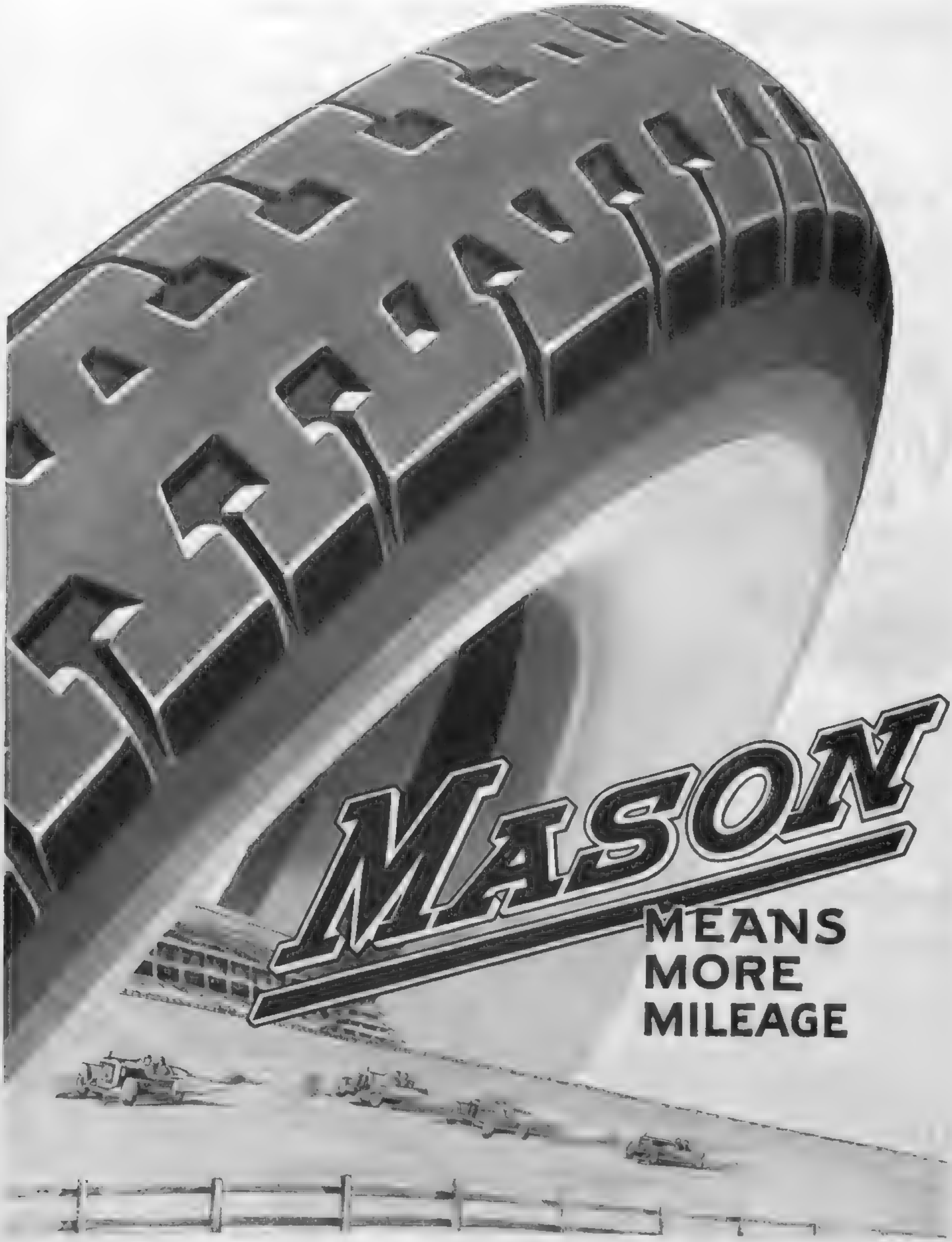
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JOHNNY CUCABOD

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'm not joking now," his captor snarled with a violent emphasis of the last word that Tommy could not understand. "You got any money?"

Tommy, already committed to lying, lied readily.

"No," he responded.

But the stranger was not even waiting for an answer. His hand was already in Tommy's pocket—the right-hand trousers pocket, where men always carry money if they carry it at all. Tommy's muscles flexed. He was not going to be robbed here after all the risks he had taken, all the turpitude in which he had involved himself, without a desperate struggle. He hesitated, trying to remember where it was you hit a man to do the greatest possible damage with the least possible danger to the victim. And, hesitating, was lost. His assailant drew out Ben Bishop's stolen gold piece and pocketed it.

"You're a fool sort of liar!" he said. "You got to learn to tell the truth. Here's your first lesson!"

He struck Tommy Dawes a crashing blow on the point of the chin and Tommy went reeling backward, falling half into a fence covered with wild blackberry vines and the thorny shoots of sweetbrier. For a moment his head sang so that he was incapable of all ideas. When it cleared he decided that the man who had robbed and disciplined him knew where it was you hit a man to damage but not disable him. For he was certainly damaged; equally certain, as he knew by a tentative straightening up—by crawling to his feet—he was not disabled.

Meantime he had been vaguely aware that the highwayman had mounted the rawboned crow bait Tommy had taken from the Nyal ranch—and he was not quite sure whether or not he could properly be charged with horse stealing in addition to his other offenses—had clamped his heels into the startled sorrel's ribs and had gone thundering heavily up the road toward the Gap with Ben Bishop's twenty-dollar gold piece upon him. Tommy stood staring into the darkness ready to cry.

"I'm a darn poor stick!", he mused aggrievedly. "That guy wasn't any bigger'n I am—and he just natu'ally picked me up and spanked me. How I'm going to get that doll—well, I guess I just natu'ally ain't going to get her, that's all!"

He sighed dolorously, turned to see what sort of mount the forceful road agent had left him.

He found the little bay mare spent, foam flecked, lame. Tommy's heart ached with pity for her. He ran his hand over her chest, along her barrel. She was dripping. Left to herself, she would stand until the night wind blowing down the cañon chilled her through. She might easily get pneumonia and die there. That certainly would not do, whether Rosemary had her doll or not. Tommy picked up the trailing halter rope and started walking up the road, passing McCauley's, where he was known, and two other places, where he thought his condition might cause questions, and came on a lonely house near a big ramshackle dairy barn. With some trepidation he turned in, the mare limping painfully behind him.

No dog greeted him. He was looking presently into a wide dirty window behind which dilapidated lace curtains hung in tattered folds. Poor trash, these. Probably they hadn't a horse blanket on the place. But anything would do. Tommy rapped. A slatternly woman came to the door, eying him without emotion.

"Howdy," Tommy began. "A fellow just held me up down by the schoolhouse and left his horse. She's soaking wet. Could I get something to cover her with?"

"I dunno," the woman said apathetically. "Maybe out to the barn. I'll get you a lantern."

But she came back from the kitchen end of the house in a few minutes dragging behind her a dirty and disreputable quilt.

"How'd this do?" she asked. "Found it in the woodshed."

"Do fine," Tommy said. "The mare's dragging a long halter rope. I'll tie it on with that. Ain't your husband home?"

"Nope. He's went to Healdsburg. Why?"

"Thought maybe he'd know the mare. I don't. But she's likely stolen from down the river."

"We don't know many folks. Ain't been here long. Where you going?"

"Healdsburg."

"Walking?"

"Guess so," Tommy said ruefully, without humor. "The stick-up man took my horse."

And it suddenly occurred to him for the first time that the thief had greatly complicated matters for him at the Nyal ranch. What explanation of the disappearance of the sorrel crow bait could he now make? He had been hoping to smuggle him back without his being missed. Well ——

He went out and blanketed the little mare, shaking with the chill. At the woman's suggestion he led her into a stall in a lean-to of the barn, removing all the hay in the manger to obviate danger of foundering. Then he returned to the house.

"You ain't going on to-night, are you?" the woman asked.

"Got to," Tommy answered briefly.

She looked him up and down.

"Where'd you say you was from?"

Tommy did not hesitate. Lying had become easy. Those that he had already told almost compelled the telling of complementary or corroborative falsehoods. Everything was upside down and backward to-night.

"Down Bolinas Bay way. Know anybody over there?"

"Nope. We're from Yolo County."

"I used to work south of Davis once—Badger's place."

"Oh, he knows Bill Badger."

"And his brother Henry?"

"Yep. Henry married one of the Peters girls."

"The red-headed one, wasn't it?"

"Uh-huh. They got twins."

"That's since I was there."

"Better come in and set a minute."

Tommy walked in. He had no definite reason for doing so, but once inside, his heart began to beat violently. On the table at which the housewife seated herself—slouching down messily into an untidy cushioned chair—were a mail-order catalogue, widely open, a tablet of paper and a sheaf of stamped envelopes and several greenbacks—a twenty on top. Tommy swallowed hard. He was a liar and a robber—probably a horse thief too, now that the sore-backed crow bait had been ridden off into the mysterious silences by one of Tommy's own criminal class. He could do this unkempt, kindly female no harm, but he needed money. Some day, if he escaped prison, or even if he were caught and compelled to serve a term, he could repay her with interest, as he had definitely planned already to repay Ben Bishop. Tommy squirmed in his chair, growing hot and cold by turns. But the woman herself simplified matters for him.

"So you worked for Bill Badger over Yolo way?" she queried, eying him. "Want to do something for me?"

"You bet."

"He—he don't know I got this money. I got part of it selling my chickens when we moved. He don't hold none with pretty things for me. He'd raise hob if he knowed"

"That ain't hardly right," Tommy observed philosophically, "if it's your money."

"It's mine all right. I want a—some clothes. Would you mail a letter for me in Healdsburg and not tell nobody?"

"Sure I would Where you sending?"

"San Francisco. There's better things in that Chicago book there, but it takes longer to get 'em. If I'm going to have 'em I want 'em quick"

"Why, sure, I'll tend to it for you"

Tommy gulped He was having a painful time being diabolic. Here was a woman who opened for him the door to crime and in the same breath confessed that her whole soul was set on the immediate consummation of a plan that the crime he contemplated would indefinitely delay. Well ——

"I'd take it kind of you," she said, busying herself with a pen and an order blank. "I got it most ready before you come. Won't take but a minute."

Some deterrent thought was in her mind, however. Tommy saw that she watched him furtively. He tried clumsily to disarm her suspicions.

"I'll tend to it first thing in the morning," he said offhandedly. "Be too late to-night."

"If you'd run into him—but I guess you don't know him, do you?"

"Your husband? Guess not. What's his name?"

"Bell—Walt Bell."

"Never heard of him."

"Well, don't let nobody see what you got. He'd rec'nize my hand of write 's far 's he could see it."

"He'll never see it."

She paused a moment. Then: "Post-office laws is awful strict, ain't they?"

"How do you mean?"

"About robbing the mails. Funny too. Now if you was to take this money I'm putting in here—thirty dollars—out of the envelope 'fore you got to the post office to buy a money order you'd be robbing the mails—that's the law—even if I don't seal the letter. That's a good idea too, ain't it?"

Tommy nodded, wondering if his face was red.

"I didn't know that. But it's a good law—yes."

"And another thing: It'd be worse that way than if you held me up here and robbed me of the thirty dollars."

"Worse? How?"

"State laws are about burglary and robbery—all that. My uncle is a lawyer—he told me this. The state ain't nothing. Anybody can get off in the state courts."

"But robbing the mails is different?"

"Uh-huh! That's a United States crime. They might send you up for life for robbing the mails—taking the money out of this envelope, for instance. That's funny, ain't it?"

Tommy did not think it was. He began to be in some doubt as to his own moral—or immoral—courage in the matter of carrying out his now well-laid plan. But he lied again, finding it simple.

"Yes, that's funny. But it's a good thing too. Well, I'd ought to be getting along, Mrs. Bell."

She wanted him to have a bite before he left. Thinking that he might calm any lingering doubts she had of his integrity; that friendliness now might bring her to his side, a friend, in case he became entangled with these fearful Federal laws of which he had just heard for the first time, he accepted bread and jelly and a glass of poor milk. They parted after mutual pledges of regard. He struck northward toward the Healdsburg road, which turned off from the one he had traveled, a little beyond the dairy. Before he reached the junction he heard an automobile siren way in the distance beyond the Gap. Then a galloping horse came round a bend ahead, was swung into the Healdsburg road, passed out of hearing northward. But Tommy had been near enough to see that the horse was a wiry little beast that turned sharply—neatly—like a well-trained cow pony. He wondered if there could possibly be a pursuit on of the road agent; even speculated as to whether or not he might recover Ben Bishop's gold piece if the pursuit were successful. He was rather tired of thinking, however, having done an unaccustomed amount of it in the past five or six hours. He trudged patiently on, turned toward Healdsburg, began to move almost somnolently.

Presently he remembered that the woman's money was in the envelope where she had put it. It occurred to him that he—this Walt Bell—might indeed come blundering into the doll shop at an inopportune moment. Strange things happened, he knew; unbelievable coincidences were the things that confounded criminals far more experienced and subtle than he. He took out the missive, removed the bills, returned the letter to his side pocket. He was about to stuff the wadded greenbacks into his breeches, right-hand side. Then he remembered with what unerring and unhesitant directness the road agent had dived there in his search at the schoolhouse. Forewarned, Tommy placed the thirty dollars in his right hip pocket instead, pushing his bandanna down over the bills. After that he lost count of time and distance, being dog-tired and a little lonely and depressed.

His weariness grew oppressive. His feet dragged. It was some twelve miles to Healdsburg. When he got there every store would be long since closed, the traffic in dolls summarily suspended. He realized that he could sleep somewhere for a few

(Continued on Page 159)

The plug with the Green Jacket

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Each grade has its field and it is the work of our Research Department to study the needs of manufacturers and recommend the brand that will make for greatest economy without detriment to quality. The co-operation of this Research Department is offered all makers of metal products.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *160 Front Street*, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building
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Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Slab Zinc (Spelter), Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust, Salt Cake and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

(Continued from Page 156)

hours, make an early morning walk of it, perhaps catching a ride with some free-hearted countryman townward bound with cream or vegetables, and then obtain his hostage to Rosemary's forgiveness with the money stolen from the mails—that awful felony! A glance at the sky—lowering, boding rain—decided him.

He turned in at the first clearing he came on. There was a cabin there, its windows lightless, uncurtained, some of them broken, as he could see when he looked through from one to another and out beyond. Perhaps there would be bits of sacking, old quilts

At the door he was struck with the feeling that there was someone within, but he heard no sound, saw no movement.

Then suddenly a voice said gruffly, desperately, "Hands up there!"

Tommy knew the voice. He had heard it on the road by the McCauley schoolhouse. Instinctively Tommy made a clutch at his money—the money he was technically guilty of having stolen from the mails. He could not lose it now! He must not!

His hand went to his hip pocket, where the bills were rolled tight under his handkerchief.

"No, you don't!" the road agent cried from the darkness.

And a revolver shot crashed out, filling the room with light, smoke; that seemed to Tommy to fill it, too, with heat that struck out at him—licked his forehead. He fell straight down where he stood.

When he knew anything he knew that in the dim light from the doorway in which he lay the road agent was raising his weapon to restore it to the holster under his shoulder, at the same time bending down as though to examine his victim. Tommy held himself steady—prepared.

He kicked out with all his strength and with what was almost a furious anger that this man whom he did not know and against whom he had never sinned should now for the second time be coming on to rob him—of Rosemary's doll! His blow took the other man in the pit of the stomach. He doubled forward with a groan of pain. His hand closed convulsively on the revolver stock—again there was a report, a flash, that sense of oppressive heat—and he cried out.

His body toppled as a tree goes down—slowly, with increasing momentum and a crash at the end. He lay across Tommy's legs.

With difficulty, because he was startled, afraid, Tommy released himself from that horrid weight, stood up.

The road agent was dead, and in the distance Tommy heard that screaming automobile siren again, coming nearer.

IV

DRIVEN and frightened, Tommy Dawes ran from the deserted and now horrible cabin in a panic to escape—get on and away. He seemed enmeshed by a tragic train of circumstances, unrelated to his own derelictions and yet curiously following on them with almost ironical sequence. Now there was a man dead behind him; not at his hands, to be sure, yet dead because of him. Tommy's first horror was a wave. Outside, with that automobile siren screaming again and again, nearer and nearer, he bethought him of the desperate fortune that seemed his, and with a quickness of decision that surprised him he wheeled and hurried back to get the road agent's revolver.

"If I got to go on like this," he reasoned breathlessly, "I better have a shooting iron on me. I don't know what's the matter with me to-night!"

Inside he fumbled for a match in his leather coat, lighted it, found the gun on the floor some paces away from the body. As he picked it up his match flared, and by its light he saw on the ground against the farther wall a dark object obviously not of the litter of the abandoned shack. He moved too quickly toward it—his match went out. A second one failed him. A third had no head. A moment's frantic search, his trembling fingers impeding, revealed the fact that he had but one match left. At all costs, though, he must find that vaguely outlined object on the floor, for it had come to him that it was a poke—a chamois-skin purse popular with old-time Californians, reminiscent of the days of Forty-nine.

Tommy knew that that last match must serve his need. His foot fell on a newspaper. Groping, he picked this up, tore off a page, crumpled it into a loose torch—almost fearfully scratched his single match. It flared, wavered, spluttered. Desperately Tommy shielded it, holding his breath. The newspaper was slightly damp. It seemed that it would never catch the flame. But there was a second combustion, and in a moment the torch was afire. Tommy was half blinded, then he saw the poke lying considerably to one side. When he snatched it up he found it heavy. Gold clinked within.

But outside! In his anxiety over this new crime—and it was quite plain to Tommy, scatterbrained though he may have been, that he was now literally, in the eyes of the law, robbing the dead—he had lost all sense of that approaching automobile. As he threw down the blazing paper, pocketing the poke, he realized that the machine was turning into the Healdsburg road, for the glare of its headlights formed an aura above the dark hills to the south. Instinctively he stamped at the flames at his feet. With fear weighting him down he ran forth a second time.

He knew that there was, somewhere about, a horse—that wiry beast the road agent had acquired in the hour after leaving Tommy at the schoolhouse and before he had been driven back from the Forestville road, probably by this very automobile that now threatened Tommy himself. But there was no time to be groping about for supposititious horses. Tommy fled, afoot and badly shaken but feeling a sort of criminal glow of satisfaction at the thump and bang of a loaded pocketbook against his side as his leathern coat jerked in the rising wind. Save for the dull headache that was now beginning to register, reminding him that he had come close as a hair to death from the bandit's bullet in the cabin, Tommy could have realized a certain sense of distinction in his exploits—their miraculous success.

With a new perspicacity that again surprised him, he followed the road for only a short distance. Long before the headlights could swing to the horizontal from the south, above where Meecham's place marked the beginning of the straight tangent and the more level floor of the cañon, he had whipped aside, flung anyhow over a fence and cut across toward the higher hills to the right, where he knew he would find cattle paths sheltered from the road by a screen of chaparral and wild blackberry vines. He ran doggedly. Blown at last by the grade, he dropped into a walk—looked back.

For a moment he stared without comprehension. There was a fire on the way he had come—a big fire. It seemed to Tommy to be incredibly huge—a conflagration, somewhere in the distance. He thought of the Bell place and its dairy barns; wondered if the slattern woman could have overturned that kerosene lamp, perhaps through falling asleep above her secret plans and her mail-order-house catalogues. But his sense of perspective was corrected by his discovery of Meecham's, considerably this side of the Guerneville road. His heart sank. This doubtless was the acme and apex of his chance-made criminal record—arson! He had set the shack afire. It blazed high, burning like celluloid. Even as he gazed, fascinated and a little thrilled at contemplation of his own turpitude, the front wall fell in, as though to cover that crumpled body there, and with a crash distinctly audible to him. A column of spark-shot smoke leaped into the heavens. Then a big automobile came into view before the fire. Men spilled from it, hesitated, drew back, stood fast. Tommy Dawes set his face northward, dogtrotting, beginning to feel again the slightest elation. It was incomprehensible, but it was there. And he felt capable somehow of going to great lengths with a sort of dignity and grandness.

This and his returning weariness begat daring. Two miles up the road, he knew, there was another abandoned house, built of stone in the early days by a foreigner of some sort who had acquired a large tract of land and with it many extravagant ideas about what he would do for its development. The land had proved a disappointment, the plans had fallen away. Only the stone house stood—one of the numerous monuments California knows to illy considered enterprise. For years it had been double-barred and carefully locked, but tramps had broken in at last. Now its heavy door and at least one of its staunch window shutters swung creakingly in the wind, giving the place the last touch of abandonment and desolation. Toward it Tommy bent his steps. In it presently he managed to secure

(Continued on Page 163)

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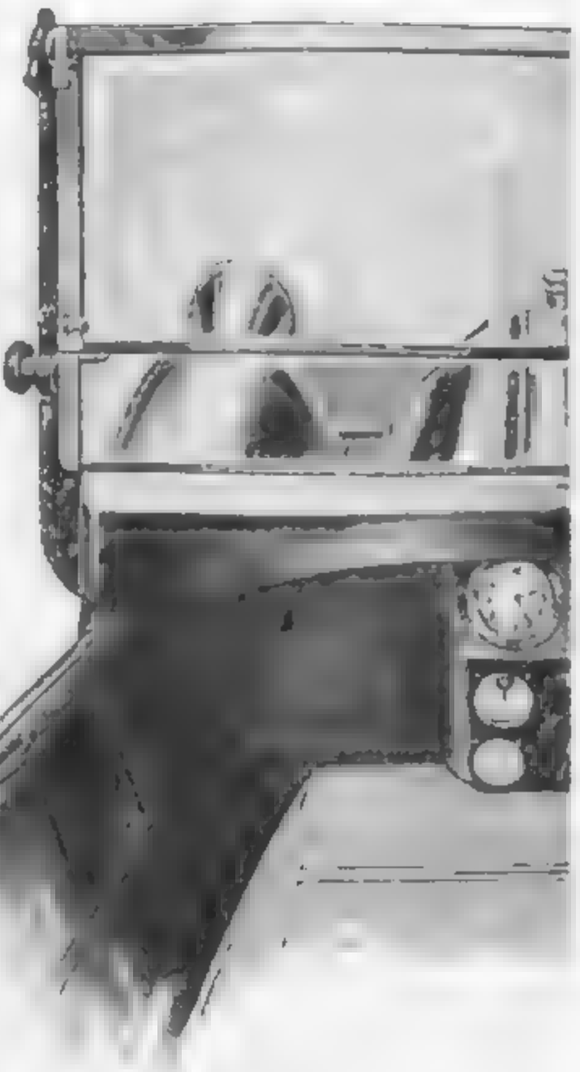


WALTHAM

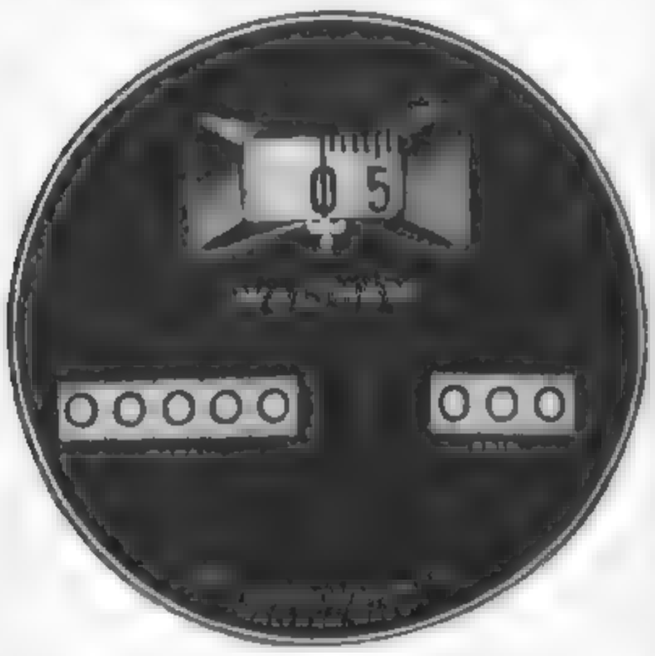
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

the Pierce-Arrow

The only Air-Friction Speedometer in the world

SPEEDOMETER

CLOCKS



IT was quite natural that help to the automobile manufacturer and dealer should come from the maker of fine watches, the mechanism of a watch being the most mechanically perfect recording instrument extant.

The necessity for a speed-recording device of perfect accuracy has been recognized from the beginning of the motor-car industry.

So, in the early days of the motor-car industry, Waltham was asked repeatedly, "Why do you not apply your mechanical genius to making precision instruments for this crying need?"

But Waltham would not give the automobile manufacturer a speedometer until an instrument had been perfected based upon sound scientific principles, an instrument indicating various speeds with absolute *accuracy*, also *instantaneously* from wheel to the car's instrument board.

The result is the present Waltham Speedometer—invented by Nikola Tesla, and developed and perfected by this great Watch and Clock making organization—*the only air friction speedometer in the world.*

And the Waltham Speedometer involves a new and unique principle which is universally patented and protected.

This principle of speed registration is not subject to climatic and temperature conditions, to hardening of oil, to the accumulation of dirt and grease, giving, perforce, incorrect and unreliable readings.

The Waltham Speedometer eliminates all these dangerous and unsatisfactory performances because the dial indicator is hung on a shaft in a jewel bearing and *driven by a friction of air* generated within the instrument by the speed of the car. Therefore, the density or temperature of the air cannot affect the correct, smooth and instantaneous reading of this master instrument.

Go to any one of these automobile agencies in your town whose cars are Waltham equipped and ask for a demonstration.

You will be shown a car upon which the Waltham Speedometer will accurately and instantaneously register its minimum to maximum range of speed.

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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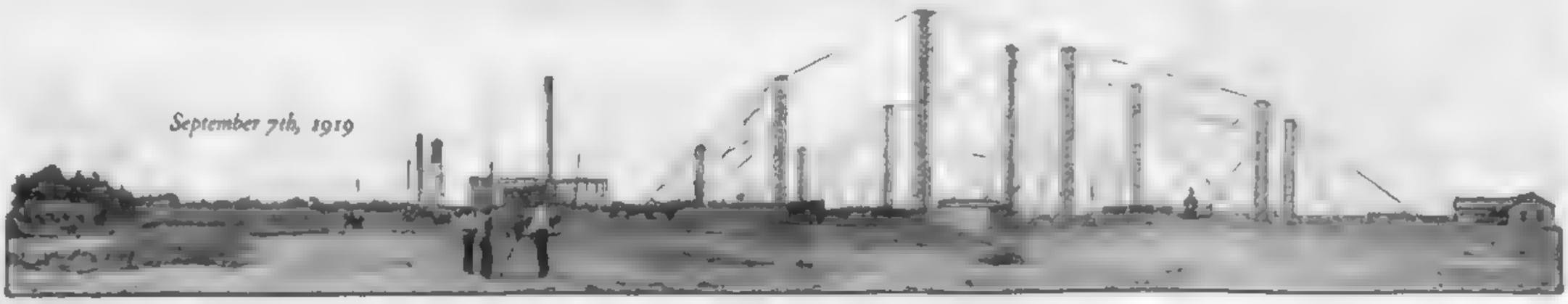
September 7th, 1919



(Continued from Page 159)

the door and window against the cold wind, now driving threatening rain spatters before it. Upon a rotting bench against one wall of it the fugitive lay down exhausted and fell into a deep sleep, lulled by wind and the onrushing rain.

He was wakened by feeling hands upon his body. For a few drugged seconds he felt both disinclination and inability to protest. Then he was conscious that the heavy revolver he had taken from the road agent was being removed from his coat pocket; that he was looking into the mouth of another gun, held unpleasantly close to his face.

Thought of the money Mrs. Bell had given him for mailing, but that he had already in intention diverted for the purchase of a waxen-haired doll at Heppelwhite's Emporium, shot him awake and into action.

He struck up the revolver held at his head—leaped from the bench.

"Dog-gone you!" he shouted inarticulately. "You won't get it again!"

"Don't shoot, Austin!" a voice of authority cried.

Two men hurled themselves on him—bore him back. He was a plaything to them—sat presently panting and helpless. The men drew back, put aside their guns.

"Thought he was a bad one!" somebody scoffed with a laugh.

"You got his gun—that's all," the big voice replied. "But he doesn't look so bad."

They were viewing him impersonally, like children before a menagerie cage, in the light from a pocket flash held by one. Tommy did not feel that he was bearing their scrutiny as became a criminal, but he did not see what he could do about it for the moment. He blinked his eyes, heavy with sleep again, and heard for the first time the torrents of rain that beat upon the roof.

"You've had a busy night, Wyant," the big man observed coldly. "I'm glad you killed Alexander in my county. Now I can have the satisfaction of helping to get you hanged."

Tommy sat straighter. His head ached furiously. Perhaps it was that that confused him—made this big man's speech jumble facts.

"He killed himself," he said. "I only kicked him a little."

"You kick high. It's lucky for you that I didn't let the two Alexander boys come along to-night. You wouldn't have woke up just now, unless you woke up in hell."

"Boys?" Tommy inquired. But the other interrupted him.

"I've seen some cool ones," he said curiously, "but never one like you. Who was the poor devil you croaked and then set fire to at the shack up the road?"

Tommy frowned with bewilderment; looked from one to another of the four implacable faces before him.

"That was the one," he said haltingly.

"Of course. I'm surprised you didn't murder Mrs. Bell, or Trainor. Maybe two in one night is your limit."

"I guess you got me mixed up somehow."

"I guess we have—with that crease on your head. If Harriet had shot an inch lower—Austin, frisk him and let's see what he got for the night's work."

"All right, sheriff."

Tommy made a movement of protest, but it was scarcely more than a gesture. He was gone now. He recognized at last, from posters widely blazoned through the county during the last campaign, the lineaments of Sheriff Hugh Bundy. Bundy had a reputation for catching the men he went after. It was the boast of the county that he and the present district attorney convicted the men he caught. When they discovered the whole of Tommy's rascality even after it had been proved that the body in the burned shack had been that of a man accidentally killed, they would make certain his punishment.

As the deputy called Austin began the prosecution of his search of Tommy's pockets and person, the prisoner started, as he realized that since the burning of that shack he might never be able to prove his innocence of that death—the fact that the dead man had an hour before assaulted and held him up and stripped him of his money—that is, of Ben Bishop's money, feloniously possessed.

Such thoughts led back into a tangled morass of guilt. Tommy's culpability suddenly appalled him.

Meanwhile, tossing one object after another to his fellows, Austin was commenting on the evidence brought forth by the search.

"Mrs. Bell's letter, but the bills gone of course. And a chamois poke ——"

"That and the gun were Trainor's," the sheriff interpolated.

Who was Trainor, dog-gone it?

"Maybe the money Mrs. Bell—wait a shake! Um-m-m! Sort of scattered 'em, did you, Wyant?"

He had found the cache in that hip pocket. He handed the balled greenbacks to his superior. The sheriff poured out on his bench the contents of the chamois purse.

"Trainor's watch and his sixty dollars in bills. Hello!" He held up a gold piece. "Trainor didn't say anything about this. A twenty!"

"A twenty—gold?" someone exclaimed, amazed. "Didn't know there was one of those in the States since the war!"

"Trainor would have mentioned it. Where did you get it, Wyant?"

"My name's—Jones," Tommy corrected stumblingly.

"Oh, Jones!" The sheriff laughed, his men with him. "That's an odd name. Bill? Or Jim?"

Tommy felt their incredulity; more than that, he felt their scorn of his ineptness. Seeing that he did not bear himself with any of that nobility of banditry he had thought commensurate with his suddenly acquired rôle and record, he only grinned and was silent, leaning back against the wall. He would have felt bitterness at the fate that, having returned to him Ben Bishop's forfeited gold piece, now snatched it from him before he knew he had it; but bitterness seemed incompatible with his part. His twisted grin became more natural—less affected. Tommy actually began to get a certain gratification from his helpless predicament. Even his throbbing head was in character.

"What time is it, sheriff?" he asked carelessly.

The sheriff grunted.

"Time I was getting a little sleep. I've been on the road ever since we got the wire that you were coming into the county."

"The wire?"

"Oh, shut your face! When you hit old man Alexander you finished yourself with me. Now, Austin, I'm in. It's raining—it's going to rain worse. We'll stay here till daylight."

"Sure, sheriff—watch on and watch off," said the deputy. "But how about Wetherby and the boys from Forestville? After we turned them back ——"

"I'm thinking about them. They are going to keep in touch with the office. Somebody's got to go telephone to Shirley that we've caught our man."

A little, silent citizen who had been breaking up benches and rotting boards to make a roaring fire on the hearth spoke up here:

"I'd rather go than not, sheriff. The missis will be stewing. I can get over the ridge and home by milking time."

"That's pretty nice of you, Mr. Bridger," Sheriff Bundy said heartily. "I don't know what we would have done without you to-night."

"Oh, you'd have got along."

"We wouldn't have come this road probably, after the Forestville party lost him at the cabin fire."

"Well, maybe not. I was just lucky finding those tracks. I'll be going, I guess."

"Telephone Shirley to get word to everybody that's out as soon as he can. He'll know how better than I would. He's good at that. And there's another thing, Mr. Bridger."

"What's that, sheriff?"

"The Alexander boys are offering a thousand-dollar reward. With the old railroad purse of five hundred there will be a nice little divvy. I just wanted you to know that I'm counting you in on it."

The little man blinked suddenly, his face flushing. But he answered in the same quiet, homely way: "I didn't expect that, sheriff. Anything suits me. Good night."

They let him go, with renewed protestations of gratitude. Tommy Dawes, already drowsing in the heat of the blazing fire, was startled awake by the fierce rush of rain that a heavy wind swept in through the opened door. Mr. Bridger walked into it carelessly; the others pushed the door to with relief—drew back hastily toward the cheering fire.

"Nasty night, sheriff," the man called Al remarked, spreading his hands to the blaze. "Bridger didn't seem to mind it, though."

"Used to it," the sheriff replied.

His voice was heavy, somnolent. He sat down on a bench against the wall close to the chimney; his head nodded forward. The effect of the officer's surrender to weariness was instantaneous on Tommy Dawes. He fell into sleep as a hawk drops.

He woke gently, oppressed with that vague feeling of anxiety that so often lies on a waking man and sets him fumbling ineptly to determine or remember the cause. When it all came back to him Tommy drew a long breath—recovered his air of renegade dignity—grinned. Whether or not he would impress anyone else, he was going to impress himself with his easy acceptance of the character Fate had cast him to play—to carry it off. What was happening in Tommy through all this was a phenomenon more or less familiar. He was growing up overnight.

Presently he swung his feet from the bench and sat up. Under the steady pelt of the rain he heard snoring in two keys. The fire was almost out, but there was a glow of light by which Tommy could see the sheriff, now stretched on his bench; the man called Al on the hearth—his were the bass snores; and Austin, the chief deputy, on a box with his back planted against the door, his head sagging and the constriction of his throat muscles troubling him into a tenor sawing. Austin's revolver was across his knees—even in his sleep he held it loosely but ready. Oddly it did not occur to Tommy to be amazed because his captors dozed. His was a single-track mind. He conceived of himself now as a prisoner and left the matter there.

He yawned. He felt thirsty. His short rest had thoroughly refreshed him, and—youth that he was—he now felt no fatigue. Therefore he was restive. But he had consideration for the sleepers, so that when he rose and moved about the room idly, as though stretching his legs, he went with caution for quiet. There was a faint glow of light from the shuttered window across the room. In it he saw the sheriff's overcoat, a cartridge belt and holster, and a big revolver hanging from a spike. He remembered having noticed the sheriff drop into that overcoat the things Austin had taken from his. As he stepped carefully that way he smiled to think how useless it would be now to attempt to regain Ben Bishop's twenty-dollar gold piece. The long-barreled weapon with its heavy stock and cross-hatched pearl grips drew him as such things draw those unused to handling them. He pulled it out and began examining it, tinkering tentatively with it.

With an unexpectedness that caused his heart to miss beating the revolver leaped in his hand, spat fire, roared!

As though shot from a spring trap, Austin, the guard by the door, pitched forward, his revolver tumbling half across the room, his chair rocking sidewise. The door swung wide, its crude lock having been torn away by Tommy's chance-sped bullet, and wind and rain came swirling in, catching at the smoldering fire, the smoke and the fine wood ash on the hearth and filling the cabin instantly with a thick and choking fog. Aghast—certain that he had killed the deputy—Tommy shrank down in his corner, all his heroic mood wiped from him as figures are sponged from a slate.

"Dog-gone it!" Tommy whispered. "Dog-gone it! Dog-gone it!"

Already the sheriff and Al were on their feet, blundering about, shouting.

"Did he get you, Austin? Where are you? What is it?"

Austin was groping to his knees.

"He missed me!" he cried hoarsely. "Shot right by my head through the door. Then he knocked me down—somehow—and breezed!"

"Damn the luck! This smoke! Get after him—quick!"

The sheriff came charging across to Tommy's corner, coughing and only half awake. He jerked down his holster and belt, standing within bare inches of Tommy, shrouded by darkness and the circling smoke.

"He's got my gun, boys!" Sheriff Bundy exclaimed. "Look out for yourselves!"

"Here, take my automatic, sheriff!" Al said.

All three of them tumbled through the door, scattered, splashed away.

Tommy Dawes leaped for the heavy coat above him. He searched two pockets, with his breath held. In a third he found the chamois poke. With this doubled in his left fist, with the officer's revolver clutched in his right, he followed them so closely that he could hear their feet flopping in the mud, and after them he disappeared into the streaming darkness of the rain.

V

HARRIET BUNDY'S car was more serviceable and practical than showy. It looked, the sheriff often said, "like a fuzz tail with his knees banged up from hard breaking." But if it was comparable to a mustang in appearance, it was equally so in its capacity to stand up under merciless driving and road conditions, its ability to go anywhere, its sturdiness in keeping up its own pace without flagging or falling down. Its odometer recorded a traveled distance of 42,000 miles—and that, Harriet boasted, "mostly straight up."

Low framed, close hooded by a top and side curtains, and scuttling like a drenched rabbit through mud hub deep, it was now moving southward on the Meecham road from Healdsburg. In the catchall box behind the single seat were sandwiches, a roasted chicken won by the use of honeyed words from the night clerk at the Plaza, who had been blarneyed into searching the refrigerator—strictly against the rules—a big vacuum bottle of hot coffee and a somewhat jumbled but still practicable layer cake.

"If I hadn't shot like a tenderfoot," she had exclaimed to Undersheriff Tom Shirley with some bitterness, "Wyant wouldn't have got away—wouldn't have killed poor old man Alexander."

"What you kicking about, girl?" the office man ejaculated. "You hit him! Your pa found blood on the platform."

"Oh, hit him!" She said this with high scorn. "You've got to do more than hit a deer to make jerky. Anyway, I'm going to take something hot to dad and the boys, so you might as well quit arguing."

"I quit arguing when you came back from Guerneville at midnight, Miss Harriet. Arguing's a waste of time 'gainst you. But it's a hell-roarin' night!"

"Sure, it's a hell-roaring night! Solong!"

The colloquial description was justified by the facts. The rain came down from the west, driven by a howling dervish of a wind that tore at side curtains and top to make openings through which to sluice sheets of cold water; that threatened at times to overturn the panting machine; that dashed mud across the glass shield before her until it was opaque. When she came into the mountains she found it increasingly difficult to hold to the road, for her wheels slithered and skidded and spun in lunatic fashion, violating all laws of mechanics. Daring as she was, the girl had no desire to invite accident. She slowed down to a twelve-mile speed, feeling for the road.

Out of the murk of a reluctant dawn came the shock of some heavy object against the side of the car. Then a man's face was thrust through the side curtains and into the dim light of the dash lamp.

"Have to stop you, lady," he said gruffly, peremptorily. "Maybe you can see that I mean business!"

She could. He held within inches of her eyes the heavy revolver—long slim barrel of a .38 in the big stocky frame of a .44—that she recognized instantly as her father's. The eyes behind that menacing weapon were shot with red, there was a dirty smear of blood dried on his forehead; his countenance was marked with deep, set lines of desperation. Only a certain boyishness relieved it.

The girl threw out her clutch involuntarily, applied her brakes too quickly, slid to a stop sidewise on the road.

"What happened to my father?" she demanded chokily.

"I don't know him," the man said. He was fumbling at the door. "Let me in here—quick!"

She reached over and gave the catch an expert twist.

"What do you want with me?"

"Not much. Just to drive me back to Healdsburg."

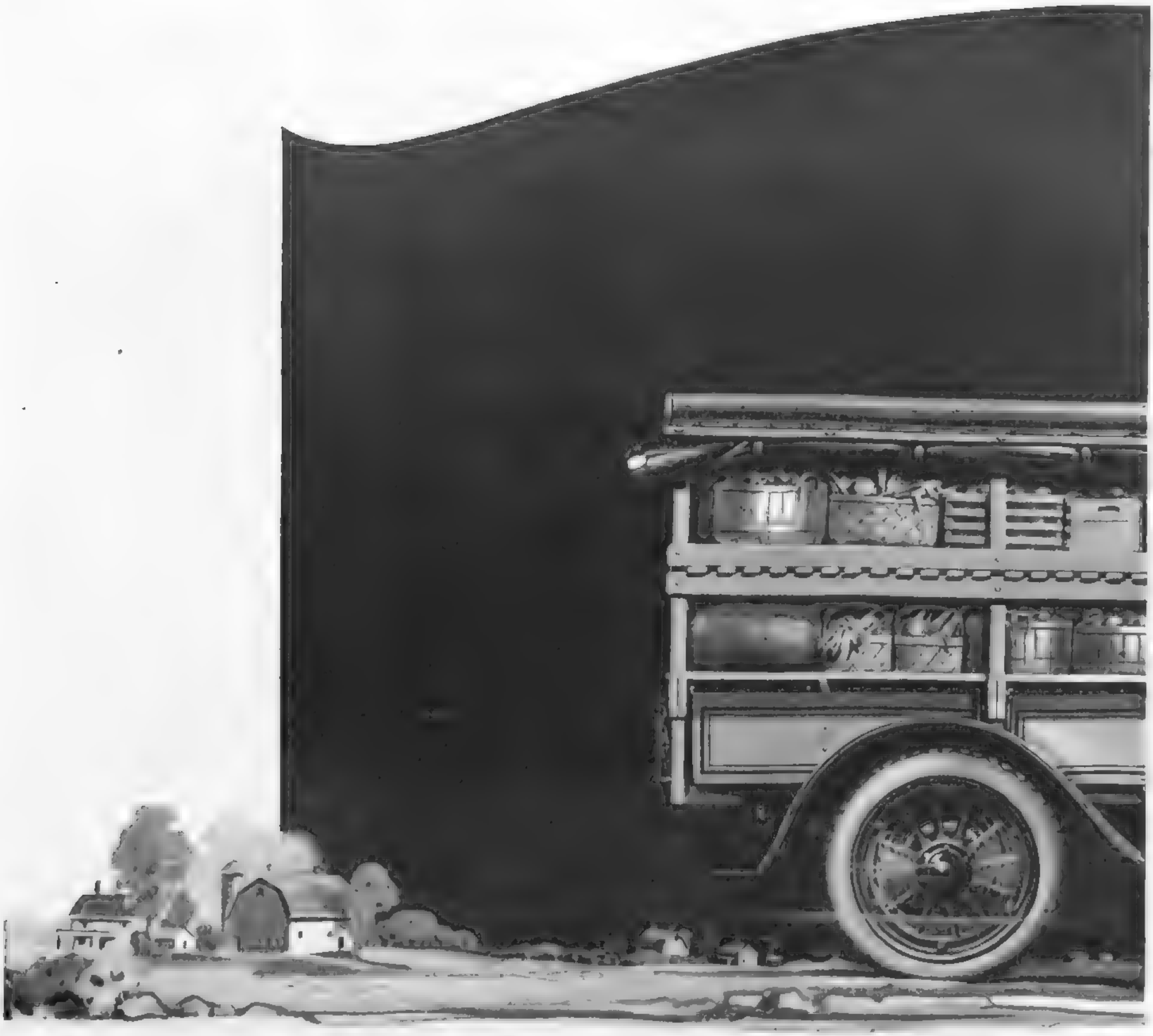
"That's a lie! And I won't drive you anywhere, Knapp Wyant! You can shoot me, I suppose. You're the kind of animal that would shoot women, after poling old Mr. Alexander!"

"I won't shoot you, but I guess I could drive your car if you were afoot."

"You'll have to shoot me before you set me afoot! What did you do to my father?"

The desperado reflected a moment.

(Concluded on Page 167)



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REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

Are Remy Equipped

There's a logical reason why Reo "Speed-Wagons" are Remy equipped—they must give dependable all-year-round performance no matter how hard the conditions.

Remy starting, lighting, and ignition equipment is doing faithful service on many, many thousands of these machines today.

During the long, hot hauls of summer, when the lights are little used, the Remy thermostat-equipped generator protects the battery from overcharging. In winter, it provides the extra current necessary to crank the cold stiff engine. Remy equipment is equally dependable winter and summer.

THIS is the Remy Thermostat – an exclusive patented Remy feature. In winter the thermostat makes the generator output high to keep the battery charged. In summer it makes the generator output low to prevent the battery overcharging

The same vital reasons that led Reo engineers to select Remy for the Reo "Speed-Wagon" are also the reasons why so many foremost manufacturers have adopted Remy as standard equipment.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

It Warms the Indoors like Nature Warms the Outdoors

Homes served by the Round Oak *Pipeless* Furnace—symbolized by the Round Oak Indian—are warmed in winter as healthfully as Nature warms outdoors in summer.

Where Nature merely heats the air, life fails—as witness the sterility of deserts. Fertile climates abound where Nature provides heat, water and breezes—sun to warm the air, water to humidify it, breezes to circulate it.

These essentials of thriving health are reproduced indoors by the Round Oak Folks who have been noted throughout generations for their originations in heating and cooking specialties.

The Round Oak Pipeless Furnace is designed to warm the air, to humidify it healthfully and to circulate it constantly throughout all rooms, and from a single register.

The total absence of gas, soot and fine ash in the air is another factor of health, attributed to the permanently tight bolted construction, a patented advantage.

Sturdy oversize parts, painstakingly fitted, guarantee a generation of satisfaction during which the savings in fuel will repay again and again its somewhat higher investment price.

The Beckwith Company, Dowagiac, Michigan
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK
PIPELESS FURNACE

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak copper-fused boiler-iron Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas tight joints, Original Round Oak Heating Stoves, Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—clamped, Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request to us brings complete information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million

(Concluded from Page 163)

"Look here, I don't think much of getting rough with a lady," he said almost remonstratingly. "But I've got to get to Healdsburg. I'll tell you anything I can if you'll start. Don't let's have a long argument!"

"My father is the sheriff of this county—if you really don't know. I'm the girl that shot at you in the cabin. And that's my father's gun."

He was shaking his head slowly.

"I'm mixed up," he said frankly, with an engaging earnestness hard both to understand and to resist. "But I'm not that much mixed—not by a long ways! If your father is Sheriff Bundy, then he's all right. He's only getting wet, I guess."

She was searching his face now as he leaned forward to impress his case upon her. She started.

"Why, you aren't Wyant!" she cried.

"I didn't say I was. My name's Tommy Dawes. I'm from over at Nyal's ranch below Guerneville. I'm in a peck of trouble, that's all."

"If you'll tell me how you got my father's gun I might drive you back to town. You can't get away, you know; there's no use trying that."

"Get away?" He laughed with disconcerting amusement. "I don't want to get away now. All I want is—well, you wouldn't believe that. I got your father's gun, if that's the idea, when he and a fellow named Al and a deputy named Austin ran out of the stone house into the rain looking for me. But I was inside all the time—if they'd only known it."

"Where was Wyant then? Did he get away too?"

"Now look here, young lady!" The man's voice changed—hardened. "I'm going to Healdsburg, and I'm going now. Will you drive, or shall I?"

She shrank back. His whole bearing, body, mind, were transformed—stiffened. He raised the revolver slightly so that its weight threatened her. Having seen many desperate men, she recognized the danger signals. This queer, inept road agent—bandit—lunatic—whatever he was—he would go to extremes. He did not want to attack her, yet he lacked neither the motive nor the courage.

"I'll drive," she said.

She had some difficulty in starting, but it was overcome by her skillfulness. The man sat quietly, curiously inert, dumb. Without definite thought she planned to trick him on the road in—to deliver him to the authorities somewhere ahead. That would come later.

Presently they were rolling, plowing down the hill through the lessening storm, the growing light of day.

"Who are you—honest?" she asked after a few minutes.

"I'm Tommy Dawes. I'm a hand at Nyal's. You know of Jim Nyal, maybe."

"Yes. Tommy Dawes! But how did you get in with Wyant?"

"I didn't. I never heard of him in my life."

"But you were in the stone house—that's where you got dad's gun."

An idea came to Tommy, making his aching head ache more acutely. He reached for it. It was as though the thought were animate and floundering in the turgid soreness of his brain. He pulled out what came to hand.

"Who is Wyant?" he asked abruptly.

"I guess you know."

"I wish I did. It might straighten out a lot of things."

"He's a convict—escaped from San Quentin. He stole a horse and some money near Guerneville ——"

"Maybe that's me you're thinking of," Tommy interrupted anxiously.

"I'm talking about Wyant. Last night he broke into our summer camp on the Russian River. That's where I shot at him."

"Hit him?" Tommy was boyishly eager.

"Dad found blood on the platform later. But he got away. Then he killed old man Alexander - walked into his house and clubbed him with a rifle he stole."

"A rifle! The man that held me up had a rifle—the first time!"

"And he stole another horse there and got away again. The Alexander boys ——"

"What was that horse—a little bay?"

"Bertha Alexander's—yes. I'd ridden her many times. She's been in the family for years."

"That was it then—she was old. She was in bad shape when he got through with her."

Tommy was talking half to himself. If he could only make more than two things at a time hook up in comprehensible fashion! The road agent at the schoolhouse had been Wyant, the escaped convict. He had ridden away on Tommy's stolen horse ——

"Wonder what he did with the old sorrel crow bait before he got that last cow pony?" he asked abruptly.

"The what?"

"Nothing. I get mixed up right away, every time."

"Who held you up? Where? I should say you are mixed up!" She took her eyes from the road long enough to appraise him again. "Or lying," she added.

"I ain't lying," he said. "I've got too many troubles for that. I couldn't get lies straight enough, worried like I am."

"What I don't see," she broke in, "is how you got into this thing at the stone house. Did dad catch you too? Did Wyant get away when you did?"

"Wyant?" he echoed. And then quite simply, "Oh, I guess it's Wyant that got killed just before the fire in the cabin."

Her face set, she gripped the wheel a little more tightly. Tommy, lost in his own puzzlement, had no reaction to the change in her. He went blundering along, fishing for ideas. The girl went quickly back to her original bent now—decided to trick this man. A simple lunatic sort, swinging without apparent reason from the utmost ferocity to a childlike blandness and trust in her! His last statement had been unvarnished and clumsy falsehood, conceived and brought forth on the spur of the moment. Whatever he might be, he was certainly not what he claimed. All this a tissue of lies? Why, did not matter. Inextricably he was bound up in her mind once more with Knapp Wyant.

With a guile she thought even he would detect, she said casually, "Maybe I've made a mistake. I'm not so sure that's father's gun."

"Oh, it's his gun—if he's the sheriff. I've seen his picture."

"His initials are on the stock—silver inlaid in the pearl."

He extended the weapon toward her.

"I guess you'll find them there all right," he said, and resumed his concentrated musing.

He had put the gun into her right hand!

A little smile of triumph crossed her face. The rain was ceasing, daylight growing steadily. The sturdy car, overlaid with drooling coats of mud but snorting defiantly forward, rolled out through a draw and came onto the main highway. Driving with one hand, she shifted the revolver deftly until she held it within inches of his side. Her ultimatum was on her lips when a long sigh escaped Tommy Dawes.

"Look here," he said, "do you suppose you could take me back to Nyal's in your car? I could pay you some way, and it might keep me from losing my job if I could get out of all this mess. I mean, take me back after I get the doll?"

"Why, yes, I might," she answered lightly, humoring him. But his last phrase registered—upset her calculations of him. "The doll?" she faltered.

"Yes. You see, I broke Rosemary's Louise Albertine."

"Oh, you did?" She wanted to scream with laughter. "How was that?"

"Chain harness fell on it. It was my own fault."

Harriet Bundy dropped the revolver into the seat between them.

"You'd better start in and tell me all about it," she said. "You've got me mixed up now."

VI

GIVE the Russian River country four hours of sunshine, and it shakes off its sodden plumage like a bird after a bath. Only occasional silver beads glisten momentarily in the dark green of its hillsides; only its creeks and rivulets brawl amidst their stones; only here and there on the graveled roads do puddles lie, reflecting the blue of the cut-turquoise sky. Four hours—and the most violent storm is forgotten save by glad roots and the drooping fern fronds under the redwoods.

The staunch little roadster that had been climbing the hill to the Nyal place turned in at the lower gate in a flood of warm sunlight—stopped. Tommy Dawes alighted.

"You won't tell anybody?" he inquired for perhaps the fortieth time. "And I'll pay back what you let me take, the first of the month."

"I won't tell anybody," Harriet Bundy replied solemnly.

Tommy kicked gently at the dried mud on the running board and it fell off in cakes.

"You've been awful white, Miss Bundy," he said awkwardly. "No matter what happens to me, you'll kind of understand, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll understand, Tommy Dawes."

"I'd like to pay you for bringing me over ——"

"I'd like to see you!"

"Well, all right then."

"I wouldn't think of it!"

"Anyhow ——"

"Well?"

"Well, so long!"

"So long!"

He went away hurriedly, cutting through the orchard toward the redwood circle back of the wagon shed. The girl sped on up the road to the house, and there presently big Jim Nyal heard the voice of his lady wife raised in helpless laughter. Harriet Bundy's mirthful and tuneful soprano joined in. Big Jim, frowning over ranch accounts that could keep, lifted his head to listen—stood up to go and inquire the cause of all this merriment. But a man turned in at the gate in a sulky and leading a sorry-looking sorrel horse.

"Dick Bascom, for all the world!" Nyal grumbled. "And bringing back that crow bait! I was hoping the old son of a gun was lost for good this time! Hello, Dick!"

Meantime Tommy Dawes had been in first-rate luck. He had propped against the big redwood stump in the heart of the circle the intriguing and waxily beautiful successor to Louise Albertine; had put at her side—Miss Harriet's contribution, not to be refused—the doll's trunk containing manifold and mystifying finery—down to pinning blanket and—and so on! This had been achieved, as to Tommy, without detection.

With equal success he had entered the bunk house—empty, chill, a little damp still from last night's rain—had reopened the straw tick on Ben Bishop's bed and had returned to its mildewed wallet Ben's hoarded twenty-dollar gold piece. There were other repaired rips in the tick Tommy saw that his felony was his own secret, not even to be faintly suspected henceforth!

It was as he passed outside the bunk house that he discovered the entrance to him dramatic of the neighbor from Forestville way leading back the prodigal crow bait.

"Well, dog-gone!" Tommy exclaimed delightedly.

He started for the harness lockers grinning—almost at peace within.

"Mailed Mrs. Bell's money too!" he chortled. "If 't wasn't for that shack I burned! And Wyant! Wish Wyant hadn't—hadn't ——"

Tommy gulped. His memories of the night before had been—would always be—infinitely harder to bear than the tense moments when he was living them. He tried to whistle as he reached for the first of the saddles that must be oiled.

"You'd think I'd be sleepy," he ejaculated, loosing a latigo. "But I ain't."

The morning was languorous. He heard the hum of bees in the alfalfa meadow beyond his open windows; smelled the heavy odors from Mrs. Nyal's old-fashioned garden blowing across his cheeks before an up-cañon breeze—warm and soft. His fingers fumbled, his head nodded. He sat down to untie—a saddle thong ——

Voices raised at the door brought him up all-standing some time later.

"You'll see, dad! You're just foolish!"

"There's somebody is foolish all right. I take no chances. If this man isn't Knapp Wyant ——"

"It may be Knapp Wyant"—Big Jim Nyal's slow words—"but if it is you'll scare him to death with that gun of yours!"

"You're all crazy, I tell you! Better watch—why! Well—oh, shucks!"

The sheriff of the county stood in the doorway of the wagon shed, and Tommy Dawes sat back on his bench again, sheepish and confused.

"You see, sheriff," he began, jumping into the middle—into the place to which all his jumbled thinking had led him in his story to Harriet Bundy as the two had driven into Healdsburg early that morning, munching sandwiches, spilling hot coffee adown their chins in the jolting little car—"you see, sheriff, I didn't kill Wyant. He shot at me—creased my forehead. So I kicked him, and ——"

"Love o' God, man!" the distracted sheriff shouted. "Doesn't matter who killed him! Is he dead?"

"I guess he is. And probably burned up too."

"Where?"

"In the shack 'cross from Meecham's."

"Wait till I phone the coroner," the officer said, drawing a hand across his eyes. "He'll be back in town with that body by now most likely. If it's Wyant's ——"

"Short, thin man, he was," Tommy Dawes interposed gropingly. "'Bout as big as I am—carrying a rifle first, and riding a little bay mare to death."

"We found her at a dairy near McCauley's. Bell's, I believe it was."

"Yes, Mrs. Bell. And he had a crease across his forehead." Tommy paused, colored. "Almost like mine," he added, removing his hat.

"I'll need a brain expert to work on me soon," the sheriff complained. "I'm getting worse all the time. Use your phone, Jim?"

"Sure! Anything, Hugh!"

They started away, Nyal beginning questions. The sheriff checked him—turned.

"By the way, young fellow," he called back, "if that was Wyant you—kicked—there's a reward of fifteen hundred for him, dead or alive. If we can get this tangle cleared up you'll be in on the divvy."

Tommy looked at Mrs. Nyal, at Harriet Bundy. Something of that dignity and loftiness of bearing that he had reached for—almost acquired—in his one night of living now straightened his shoulders—appeared in his bearing and face. Mrs. Nyal saw a new Tommy Dawes. Harriet Bundy did not. The new Tommy Dawes was the only one she had known. She admired him—confessed it to herself.

But his face clouded, for beyond the two women he saw, wheeled up by Sito, little Rosemary, strangely triumphant.

"Tommy!" she cried. "Oh, Tommy! Look-it!"

"Uh-huh!" Tommy said guiltily. "It's pretty. A new one!"

And there he faltered into silence. Stopped at the door, Rosemary became very grave. She shook an admonitory forefinger.

"Tommy Dawes," she said impressively, "I found out about Louise Albertine. You know! In the b-r-a-n b-i-double-n. You know! You told me a—a—scorch-er! Aren't you ashamed?"

Tommy was. Anyone could see that. Rosemary saw it. She began to relent.

"But I didn't really love Louise Albertine so awful well, Tommy. Her sawdust was leakin'. And Gloria Elizabeth is georgeous! Don't know who brought her. Storks, maybe!"

Harriet Bundy and Mrs. Nyal choked. Tommy, eyes on the floor, did not observe.

"I guess maybe, Rosemary," he said feebly. "About that—about what happened to ——"

"Oh, Tommy! Listen, Tommy! I'll forgive you 'bout that. I know you didn't do it a-purpose!"

"No'm."

"And if I broke your zither, Tommy—or something of yours—you'd forgive me, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh! Why, sure I would, Rosemary."

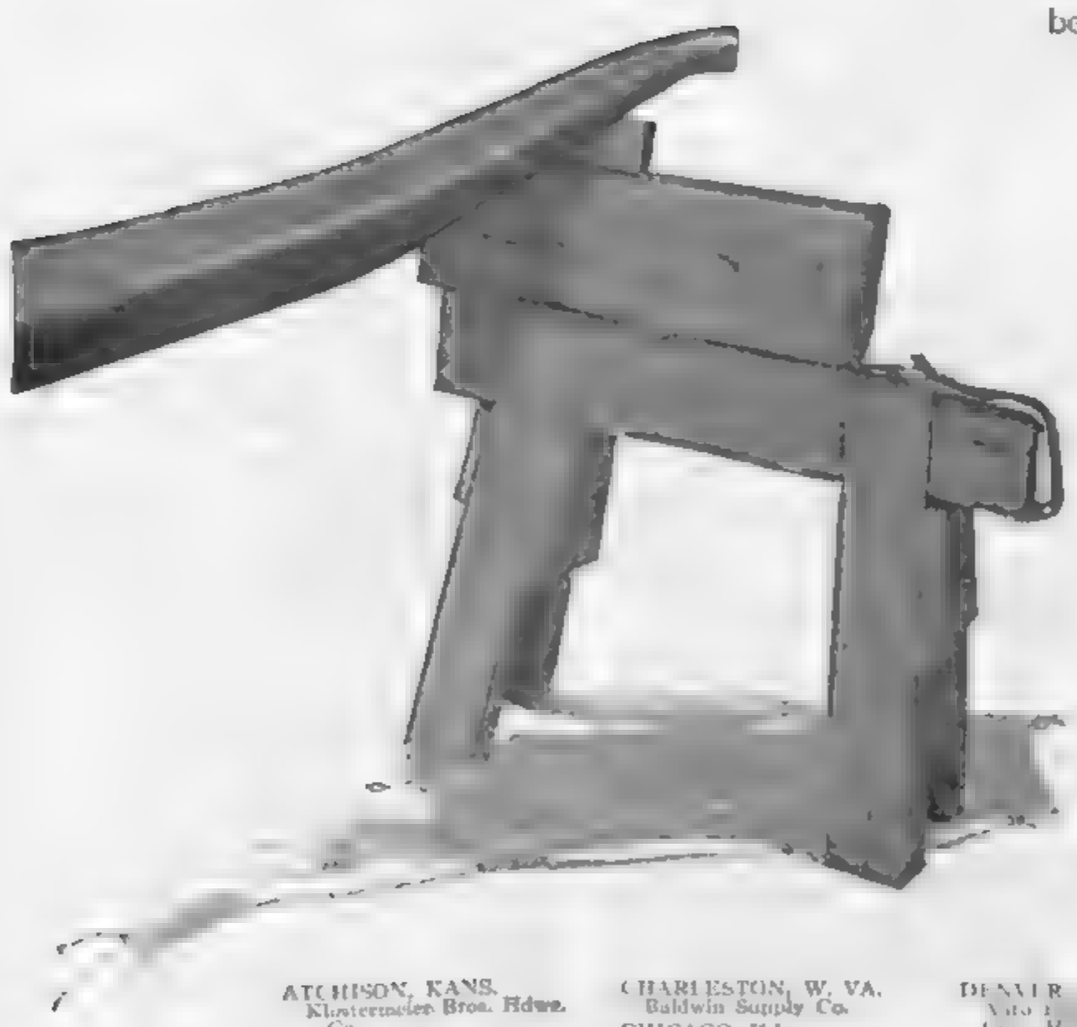
"Course you would! Well, Tommy ——"

Harriet Bundy it was who interrupted. She sank to her knees impulsively beside the chair and gathered Rosemary to her, sobbing a little, burying her face in the golden curls.

COMM

B I A N

Sledge-Tested VISES



IN the shop of The Detroit Pressed Steel Company Columbian Malleable Iron Vises are sledge-tested every day, as shown in the photograph. Brawny workmen with 20-pound sledges hammer quarter-inch steel automobile frames into shape.

Columbian Vises easily withstand severe usage because they are made of malleable iron and are twice as strong as cast iron. They are the only malleable iron machinists' vises made.

The superior strength and durability of Columbian Vises due to exclusive design and the use of malleable iron, and the fact that the Columbian line includes every type of metal-working and wood-working vise, have made Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises standard equipment in a majority of the larger shops of the country.

Columbian Non-Crawling Forged Steel Clamps are the only C-clamps made that will not crawl or cause the work to creep, because the screw does not rotate when the clasp is being set.

Columbian Vises, Anvils and Clamps are obtainable from leading distributors all over the country. A partial list of these distributors appears below.

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***of* The Consolidated Iron-Steel Manufacturing Co.**
World's largest makers of vises and anvils
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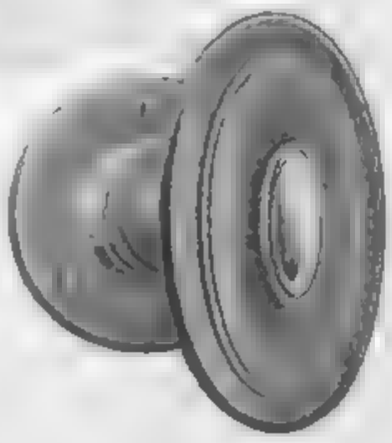

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HIDDEN PROFITS

(Continued from Page 25)

"I presume I shall," said Mr. Payne as cheerfully as he could, but still with a dogged underlying resistance.

She found him, in fact, curiously silent, almost unresponsive during the luncheon, in spite of her best efforts to the contrary. In point of fact, the cold, unpleasant impression was growing on him now that here was very possibly a nature which—to say the least—was light and quite unaffected by the cares of others. He felt a sudden lack of harmony with her, and his feelings may have been registered in his face. If so they only added gayety to his companion's manner, which as the meal progressed tended almost to exuberance.

Her color was much heightened when they parted, adding a great attractiveness to her green hat and earrings. Up to that time she had been almost hectically gay. But now her manner changed abruptly and her voice was almost sharp.

"I was going to tell you something," she said, surveying him with an unusually frank and open face upon parting—"something that would have pleased you a lot. Now—I won't! I won't say a thing ever until you apologize!"

"I apologize!" cried Mr. Payne with unfeigned surprise.

"For the slurs you cast upon me to-day—upon my new costume. You will never see it again," she said with a cold note of finality in her voice. "It will never bother you again."

"Precisely what do you mean?" asked Mr. Payne with a sudden sickening feeling of suspense.

"I'll—I'll destroy it first!" she stated in a hard, unfeeling voice. "I ought to have known," she said, pursuing her argument further, "how it would look to anyone who came from Boston—from Boston," she asserted, "where the only thing that is supposed to show below a woman's skirt is a foot the exact shape of an old cigar box."

When she had said these bitter words she turned with sudden spasmodic abruptness and left Mr. Payne standing at the edge of the sidewalk gazing with unbending anxiety at her retreating figure.

He was somewhat embittered himself. He could see quite plainly that life was a hollow farce, full of injustice, full of unstable falling stock; that human character was after all shallow and undependable; that the very person whom perhaps you depended on for cheer and happiness more than all else might suddenly be discovered to be, in point of fact, of an exceptionally light, careless, self-centered nature. And yet there was also a very deep regret intermingled with this bitterness and a sense of personal loss from the fact that one so outwardly attractive and stimulating as the person to whom his mind unerringly returned should have inwardly such thoughtless, unjust and selfish characteristics.

In this frame of mind Mr. Payne entered the brokerage office of J. Belgrave Fisher & Co. and seated himself in his accustomed chair beside that of Mr. Halpin, who was already seated there, slipped well down in his chair, regarding the department of the motors on the board through heavy eyebrows.

"Off again," he commented briefly.

"So I see," said Mr. Payne of Boston even more so, and seated himself in the manner of a man upon occupying a dentist chair prepared for the worst.

"And look how Spurp holds up!" said Mr. Halpin then.

"You are right," replied Mr. Payne in the voice of one who will agree to anything in return for the privilege of being alone with his memories.

They sat with their associates for some time silent in the blue murk which hung round the ruins of their several worlds, each chair's occupant smoking with the well-known insensitiveness to pain of the American Indian and showing the fact every moment in his face and manner.

But in the end Mr. Payne of Boston could not help but note the sharp and suggestive glances which Mr. Halpin now shot toward him.

"I want to ask you something," he said finally to Mr. Payne, as if obeying an impulse which he could no longer resist.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Payne crisply, for Agmo common had been no stronger on the board certainly in the past fifteen minutes and the gnawing of his personal memories never ceased.

"You won't be offended, will you?"

"No," said Mr. Payne stiffly.

"Or get on your ear?"

"No," said Mr. Payne more icily still.

"You know how you are sometimes," said Mr. Halpin tentatively.

"Go on," replied Mr. Payne of Boston.

"You're quite certain?"

"I am certain," stated Mr. Payne, each word spoken with the distinct individuality of a drop of sleet in a New England sleet storm.

"Are you," asked Mr. Halpin, looking about him with great caution—"are you engaged to her—to that Fisher girl?"

"No," said Mr. Payne, now apparently freezing solidly to his chair. "Not formally—no. Why?"

He sat now, it occurred to Mr. Halpin, watching him, still and rigid and waiting, unusually like a figure of a Pilgrim father which he had once seen while on an automobile trip in a park in New England.

"Why do you inquire?" he repeated. "What was your purpose in inquiring, if I may ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Halpin. "Nothing." But as he said it he shot a sharp and meaning glance up under his brows and drew it back again. "Nothing."

"Precisely what was your purpose?" insisted Mr. Payne again.

"Get ready—that's all!" said Mr. Halpin, now with dark emphasis. "Get ready!"

"I must insist," repeated Mr. Payne.

"Get ready!" said Mr. Halpin once again.

"I insist on knowing your purpose in this," said Mr. Payne of Boston, now leaning toward him.

Mr. Halpin, looking up, responded with another question:

"How many points have you got left on your Agmo?" he inquired.

"Forty," replied Mr. Payne, surprised into unexpected confidences by the man's persistent questioning and the turmoil in his own soul. "At least," he added, recovering himself a little. "And now," he added, "I shall insist on knowing what you mean by this line of questioning."

"You'll know," returned Mr. Halpin, "if the market goes a little lower without my telling you."

"If," said Mr. Payne, now rising and standing over him as stiff and black and cold as a telephone pole against a New England sunset—"if you do not explain yourself in this," he said in as low and unobtrusive a voice as possible, "you will find ——"

"Will to-morrow afternoon be soon enough?" asked Mr. Halpin hastily, reddening markedly when he chanced to look up finally into the other's eyes.

"To-morrow afternoon then—no later."

"There's another man involved, that's all," added Mr. Halpin in hasty and incomplete explanation.

The face of Mr. Payne of Boston opened and closed again into a frozen contour, like that of a man who realizes he must think twice at once. With a sudden jerky motion he rose from his chair. Without turning, he passed from the room, the very expression of his back strangely resembling the most famous statue of the Pilgrim father in New England. His last words and look remained graven on the mind of Mr. Halpin, seated brooding in his chair before the stock board.

"To-morrow afternoon then."

Mr. Halpin remained motionless in his seat, unobservant even of the sliding price of Agmo on the board. For a long time he sat silent, numb, like a man waking out of a sudden shock. He had seen in the last two minutes—come suddenly face to face for the first time with the gaunt, lean, remorseless face of the Hellhound of the Argonne. He had had the strange experience of stepping over the threshold of the usual daily amenities of life into the presence of this dreadful highbrow of Boston with that terrifying name, which suddenly, at last, he had understood.

VI

ON THE eleventh of December, early in the afternoon, Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher, standing in the rear of his customers' room, was posting a young and comparatively new client on the probability as to current movements in the Wall Street market.

(Continued on Page 173)

Living Up to the Trade-Mark

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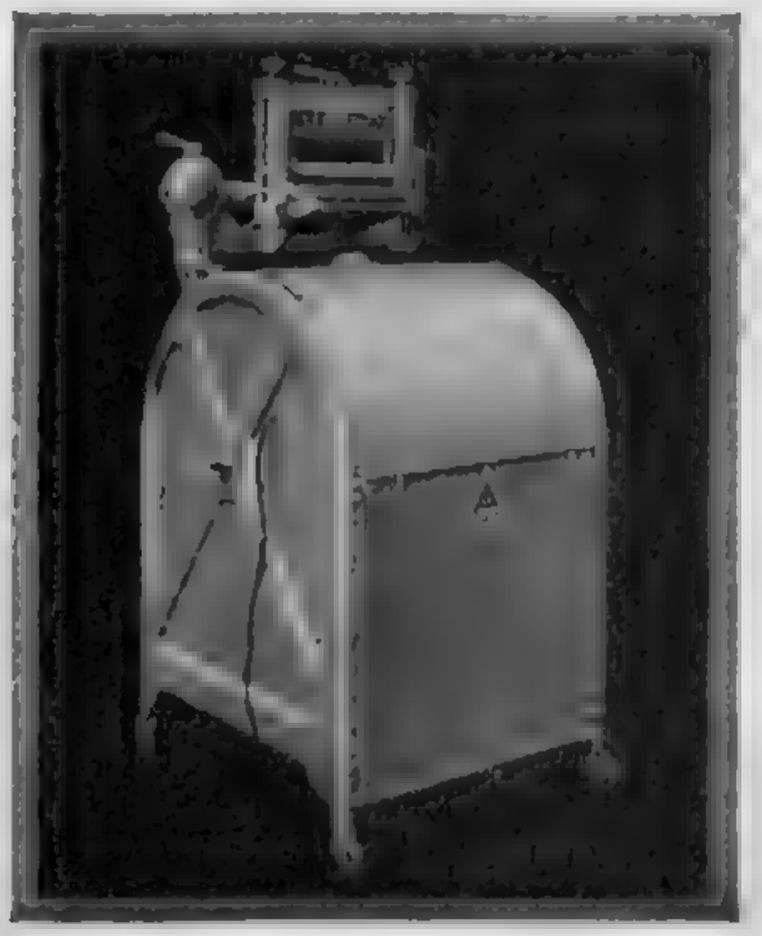

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(Continued from Page 170)

"There's a change due in this market," he said, slowly waving his glasses, "in my opinion. I can almost smell it. You get that ability after a certain time in the Street—almost another sense. You'll see it often in a natural reader of the tape. Uncanny. I make no such pretensions for myself. I arrive at my conclusions by more laborious methods—by study—by investigation. But I do have this sense to-day. There's a change due right now."

"I get you," said the young client, nodding respectfully.

And then both looked up suddenly. A short man, obviously in a state of extreme excitement, had unexpectedly and without apology thrust himself between them. In his right hand he held a typewritten sheet, apparently snatched from the news ticker.

"I am!" exclaimed Augustus J. Halpin, standing astride and motionless before Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher.

At these surprising words Mr. Fisher stopped and looked down a moment on the other with dignity and distaste.

"You are what?" he asked then.

"Surprised!"

"At what? In what way?"

"At the annual report of Agmo!"

And at this the suspended glasses of Mr. Fisher started once again into rhythmic motion.

"In what way?" he inquired calmly. "At the amount of new business, or at the hidden profits?"

"There ain't any," said Mr. Augustus J. Halpin, who had in all this time moved no more than his vocal muscles.

"Ain't any!" cried Mr. Fisher, himself lapsing into the vernacular.

"There ain't any profits. There's a deficit," said Mr. Halpin.

"A deficit!" repeated Mr. Fisher in a hoarse, harsh whisper.

"Here, take it!" cried Mr. Halpin. And moving abruptly for the first time, he now thrust the abstract of Agmo's annual report into the waiting hands of Mr. Fisher.

For a moment the latter stood without speaking.

"I'm disappointed, that's all I can say," he said then. "I'm disappointed, that's all."

And taking with him the sheet torn from a news ticker, he turned away and the door of his private room closed after him. Mr. Augustus J. Halpin stood astride, gazing, motionless.

"Disappointed!" he repeated then in a sneering voice, and turned at last and looked into the eyes of Mr. Payne of Boston, standing over him.

"You saw it?" demanded Mr. Halpin crisply.

"Saw what?" returned Mr. Payne still more so.

And even Mr. Halpin in his present state could scarcely fail to note the strained, gaunt, sleepless look in the face of the young man from Boston.

"The deficit in Agmo," replied Mr. Halpin, a prey suddenly to mingled emotions, "and what she's done to-day."

"We will not discuss that now," said Mr. Payne with an almost painful lack of expression on his long countenance. "We have another matter to canvass first—the matter of certain charges. Are you ready to substantiate them?"

"Any time," said Mr. Halpin.

Having oriented himself during the other's speech, he now spoke in the manner of a man in a corner, to whom after all nothing mattered now, but who as well has nothing to fear from the outcome of the inevitable encounter for which he had been schooling himself during the night before.

"Where shall we go?" inquired the young man from Boston with that terrible nom de guerre from France.

"Here is as good as any place," replied Mr. Halpin, now with the careless manner of a tactician who is meeting a crisis for which he is thoroughly prepared.

The two men then seated themselves somewhat apart from the rest.

"Now what have you to say?" inquired Mr. Payne of Boston.

Mr. Halpin looked back at him, now with an almost perfect self-possession.

"You are willing to be fair about this, aren't you?" he asked, playing gravely with his watch chain.

"Eminently so," said Mr. Payne.

And the thought flashed for a moment across Mr. Halpin's mind that the more dangerous he looked the more precise and scholastic his words became. Mr. Halpin went on, however, still with the air of a man who has perfect confidence in his case.

"Very well then," he said, looking up with a meaning smile, "I want to ask you two questions and I hope that you can answer them frankly."

"To the best of my ability," promised Mr. Payne firmly.

"In the first place then," Mr. Halpin now proceeded with his still sardonic look, "let me ask you this: Did you ever give this young—this person of whom we speak—a considerable sum of money?"

Mr. Payne, sitting up to that time rigidly beside him, suddenly untwisted his legs, his face grown a rich dark red.

"I—I ——" he said. "Certainly not! Let us waive that!" he concluded.

"Oh, very well," said his questioner, his suggestive smile deepening on his face. "I only ask you to be fair, that's all."

"I will be," replied the other, now rewinding his legs back again to their original position before the previous unanticipated question.

"A second question: Have you noticed," inquired Mr. Halpin, "any great grief or anxiety on her part when she found that Agmo was going down and that you were losing, as you might expect of a friend of yours?" he concluded after a slight hesitation.

For again Mr. Halpin, when he was asking this, had observed the unwinding gesture on the part of his companion, indicating that his point had struck home.

Mr. Payne, however, made no such admission verbally.

"I don't know, I am sure," he said. "Go on."

"I will," said Mr. Halpin, pausing a moment in the manner of an expert laying out his campaign. He spoke sharply then, in the voice of a man whose custom it is to use few but very certain words. "You want to know my proof," he said. "All right, you can have it."

He paused, with his characteristic obliquity of gaze.

"Dummy accounts!" he said then, and paused.

Mr. Payne repeated the words after him.

"You know what they are, don't you?" asked Mr. Halpin after some moments more, his deeply significant smile deepening.

"Partially," answered Mr. Payne, his stone-gray eyes upon him.

"In the old-time bucket shops, when they don't want to buy stocks."

"I've heard of such things."

"We all have," said Mr. Halpin, smiling. "The old, old game. Every time your customer gives you an order to buy your dummy account gives you an order to sell."

He stopped, driving it in with that smile so much more meaning than words.

"So no stock is ever bought or sold either. One balances the other. Bucketing," said Mr. Halpin—"bucketing!"

"Go on," said Mr. Payne tersely.

"Now suppose," said Mr. Halpin with a quick, dark glance back to the door marked "Private" behind them, "just for the sake of argument, that there was a management of a supposedly reputable brokerage house that had a customer who was carrying, let us say, 3136 shares of Agmo."

And he stopped, smiling his significant smile, for he did not miss the slight but unmistakable start of this man beside him.

"And suppose," he proceeded, "that in some way—from some unknown source—this management procured the news that Agmo, instead of making great profits as had been claimed, was really going to show a deficit in the year's business."

And again he noted a movement, an uncomfortable twisting, on the part of his hearer.

"And suppose, knowing this," he went on with ever more and more assurance, "that the management of this house should suddenly sell this customer's stock at the top, when everything looks lovely, and ostensibly to balance its books sell short the same number of shares against it. Could you find any simpler way," he asked in the other's tense silence, "to transfer $100,000, $200,000, $400,000 of profits from the possession of the customer to the broker without the investment of one dollar of money?"

"You have proof of this, I assume," said the cold, menacing but now clearly interested voice from the chair beside him.

"I have," said Mr. Halpin with calm confidence. "The very best. Suppose," he went on, "that I could show you four accounts. Four! Four of them—one, two, three, four!" said Mr. Halpin with mathematical precision—"dummy accounts in four separate names!"

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"But what ——" began the man beside him.

"Wait!" said the speaker, raising a detaining hand. "Four separate accounts in the names of four separate men. Moreover," he went on, "that each one of these accounts was fictitious. More than that," he proceeded, each syllable now heavily weighted, "that all of these four names were exactly the same as those of former but now nonexisting customers with the exception of changed middle initials.

"And suppose," said Mr. Halpin in closing, "that these four accounts totaled at this time and for weeks past 3136 shares of Agmo common—and nothing else."

"Three thousand one hundred and thirty-six shares!" repeated his auditor in a strangely altered voice.

"Three-one-three-six!" reaffirmed Mr. Halpin, repeating the number with the definiteness of a telephone call. "Now I'll ask you a question," he went on. "How many shares exactly do you yourself now hold of Agmo—to-day?"

An uncontrollable twisting in the long body beside him was quickly frozen back into its general rigor.

"I'm afraid—offhand—I would be unable ——" said Mr. Payne.

"Come! Come!" interrupted Mr. Halpin.

"What?"

"You said you would be fair," stated Mr. Halpin.

"Go on," directed Mr. Payne of Boston.

The craft in Mr. Halpin's smile deepened still more.

"You admit ——" he started asking.

"Suppose I should admit it for the present," said Mr. Payne, still in an inflexible tone. "Exactly what has that to do with the other matter—the other matter of which you spoke?"

"I will show you," replied Mr. Halpin with the paucity of speech which marks stronger minds in great crises. "Or I'll ask you: Who do you think puts in these balanced orders in these different names?"

"Who?"

Looking at the gaunt, long face so near to his, Mr. Halpin, if he had been less sure of his ground, might easily have shuddered. He could see again all too clearly the significance of that popular designation for this man among his troops in the Argonne. It seemed at the moment even less than the truth. It was not now the deadly, serious-eyed hound which showed in that long face; it was the wolf, the gaunt, gray-eyed wolf in Boston clothing. Mr. Halpin, gazing in those green-gray eyes, sure as he was, for the moment hesitated.

"Who?" shot forth that icy monosyllable again.

Mr. Halpin smiled back his smile of confident assurance. Under the circumstances this was slightly constricted. But he held it steadily on his lips nevertheless.

"It was the person," he said, "of whom we have been speaking."

As he said this he felt a long, icy hand close down upon his wrist.

"You dare!" said a deathly voice, and Mr. Halpin found himself face to face, at a distance of less than two feet, with the gray, wolfish, deadly eyes of the Hellhound of the Argonne—the wolf, stripped bare of Boston clothing.

The constricted smile dropped sharply from Mr. Halpin's face. His left wrist, in fact, was being painfully crushed.

"How did you receive this information?" demanded the terrible voice beside him.

"The man—the man involved," said Mr. Halpin, stammering from the pain of that icy grip—"of whom I spoke to you before."

"What man?" inquired that low and dreadful voice. And Mr. Halpin drew back instinctively, terrified. "What man?"

"The bookkeeper—the bookkeeper—old man Janus, you know, who fixed the thing up on the books for her—for them!" cried Mr. Halpin, still stammering hastily from the pain.

Then on saying this, in a moment more he felt the relief—the blessed relief of a relaxation of that icy hand.

"You know him. You know old Janus, the bookkeeper," said Mr. Halpin going on hastily, picking busily at his watch chain with his right hand, for the grasp upon his left, though slackened, was not yet removed. "You know old Janus; how he's been since prohibition—crazy for a drink."

"Yes."

"I got him drunk," explained Mr. Halpin.

The icy hand still remained upon his wrist, cold and relentless as the hand of death upon the shoulder of the sculptor in the very celebrated Boston statue.

"And so on these grounds," Mr. Payne of Boston and the Argonne was saying, "you insinuate ——"

Staring into those gray-green eyes, still so close to his, Mr. Halpin could look back, with a conscious shrinking, through the cracks of the veneer of a Boston manner and pronunciation—back to the strange, essential cruelty of the Boston and New England character—and see with great clarity the ancestors of this so-called Hellhound or wolf of the Argonne as they tortured witches who interfered with the milking of their cows and crucified Chinese pirates who interfered with the trade in tea and imported Africans—thrust the accursed institution of slavery upon the patient, industrious and nonresistant inhabitants of the Southern States. Fortunately at this time Mr. Halpin recalled his own high personal traditions.

"You insinuate ——" Mr. Payne of Boston was saying.

"I don't! I know!" responded Mr. Halpin with that strange sardonic calm which was so characteristic of the great Napoleon in those crises where lesser men simply sat and shuddered.

"If," he said slowly, "I tell you the names of these accounts?"

"Well?" demanded Mr. Payne.

"You can find it out for yourself," stated Mr. Halpin. "You can face them with it."

"Give me the names," directed Mr. Payne, withdrawing at last the cold hand, leaving a livid band upon Mr. Halpin's wrist like a frostbite where it had inclosed it.

Then one after another Mr. Halpin gave and Mr. Payne took down with scrupulous exactness the four names and the amounts of Agmo which they held.

"There are no such persons," restated Mr. Halpin. "You understand? They are merely near persons—imitations of real accounts. There are no customers with those middle initials. Fisher'll have to tell you so himself when you face him with them."

"Very well," said Mr. Payne, now closing up with great precision his small pocket memorandum book. "We shall see. I give you this opportunity of clearing yourself," he said, apparently thrusting the whole onus of the situation directly upon Mr. Halpin. "It is only just that you should have it." And Mr. Halpin could see, looking, that his whole appearance was full of the inflexible justice of which he spoke. "If you are correct in—in these insinuations I shall apologize formally. But if not," said Mr. Payne, and again infolded Mr. Halpin's older, softer wrist in what was apparently a closing wristlet of frosted iron—"if not ——"

His sentence was uncompleted.

"Pardon me," a voice interrupted, the voice of one of the employees of the establishment. "Pardon me," he said to Mr. Payne of Boston, "but Mr. Fisher must see you at once."

Before his sentence was even finished a sharp voice broke into his, the voice of Mr. Halpin.

"Look at Agmo!" he cried.

Mr. Payne, looking, saw Mr. Halpin standing in that characteristic sidewise attitude toward the board, staring up through troubled eyebrows at the department of motors on the stock board. Following his glance, he saw the reason for his cry.

"The bottom's out! The bottom's out!" cried Mr. Halpin's forced, strained voice, suggesting to the hearer's imagination not only that fundamental loss to Agmo but to the world at large.

Mr. Payne himself saw, with unmoved recognition, what had happened. During the intensity of their preoccupation Agmo common had fallen straight down twelve points more.

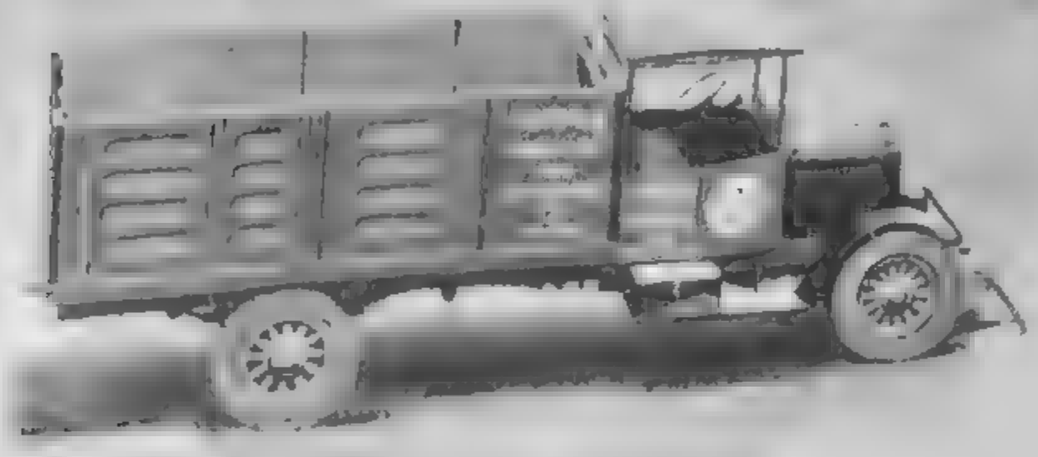
Mr. Payne gave this catastrophe but one passing glance. Rising suddenly, like a Puritan father with a distinctly unpleasant purpose in view, Mr. Payne of Boston turned back and disappeared into the glass door marked "J. Belgrave Fisher, Private."

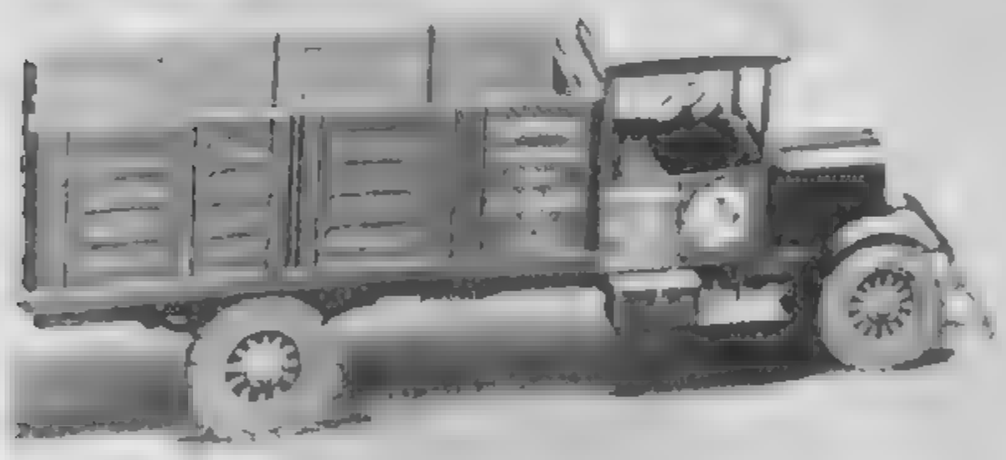
"I have a very painful duty to perform," said Mr. Fisher upon his entering.

"I have one myself," stated Mr. Payne, the Hellhound of Boston and the Argonne, standing very straight and precise.

"You still," went on Mr. Fisher, waving his eyeglasses with oblivious calm, "have a very heavy line with us—of Agmo common—in spite of my advice to reduce it more recently," he added with a slight

(Continued on Page 177)





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ARMCO

(Continued from Page 174)

cough and only a temporary hesitation in the waving of his glasses. "You saw fit not to take that view."

"I did," said Mr. Payne inflexibly, "if you ever gave it to me."

"So I must ask you now either to reduce your line or produce more margin."

"I will do neither," said Mr. Payne firmly.

The more he observed this man and the waving of his glasses, especially the latter, the more the impulse grew to accept the only alternative theory of this mysterious case. If what the other man—if what Halpin said was true, then this man was almost certainly guilty of it all. He would be capable—the exact type of man to drag his innocent young daughter into his plan to shield and cover up his despicable purposes.

"Very well then," said J. Belgrave Fisher after a slight cessation of waving. "I shall have to close your stock out."

"You will not close it out!" asserted Mr. Payne with ever-growing inflexibility.

The more he observed this man listened to and watched him—especially that hideous, senseless, hypocritical wagging of his glasses underneath which his real feelings and intentions were concealed the more he believed him guilty—obviously guilty; and the more damnably so by his attempts to bring his innocent young daughter into the crooked transaction to cover up his own tracks.

"Why not, if you please," asked Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher, raising his head very high indeed—"if you please?"

"Because I will expose you."

"Expose me!" cried Mr. Fisher, still erect, with a heavy emphasis on the last word. "In what way? For what?"

"For bucketing," said Mr. Payne in his sleetiest tone, each word a tiny, tinkling drop of ice.

"Bucketing!" repeated Mr. Fisher, a flood of color mounting to his forehead. But his eyes did not fall one degree from their height.

"Precisely!" said Mr. Payne.

Mr. Fisher in answer reached to a call button.

"Sell," he said to the subordinate who entered the glass door, "3136 shares of Agmo at market, unless ——" he said with a suggestive glance at Mr. Payne of Boston.

"You will sell—you will dump that stock on the market—at your peril!" said Mr. Payne.

"You heard what I said?" Mr. Fisher now reissued his instructions. "Sell 3136 shares of Agmo—at market!"

The subordinate, quitting the room in the direction of his telephone, left them standing facing one another without speech when he closed the door of clouded glass behind him.

"And now," demanded Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher, breaking at last the hostile silence, "if you please, what does all this mean?"

"It means precisely what I said," returned Mr. Payne. "I shall now have you exposed for bucketing orders. I shall proceed to force you from the stock exchange. And I shall also hold you responsible financially for any personal loss which may come to me from your selling out my stock."

At this Mr. Fisher gave a loud, strained, obviously forced laugh.

"That's good! That's good!" he exclaimed in hoarse hilarity.

"But I will do you this justice," said Mr. Payne, inflexibly and unalterably just, following out the dictates of his own traditions. "It would be too much of a penalty. I would not wish to ruin even you," he said—"to send any man down to financial, social, ethical ruin without a hearing. I will adduce my proof to you personally before making it public. To let you make any possible answer—offer any possible palliation that there may be for your act. Do you wish this?"

Mr. Fisher, with a hasty and now apparently baffled glance at the cold, gaunt, brown face before him, sat down, registering the full weight of his body and his age in doing so.

"In absence of an answer from you," continued his judge, "I will go ahead. I will give you now the opportunity to clear yourself. In the first place, to start in the beginning, why, in what way, did you come to advise so certainly to me the purchase of this stock? Because of the special value of its hidden profits?"

"The statement ——" began Mr. Fisher.

"What was the source of your information?"

"Wall Street—everywhere—that is ——" Mr. Fisher started on again.

"The exact source," persisted Mr. Payne. "You must have had one—on profits—on hidden profits at least. Hidden profits," he said again. "Where did you learn of these?"

At the sound of these unpalatable words Mr. Fisher, though he held his head still high, found apparently no sufficient answer.

"It was everywhere—all over the Street. The motors and the oils. Wall Street, as a man, said and believed!" he said, and paused.

"So you risked my money, my last $10,000, on what—what Wall Street said?" demanded Mr. Payne in his final silence, which, however, merely deepened after this question.

"Who is Wall Street?" asked Mr. Payne again. "What does it mean to you when you say it?"

But again there was no adequate answer.

"Now then," said Mr. Payne, "if you cannot answer that, you can at least tell this: How is it that in the past few weeks—since the high point in Agmo—my account has been balanced precisely by four other accounts in your office—always balanced precisely by sales of an exactly equal amount on the short account?"

Mr. Fisher at first appeared stunned by this question.

"Three thousand one hundred and thirty-six shares," stated Mr. Payne.

But the other did not yet answer, being apparently still too much under the influence of emotion to do so.

"Well?" said Mr. Payne of Boston.

Mr. Fisher now sat up.

"In answer to that," he said, "I will say that that is a damnable and unqualified falsehood, without one scintilla of truth!"

And now Mr. Payne observed that his eyeglasses, which had suspended motion for the past few minutes, resumed again their even, rhythmic, confident play.

"What are these accounts then?" asked Mr. Payne, producing now his small memorandum book, and he read aloud, precisely the four names and their holdings of Agmo common. "Are these correct?"

"I don't know, I am sure," responded Mr. Fisher sarcastically. "I don't keep all of my customers' accounts in my head. I have a bookkeeper for that purpose. Let me see those names," he added, apparently under the influence of a second thought, and reached for the memorandum book, which Mr. Payne now passed to him.

"I had at one time," said Mr. Fisher, going over them with a haughty lift of his glasses, "names like these. I may have them now. But not, I think, with those middle initials. But that of course I wouldn't carry in my memory either. That's what I employ a bookkeeper for."

"Will you bring in your bookkeeper?" inquired Mr. Payne.

"Certainly."

"And let him give me the exact number of shares of Agmo held in these accounts—without prompting on your part?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Fisher, reaching out his hand to his push button beneath the surface of his cold, bare, miniature directors' table.

"Mr. Janus," said Mr. Fisher when that subordinate appeared, "are you carrying accounts in these four names?"

Mr. Janus, an elderly man with a sedentary or café complexion, slightly reddened at the juncture of the nostrils with the surrounding face, gave an ill-concealed glance of apprehension, it appeared to Mr. Payne's suspicious eyes, upon this inquiry.

"Yes, sir," he said then in somewhat indistinct tones.

"What are they?" asked Mr. Fisher. "Are they in here much—in this office? Do I know them? Do I know them?" repeated Mr. Fisher, gazing at his employee in his apparent overslowness in answering.

"No, sir, I think not," replied Mr. Janus, now shifting his weight as if suffering acutely from that well-known curse of the old bookkeeper's life—outworn and tender feet. "No, sir, I think not," he repeated for good measure.

"What are they? How do we get their orders?"

"By telephone. Telephone customers," said Mr. Janus, thickly shifting his weight again upon his tender feet.

"Who handles them?"

"I do," stated the witness, whose voice was now on the last verge of distinguishability.

"Speak up!" commanded Mr. Fisher sharply, with a puzzled stare.

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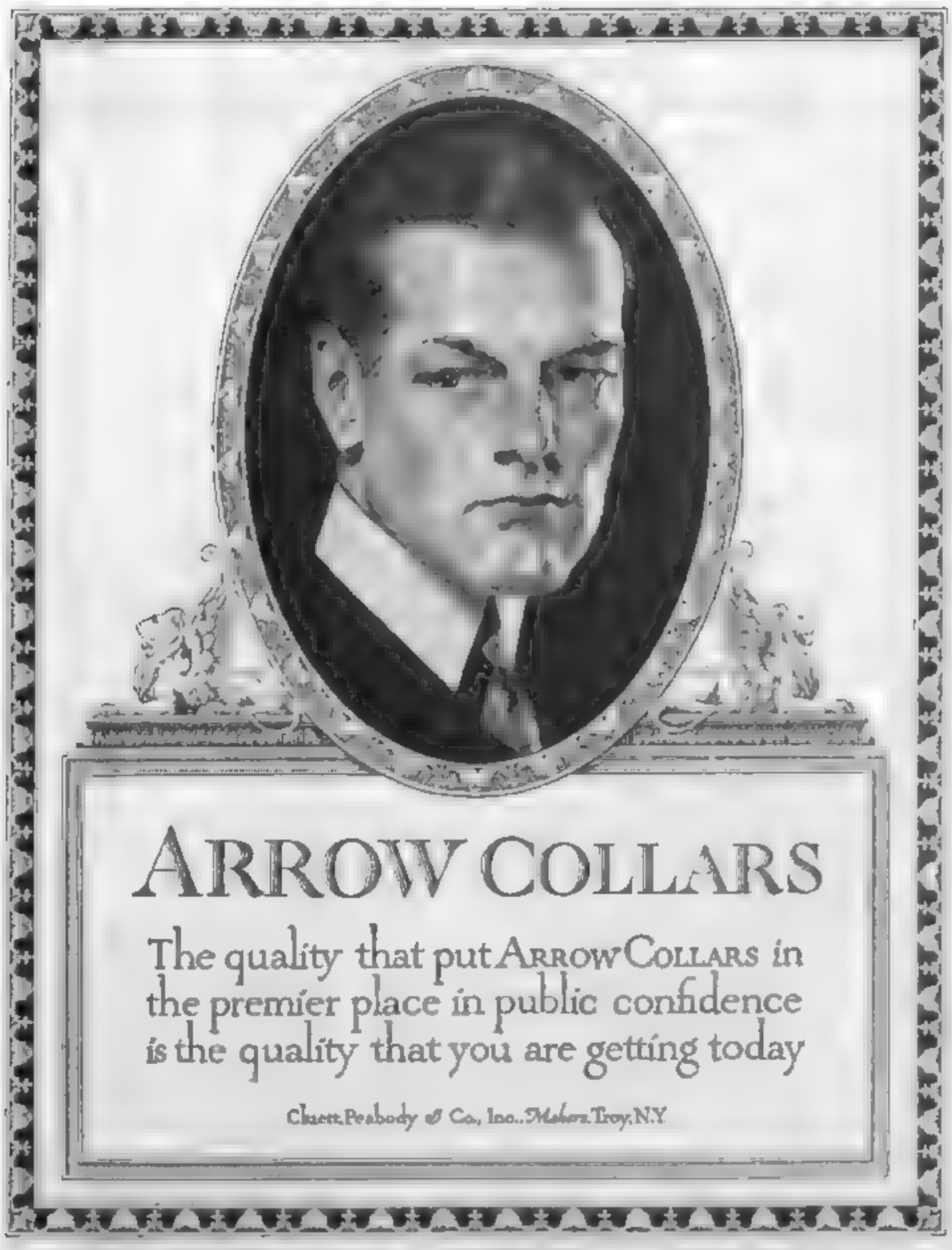
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"Yes, sir," said his old employee, now taking out his handkerchief and blowing his nose quite loudly.

"Didn't we have," inquired Mr. Fisher then, after waiting for the completion of this, "at one time four customers whose names were almost identical with these, with the exception of the middle initials?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir," said Mr. Janus, blowing his nose more loudly yet.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired Mr. Fisher sharply, expressing the exact shade of wonder which was growing simultaneously in Mr. Payne's own mind. The man's face in fact presented a very singular and striking appearance, his nose apparently growing redder and more inflamed every instant, while his somewhat flaccid cheeks grew grayer and more pale.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," he replied. "I have contracted a little cold lately, that's all," he said, and blew again, leaving his nose still more piteously inflamed.

"Very well," said Mr. Fisher after a moment more of gazing. "Now I want you to do this, Janus. I want you to go out immediately ——"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Janus hopefully.

"—— and bring in the exact number of shares of Agmo—you understand?" said Mr. Fisher, now pausing for a moment to gaze in surprise again at his employee.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Janus, recovering himself again after his sudden start.

"The exact amount of Agmo—if any—in each account," restated Mr. Fisher. "And the total in all."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Janus, and passed toward the door.

And both of his observers noted the peculiar movements—that shaking of the hands, which elderly men of sedentary or café habits are apt to experience under the strain of uncommon emotion. He left them silent, waiting his return on opposite sides of the cold, bare, miniature directors' table in the glass-lined office.

"What did you find was there? Any Agmo in those accounts?" demanded Mr. Fisher tersely on his return.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Janus in his hoarse and thickened voice.

"How much in all? Have you totaled them?" went on Mr. Fisher in the man's continued silence.

Mr. Janus looked at him and then at Mr. Payne as if in personal appeal.

"How much?" persisted Mr. Fisher, gazing at him, head back, through his glasses, in the manner of a great captain of industry learning the details of a business situation which has baffled all understandings but his own.

"Three thousand one hundred and thirty-six," said Mr. Janus finally.

And now Mr. Fisher in his turn gave a great start. His face, normally so rosy, became of a sudden almost if not quite pallid. But across the miniature directors' table not a crack or turn or ripple of expression showed in that long, gaunt, deadly puritanical face opposite—until it once more opened in an accusing question.

"Was there anything but Agmo common in any of those four accounts?" inquired Mr. Payne of the old, gray, weary bookkeeper with the intensely red nose.

The latter looked at his employer for instruction and, receiving it, replied, "No, sir, no, sir," the shaking in his hands now communicated to his voice.

Not a flicker of expression touched that gaunt young face across, set still as the death mask of Oliver Cromwell but for the deadly, threatening, green-gray eyes shining through upon the now silent, pallid Mr. Fisher.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the latter with sudden loudness, a flood of color now reddening his pale face, with the abrupt suddenness of a sensitive, full-blooded man under extreme emotional strain. "What are these accounts?"

"They're all perfectly regular, sir—perfectly," Mr. Janus went on, answering his implied question. "Every share was sold short—exactly regularly. And we borrowed no stock whatever from our own customers. I saw to that. Everything was all right," he said in his now noticeably shaky voice. "Everything was perfectly regular."

"Prove it!" demanded Mr. Payne in that terrible, emotionless tone again.

"I can, sir," stated the old and trembling keeper of the books of J. Belgrave Fisher & Co. "I can."

"Who did this thing?" inquired Mr. Fisher, disregarding him. "Who was responsible?"

"That, sir," responded Mr. Janus with a still obviously growing apprehension, if that were possible—"that I cannot tell."

Not in the presence of others—of this man—his manner clearly added.

"Go on," directed Mr. Fisher implacably, utterly disregarding this. "I want to know. This gentleman wants to know—is entitled to."

Mr. Janus' agonized eyes again signaled those of his employer in vain.

"What does it mean?" persisted Mr. Fisher. "I won't discharge you if you don't answer—no! I won't stop there. I'll see that you go to jail."

"May I speak a word," pleaded Mr. Janus—"may I speak a word to you first in private?"

"No!" said Mr. Fisher with a firmness which was now quite surprising to Mr. Payne. "No, sir! This gentleman is entitled to hear as much as I am. Unless," he added with unchanged relentlessness, "you desire to go to jail for tampering with my accounts for your own personal benefit."

"Mr. Fisher, if you please!"

"Go on!" said Mr. Fisher regardless.

"I refuse!"

"Very well," said Mr. Fisher, making a motion toward his telephone.

"Wait, please!" said his employee, now almost broken to tears. "Let me speak! I can't answer! I won't—unless I hear from one other person!"

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Fisher with another start.

"If—only," cried Mr. Janus in his now broken voice, "you would ——"

"Go on," said Mr. Fisher, still grasping the telephone. "Who is it? Who is this other party to this conspiracy?"

"Must I answer this? Must I say this?" cried the now distracted man.

"You must!"

"It was ——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Fisher, prompting him.

"It was your daughter, Miss Deborah!" he answered finally.

And now for the first time the third member of the party, Mr. Payne of Boston, gave a great start, scarcely less marked than Mr. Fisher's own.

"You curs!" he exclaimed. "To stage a farce like this—to shield yourselves behind an innocent girl!"

His voice was deadly. But that made no impression now, Mr. Payne himself could see, absolutely none on Mr. Fisher.

"What," said Mr. Fisher, speaking apparently to himself, in utter disregard of Mr. Payne's remarks—"what in God's name," he cried, starting up with the air of a man struck by a new and terrible suspicion, "has she done now?"

"It was all," said Mr. Janus—their rôles reversed—he now evidently attempting to aid his employer—"it was all perfectly regular in every way."

"Send for her!" said Mr. Payne, acting at last.

The face of Mr. Payne of Boston, watching this scene, though it had lost none of its gaunt rigidity, now showed a touch of the expression of a man who must admit himself that there are some things that are not clear to him.

"Did you get her—at the house—on the telephone?" inquired Mr. Fisher when Mr. Janus reappeared, breaking in finally upon a universal silence.

"They say at your house they'll get her if they can. They think she's gone shopping."

Mr. Fisher gave an undisguised groan.

"But they think they know where," said Mr. Janus with a ray of hope. "And if it's right they'll telephone her and she'll be here right off."

Mr. Fisher now groaned a second time. For now he could not conceal from himself longer his own fear, the possibility which he now saw in this situation, of the possible dual, simultaneous explanation of this mystery and that other concerning which he had been so long and persistently kept without information—the exact whereabouts and use of that $30,000 which some weeks before Mr. Payne had given to his daughter for safe-keeping.

"What time is it now?" asked Mr. Fisher, suddenly rousing himself.

"Half past two," said Mr. Janus, turning in the door. "Half past two," he repeated, stopping then in the manner of an employee who feels that he should speak. "And I think you ought to know, sir, that there's been a great change in Agmo in the last fifteen minutes."

"What change?" inquired Mr. Fisher.

(Continued on Page 161)

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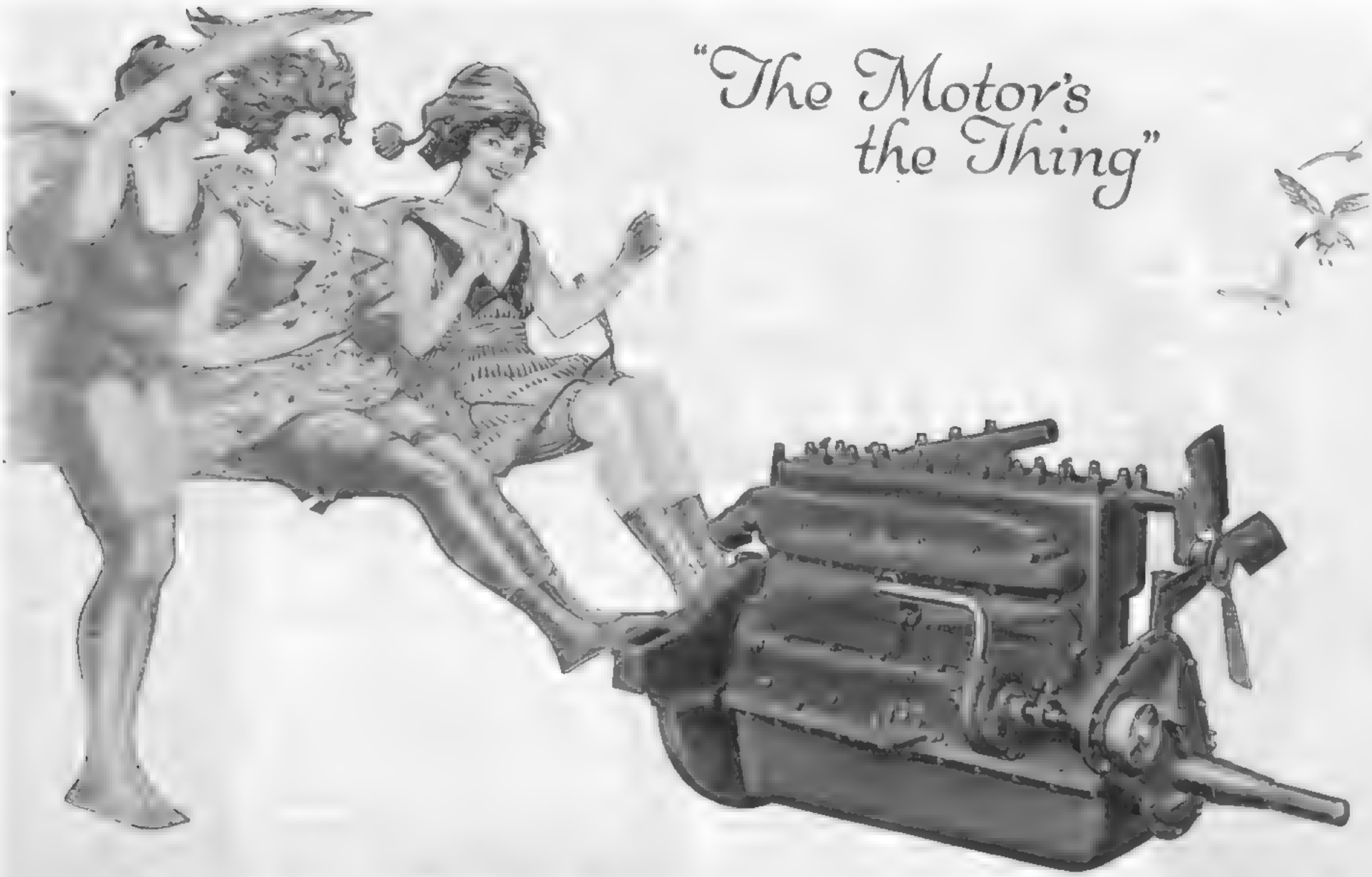

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The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
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(Continued from Page 178)

"It's going up," said Mr. Janus, his voice going up simultaneously with his statement. "It's rising like the devil—two points in the past ten minutes. They say it's due for a big rise now. The bad news is out. The shorts are covering."

"Have you sold that—all that 3136 shares?" ejaculated Mr. Fisher finally.

"Every share," said Mr. Janus, "at least fifteen minutes ago."

Mr. Fisher, on hearing this, rose suddenly, like a man struggling with a sudden terrible thought. If this young man with the inflexible but apparently baffled face who sat opposite him across his miniature directors' table should hold him strictly to account, every point of rise, every minute now might be costing him personally $3136.

It was now two-forty-five in the afternoon.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Miss Deborah Fisher, entering the glass door marked "Private" at two-forty-six. "You seem to be all right. I thought you must be at least dead," she said, apparently with frank distaste and disappointment at what she saw. "I was just in the midst of trying on ——"

"My dear kitten—Deborah," cried Mr. Fisher in an uneven voice, getting up and coming toward his daughter, who recoiled slightly at his unusual address and manner, "what does this mean?"

She wore a new lightweight, close-fitting winter costume, low, thin-soled shoes, thin silk stockings, high skirt, the throat and ankles well exposed, and the small straw hat—in short, the regularly accepted mid-winter costume of the current year of New York and Palm Beach, which no self-respecting New York girl failed to wear upon the street during the last winter season. She had up to this time seemed comparatively calm, but now she was frankly disturbed, her eyes clearly widening at her parent's unusual manner.

"What made you do it, kitten? How could you?"

"What? Do what?" she asked in return, her fine violet eyes widening still more.

"You didn't understand how it would look? You didn't know what you were doing, kitten, did you?" His voice was almost broken with emotion.

She said nothing in reply, but stood, a fixed, astonished and exasperated smile graven upon her wide, flexible red lips.

"And where," asked Mr. Fisher, his emotions evidently rising still—"where did you get it?"

Miss Fisher gazed somewhat wildly from him to the third occupant of the room, but found no assistance there. Mr. Payne of Boston and the Argonne stood now with unchanged face, and hands hanging frankly by his side.

"The money!" explained Mr. Fisher, now still more loudly and anxiously. "That money—that $30,000 that Mr. Payne gave you! Did you take that money for that—for what you've done?"

And suddenly a slow and rosy smile broke full the red, flexible lips of Miss Fisher, the smile of one of attractive appearance and personality who is about to be praised.

"Certainly," she said, her smile now growing.

Mr. Payne looked now still more deeply confused, but Mr. Fisher gave a sudden groan.

"What have you done? What have you done?"

Instead of answering him, his daughter gave him a piercing look, her whole expression changed.

"What have you done?" she cried sharply. "That's the question!"

Not waiting for her father, with no further answer than his face, she stopped now directly before Mr. Payne.

"What have you done?" she asked him apprehensively. "Have you broken your promise to me? Have you sold your Agmo?"

"No," said Mr. Payne slowly, while his gaze traveled desperately from one face to another. "No."

She gave a sigh of relief, and then looked up sharply in his face again, waiting for him as he went on.

"But ——" continued Mr. Payne.

"But what?" she interrupted him.

"But your father has," said Mr. Payne.

At this reply the face of his young auditor fell for the first time he had ever seen it into what might fairly be called hard, rigid lines.

"You sold it? All? What's happened? What's Agmo selling for now?" inquired Miss Fisher of her father—four questions in one breath.

"It's going up ever since I sold," said Mr. Fisher, answering the last of the four only. "Up—up—up!"

"And every point," she said now to the startled Mr. Payne—"on every point," she stated, "we—I—you lose $3136."

"What time is it?" she now demanded with a great but obviously forced calm. "Two-fifty-one," she answered herself long before there was even the beginning of articulate speech in the others.

"Quick—before three o'clock—the closing!" she said, snatching the telephone from her parent's desk.

"Here take it!" she cried, thrusting the instrument into his almost nerveless hands. "Quick!" she said. "Three thousand one hundred and thirty-six shares of Agmo! Tell them!"

And Mr. Fisher stammered out the order after her. Then all three sat waiting to receive the information of its execution.

"A nice mess you've made of this!" exclaimed Miss Kitten Fisher, looking quite sharply at her father.

No one answered. All sat waiting with their eyes on the telephone.

"At this rate," Miss Fisher said to Mr. Payne, "I lose all that money I saved for you—all that $500,000.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WHITHER ARE WE THRIFTING?

(Continued from Page 11)

of bejeweled ladies squired by adventurers in khaki shirts and high-laced boots.

Offhand I should say that the social temperature of the town ranged as high as 104 and never fell below 102. Abandoned lands that had been turned out like crippled work horses, lands grown up in sassafras sprouts and persimmon saplings, lands where broom sedge and cockleburs clung precariously to the slopes of rain-washed gullies in the red clay, were being leased on an annual rental per acre at figures for which the owner a year or two back would have been glad to sell a square mile or so; fetching such rental for the sole reason that these arid stretches lay in the vicinity of a proved field.

To reach the hotel I rode through streets crowded with persons who looked entirely out of place in the setting of that old and once-staid Southern community. Variegated humanity milled like nervous beef cattle in and round the hotel. Its dining room was a babel, a babble, a Babylon and a bedlam. Its lobby suggested a curb market when it did not suggest exercise hour in a madhouse. Its chief clerk was a nervous wreck; it's manager a Crœsus, swollen by sudden prosperity. As an especial favor, because I knew him and because I had been his guest before, the manager smuggled me for the night into a room whose regular tenant was temporarily absent. But he threw me out again before breakfast next morning, and to find lodgings for the following night I was compelled to travel a matter of forty miles to a town across the Texas border.

While I was waiting in the lobby, with my bags stacked about me, for the porter to call the train I would take I fell into conversation with a resident who told me he was an agent for a motor company.

"A funny thing happened in my place yesterday," he said. "I just told you I was in the automobile business. Well, yesterday an old negro who lives out about ten miles from here came in. I knew him by sight and by name, though I'd never had any dealings with him. He's one of those negroes that every decent Southerner respects. He's hard-working and self-respecting and honest. By hearsay I knew he was well-to-do for a negro, but I didn't realize how well-to-do he was until after he'd told me the thing I'm about to tell you."

Uncle Henry's New Car

"He came up to me and I asked him what he wanted and he said he was thinking about buying a small, cheap car. I figured I might make a sale to him that would amount to something and so I said to him: 'Say, Uncle Henry, why don't you let me sell you a real first-class car? You've got a big family and when you go out for a ride you want to be able to take the whole family along, don't you?' He shook his head.

"'No, suh,' he said, 'I reckons not. I've got a pretty fair-sized car now. She holds seven passengers.' And he named a car which retails for round four thousand dollars. Then he went on: 'I bought this here car new last year, but it's kind of onhandy for short trips. What I wants now is just a little cheap car to run round in.' And I sold him one on the spot for nine hundred and fifty dollars cash, plus the war tax."

I hazarded the opinion that perhaps the oil boom had something to do with Uncle Henry's affluence.

"Not a bit of it," said the automobile man. "This oil boom will peter out. As a matter of fact, it's petering out already. If you think this hotel is crowded now, you should have seen it three or four months ago when they were sleeping on the billiard tables and were propped up in chairs or stretched out on cots in the hallways and when ordinary furnished rooms in this town were renting to transients for two hundred dollars a month. To-day you can get a fairly good room, without meals, of course, for as cheap a price as one hundred and fifty a month—one that used to rent for about six dollars a week, if the owner had luck.

"But this old negro's prosperity isn't based on the oil fever. It's got something solider than that behind it. He's growing a lot of cotton on his place, and he and his wife and his children pick it themselves and he doesn't have to depend on uncertain hired labor at four or five dollars a day. I'll bet you that old darky has made more money in the last two or three years than he thought before then that there was in the whole world; and he's spending it like a sport, too, just the same as everybody else seems to be doing."

"Do you suppose he's saving any of it?"

"Well, why should he?" he countered, and in his reply I think he voiced unconsciously the common viewpoint of many of us in these times. "When all round him there's the example of white people blowing their money like drunken sailors, why should we expect an old negro who can't read and write to stick his money away in a savings bank while there are so many chances for him to blow it?"

Is the colored man in the South spending it? Ask me. Ask him. Better still, watch him. And for purposes of observation it is just as well that the watcher be a visitor from the North, let us say, rather than a Southern white man, because the visitor is more likely to spy out details which to him seem picturesque, because to him they are comparatively unusual and have in them an element of novelty, whereas the local resident will pass them by as being commonplace and ordinary.

Local Color All Faded Out

The Northerner, making his first trip south, is disappointed on failing to observe from his car window many, if any, of the white, porticoed plantation mansions of fiction. There has been a slip somewhere in the stage management. Either the plantation owners perversely failed to build their mansions close up to the railroad tracks or the railroad owners failed to build their tracks close up to the mansions. Likewise that familiar ex-human chattel who steadfastly refused to leave Ole Marse and Ole Miss when freedom came and the family fortunes dwindled, and who now sells trinkets and garden truck to generous Nawthen gemmun and carries the money home to his w'ite folks, is likewise strangely missing from the scene. Nevertheless, there are compensations in the matter of local color for the lack of these dependable features.

Out of the piney woods and on into and across a small clearing the train rushes at the impetuous rate of fully twenty miles an hour that is affected by certain Southern trains. The setting nearly always is the same. Yonder at the edge of the field a gaunt old live oak, half hidden in the scrub, flaunts his scalp locks of gray moss like a lone warrior retreating before the ax of the invader but waving a final defiance before plunging into the thickets. The soil shows a leprous white streaking in the cotton furrow, but is all red and wrinkled, like an old squaw's jowls, against the bank by the right of way.

In the clearing stands an unpainted cabin of logs or planking shadowed by chinaberry trees and flanked by a scuppernong vine. Above its weathered roof gourds for the martins to build in dangle from a crosspiece on a pole. A lye hopper, a soap kettle and a number of dogs of the nondescript part-hound, part-cur breed, known among Southerners as nigger dogs, dot the bare earth of the dooryard. About the doorway and on the gallery is a whole shoal of negroes of all ages and sizes, garbed in fluttering rags and happily, industriously engaged in doing nothing at all. According to the traveler's conception, but one detail, which would make the scene complete, is missing. By rights an aged blackamoor, so extensively wrinkled that he has the look of being clinker built, should be picking at a banjo with joyous pickaninnies dancing hoedowns to his thrumming.

This is the picture as it used to be. But these times the costuming of the actors, as anyone with half an eye will observe, has been altered. Gone are the flaunting tatters which once upon a time seemed to the tourist so picturesque. The head of the household, languidly plowing the cotton patch, wears new-looking blue overalls and high boots of the sort that retail at sixteen dollars a pair and upward. His daughters, sunning themselves upon the gallery, make a brave and lavish showing of high-heeled, high-buttoned shoes, and gowns bought out of a store. Auntie, at the window, has exchanged the bandanna kerchief or the cast-off man's hat which once she wore as a headdress for a proper millinery creation. The pickaninnies, as often as not, are

(Continued on Page 185)

A Strenuous Game-then-

Delightfully Cooling Resinol Soap

Have you ever thought of a soap as cooling?—That is the effect of a bath with Resinol Soap after a game on the courts, or a few hours spent in the open under the hot summer's sun.

Because it contains the soothing, healing Resinol properties, Resinol Soap is unusually qualified to stimulate and refresh your burning, tired skin. Even if used with a cold shower its lather is generous and pleasingly fragrant.

It lessens the tendency to clogged pores and allays the inflammation of sunburn, thus becoming a valuable aid to the woman who wishes to keep her complexion unharmed through summer's heat.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK has the same cooling powers and leaves a man's skin free from the smarting, burning after shaving sensation.

At all drug and toilet goods counters

Resinol Soap

A bit More Power
may save many an hour's delay

IF YOUR TRUCK STALLS, work stops. Ten pounds of added power might pull it out. But if you lack the *spark* which produces the power, an hour's delay may result.

Many motorists would not miss an hour, but to a truck owner, hours are vital.

An hour's loss may lose a trip. A trip's loss often means one-fifth of a day.

And this isn't the only hour lost. If you lack power, a mole hill may become a mountain—lost hours grow to months.

In many businesses, failure to complete a job on time entails penalties. Finishing it ahead of time means big profits. It all turns on saving hours.

Ignition is vital. Power depends on it. A hot, fat magneto spark explodes all the gas in your combustion chamber. Its full force is translated into power. Incidentally, that means gasolene economy too.

Power is not all that is involved. Time is saved by a magneto in other ways.

The magneto needs no attention—you don't waste time visiting service stations.

The magneto is self-contained. Disarrangement of starting or lighting systems doesn't tie up your ignition. It is an independent source of power.

Avoiding delays is worth money. See that your truck is equipped with a Magneto. Pay more for it, if necessary. It costs the maker of the truck more to put it on. It's worth more.

First or last you have to pay for dependability. Pay at first and avoid delays.

SPLITDORF MAGNETOS AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETOS EISEMANN MAGNETOS
BERLING MAGNETOS SIMMS MAGNETOS

Magneto Ignition
ADDS POWER

(Continued from Page 182)

incased in sailor suits and—greater marvel still—in shoes and stockings. What artistry has lost some retail clothing dealer has gained.

Even so, it should explicitly be stated that not all of the money which the Southerner, white or black, is getting these days goes for gaud and gear. Once upon a time I thought North Carolina was one of the most backward states in this Union. Today I am sure it must be one of the most prosperous of all our great sisterhood. Certainly no state is presently more progressive. In the outskirts of such a town as Wilson or Gastonia or Durham or Winston-Salem one passing through aboard train beholds more convincing evidences of substantial improvements than formerly one would have seen in a ride across the entire state. Trim and tidy bungalows are replacing the shacks and shanties of a preceding decade. Big, broad-winged brick school buildings rear their bulk in rural settings. Neatly painted fences surround flower beds and grass plots where once were yards of bare, ugly turf. Along with civic pride an individual pride has blossomed. Oftener than not, in the background there rear up those tall iron standards which carry the harnessed energy of distant watercourses hundreds of miles across country to be transmuted into heat and light and power.

I drove through one North Carolina town with a population which could not have exceeded three thousand. On the principal business street, which, indeed, was the only business street, I took account in passing of eight buildings, all in process of construction and all being constructed of brick. On one corner a big general store neared completion. Diagonally across from it a three-story building for offices and lodge rooms was going up. There was a structure which could mean nothing else except a new movie palace. One next door plainly was destined to be a garage, and there was yet another whose purpose I could not divine offhand. Possibly it is to be a service station for ouija boards—the folks are getting to be most terrifically up to date in North Carolina.

Data for the Thirsty

This was not all. By no means was it all. The red-clay bowels had been ripped out of every street, main street and cross street, and in the deep trenches iron water mains were being laid to bear underground company with sewer pipes and electric conduits. New cement sidewalks threaded off in all directions. From the width and the number of the new pavements one judged that practically all the business men and most of the householders in that town had become confirmed concrete drunkards.

With excusable vainglory a citizen of the place told me that last year by practically a unanimous vote the citizens had voted a bond issue for electric lights, municipal waterworks and a modern sewage system; this, too, in addition cheerfully to bearing their proportionate share in a million-dollar bond issue for good roads through the county and a second county bond issue of two hundred thousand dollars for building a system of modern grade schools and a high-school building. Recalling how easily, just a few years ago, the average rural Tarheel was satisfied in the matter of drainage and public utilities, or the lack of them, this statement spelled something to my understanding.

In a town in Texas I encountered two men who were shabbily dressed—that is to say, as shabbily dressed as anyone is in these times—and who were further distinguished by being enthusiastically and teetotally intoxicated.

"How come?" I inquired of a resident who was showing me the sights. "I thought the Eighteenth Amendment was being very strictly enforced in these parts."

"Oh, anybody who knows the ropes and is willing to pay the price can get a bottle of whisky in this town," he said.

"And what might the price be?" I asked.

"Round twenty dollars a quart," he said; "sometimes as low as eighteen, sometimes as high as twenty-five, but ordinarily about twenty dollars. Even at that figure the bootleggers can't slip in enough of the stuff to supply the demand. People who want liquor don't appear to care a hang about how much it costs. I don't know whether it's because they want to show their contempt for a law which they regard as an infringement on their personal liberty, or because they wish to prove that they can buy anything at all without regard to normal values. Haven't you noticed the same thing yourself in your travels?"

I most emphatically had.

Whatever the reason may be, I took note of the fact that for every one who was enamored by the project of making home brews and domestic distillations there were a dozen at least deeply concerned with plans for getting in touch with a clandestine purveyor in manufactured wet goods. If orthodox products were not available they stood ready to pay fancy prices for illicit distillations.

Down in West Virginia there is a popular fermentation known by the appropriate name of setting hen, being so called because the mixture must be kept in a quiet, dark place for twenty-one days before it develops the desired kickiness. In a finished state this decoction looks like sour whey and tastes like mildewed oranges and stingeth like an adder. But it retails under cover for an even five dollars a quart.

Farther south the corn whisky of the moonshiner, known variously as blue john and as white lightnin', is being peddled at the still for twenty dollars a gallon. Even at that figure it is hard to get. Still farther south a decoction made from sugar cane and generally denominated as monkey rum sells for as high a figure as five dollars a quart. Along the Gulf shore this stuff is commonly called Pakenham. The men back in the swamps who make it do not know that through the use of this name they are perpetuating a tradition which is considerably more than a century old; nor did I until a gentleman, who is a walking repository of the folklore of the Gulf country, traced for me its historical genesis.

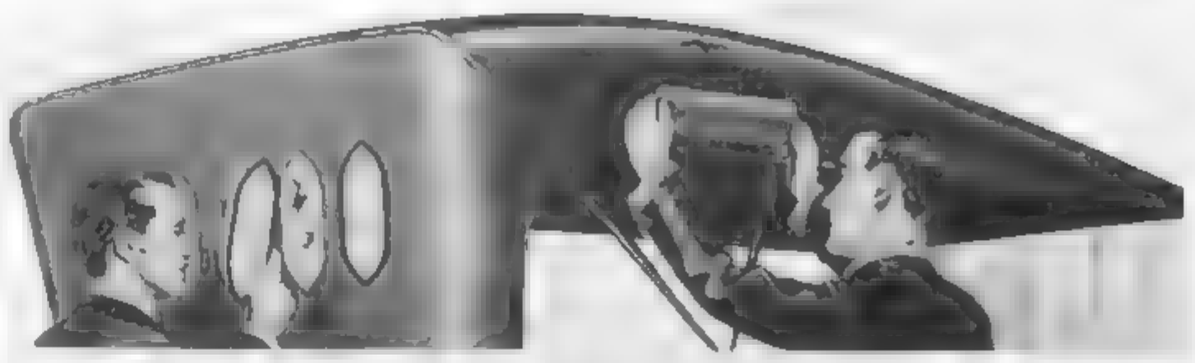
The Case of Pakenham

At the battle of New Orleans, in the War of 1812, General Pakenham, commanding the English forces, was killed by a bullet from a long-barreled deer rifle as he led the redcoats against the Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers who squatted back of Old Hickory's cotton-bale breastworks. It seemed that members of his staff desired to send his body home for burial on British soil. The undertaking and embalming profession had not then attained the high degree of perfection which it subsequently has come to enjoy. So, as the story runs, the aides inserted their dead leader into a large cask of sugar-cured rum and smuggled the cask aboard a sailing vessel bound for a friendly European port, relying upon the alcohol to preserve the deceased and upon the nature of the seeming contents to insure the passage of the consignment without question.

But on the voyage the sailors discovered the cask in its hiding place in a cargo hold, and being as thirsty as seafaring men generally are supposed to be, they tapped the bung and by degrees drank the rum until the spirits ran low. Then being wishful to enjoy the last remaining precious drops they staved in the head of the cask and discovered the late lamented, with the result, one imagines, that the fussy ones among them swore off on the drink habit and that all of them swore off on General Pakenham. To this good day in parts of Louisiana, Alabama and Florida illicit sugar-cane rum goes by the name of Pakenham. But whether it be Pakenham or whether, as up country, it be monkey rum, it is only to be had at a figure which vintage champagne fetched in former days.

After nearly three months spent in practically continuous touring, during which time I crossed and recrossed and frequently crisscrossed all the states that lie between the Atlantic Highlands and the foothills of the Rockies, I wearily returned to New York, was operated on for the removal of a lurking car cinder or so and tried to settle down to my regular work at a typewriter. I thought I was tired of sitting up all hours to catch trains and wishing, after I had caught them, that I had missed them. I thought I was tired of spending each night in a different bed, which might be a regular bed, and then again might be a profile map of the Appalachian Range masquerading as a bed. I thought I was tired of eating hurried meals in unhurried eating stands, but I wasn't. I found I still was infected with the active bacilli of that germed restlessness which seems to have permeated the systems of all of us.

The week after I reached home, for no particular reason except to be going somewhere, I went down on Long Island to the shores of the Great South Bay to stay over



Replace broken windows—mend leaky tops with

"STIK-TITE"

WINDOWS AND ROOF PATCHES

Look for this display on your dealer's counter.

Anyone can apply this window—stick it on same as a cold tube patch—in ten minutes. All labor charges done away. No stitching perforations to weaken celluloid. No loss of use of car. Made in sizes for all popular cars, complete with neat border of same material as your back curtain.

Stik-Tite Roof Patches are applied in the same way and are also finished outside in Auto Rubber "Ford," Mohair, or Imitation Leather to match your top. Like the windows they stick till the top wears out.

FORD 40¢

MOHAIR 50¢

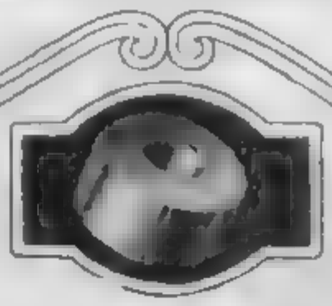
LONG GRAIN 60¢

See your dealer. If he hasn't them send us his name and 40, 50 or 60 cents for box of eleven assorted sizes.

The Cincinnati Auto Specialty Company
"The Stik-Tite Co."
Dept. F, 336 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Makers of "Stik-tite Lily-White" tube patches, "Frost King" Asbestos Lined Radiator Covers, Auto Tops, Tire Covers, "Warner" Seat Covers

DEALERS Write for successful plan that brings you new customers and easy sales



I Help Fords Run Smoothly

I am the tool-steel roller of the *Milwaukee Timer*, the standard replacement timer for Fords. I am as carefully ground and polished as a ball bearing.

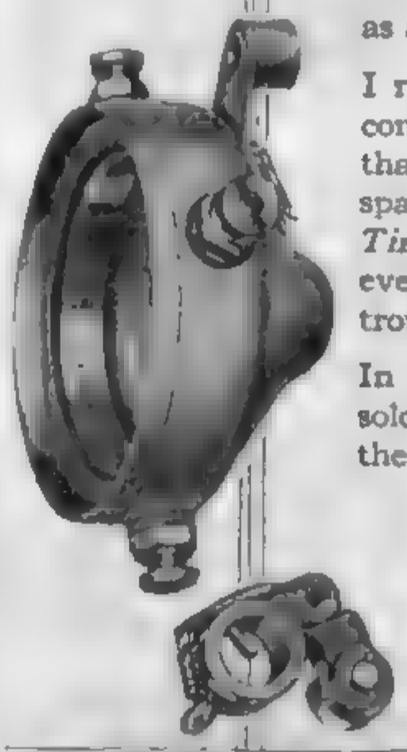
I run so evenly and squarely over the steel contacts in the smoothly finished fibre race that each cylinder always gets a hot, fat spark. Largely because of me, the *Milwaukee Timer* makes Fords start easily and pull evenly, free from excessive carbon and other troubles traceable to poor ignition.

In 1919, 500,000 *Milwaukee Timers* were sold. Over a million must be made to meet the 1920 demand.

Sold by 75% of all Automotive Supply Jobbers and by most good dealers.

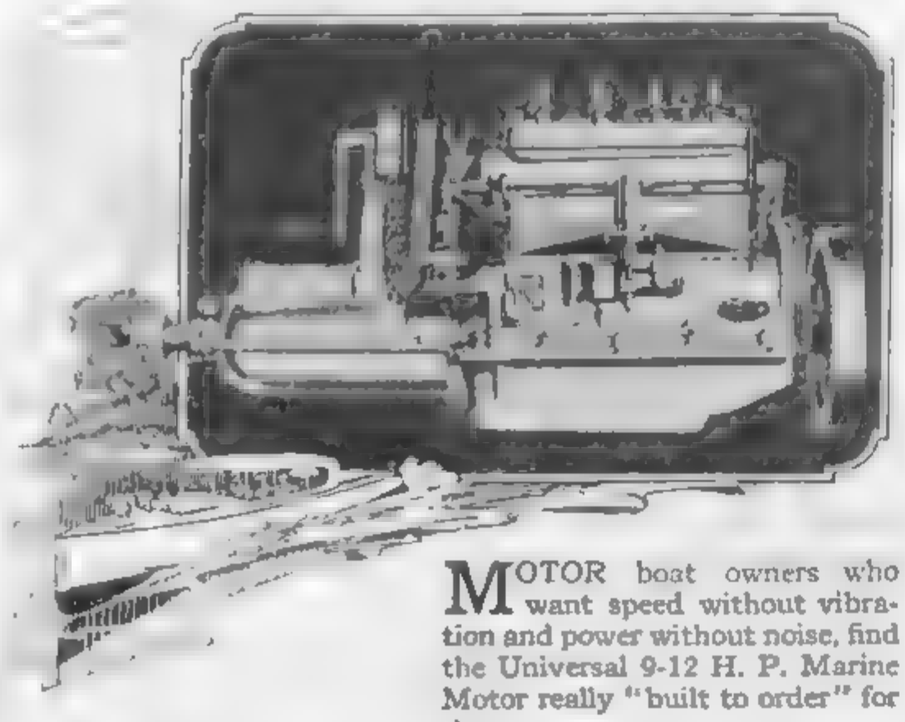
MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(Also Manufacturers of Guardian Bumpers)



MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

RETAIL PRICE
$2.25



MOTOR boat owners who want speed without vibration and power without noise, find the Universal 9-12 H. P. Marine Motor really "built to order" for them.

This sturdy 4-cylinder power plant easily gives a speed of 16-20 miles per hour with 17-foot boats—proportionate speed with other lengths. It can be set at any practical slant in the boat without affecting the efficiency of its oiling system.

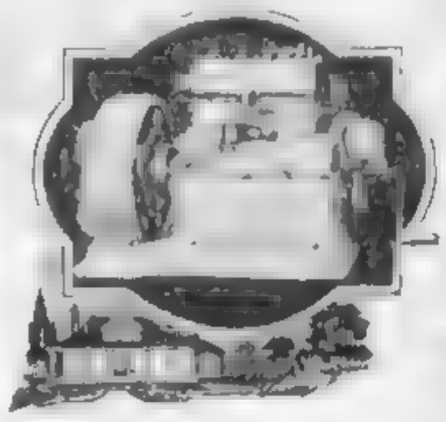
No wonder Universal Motors are the world's standard for light marine duty.

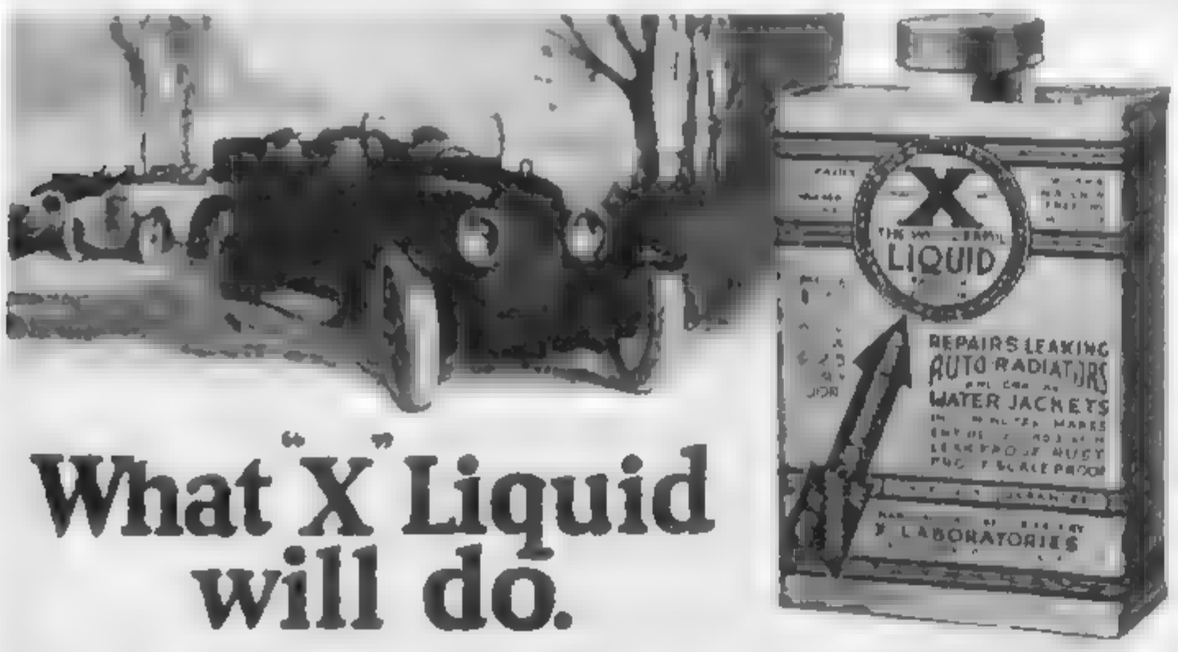
Write for Bulletin No. 29.

Universal 4-Cylinder Motor

UNIVERSAL MOTOR CO.
Sta. 48 Oshkosh, Wis.

Universal 4 K. W. Lighting Plants furnish steady, flicker less light with ample surplus of power for electric household conveniences. Run by the same 4-cylinder water-cooled Universal Motor, direct-connected to an 8-pole generator. Write for Bulletin No. 30





What "X" Liquid will do.

1— Repair all leaks *permanently* in ten minutes.

2— Prevent *future* leaks in radiator, pump around gaskets, etc.

3— *Loosen* all Rust and Scale now present on cooling system walls.

4— Prevent *new* Rust and Scale from forming anywhere in the system.

5— Improve *Cooling*—give better engine performance.

6— Keep cooling system as nearly as possible to 100% efficient.

7— *Not* a radiator cement or meal, but a Scientific Liquid repair-process.

HERE you have the complete story of "X" Liquid—and the *reasons* why over 3,500,000 cans have been sold in four years.

"X" repairs are made automatically in a few minutes—without fuss or bother. "X" does all that soldering can do—in less time—and at far *less cost*. "X" gets to places that the soldering iron can't reach; and it doesn't weaken [illegible] tubes as [illegible].

Over [illegible] dealers sell the genuine "X" Liquid. Many sell it exclusively. If yours doesn't sell "X"—send us his name and price and we'll mail direct.

LARGE SIZE $1.50
Will do $25 in repair work.
FORD SIZE - 75c

"X" LABORATORIES
25 W. 45th St. New York City

"X" Liquid makes all water cooling systems LEAKPROOF · RUSTPROOF · SCALEPROOF

from Friday until Monday. In a little town on the bay lives a hunting and fishing guide—or as he himself would put it, a bay man—whom I have known for a good long while. He is a characteristic example of a class of Long Islanders who sometimes live their whole lives within sight of the glare of New York City's lights without ever feeling the desire to go to the city.

Formerly in the fall of the year, after the fishing had slackened off and before the wild-fowl shooting was well under way, he would take advantage of suitable weather and slack times in his calling to go forth to boggy spots along shore when the tide was out, and—as the trade term goes—tread for clams. This meant taking off his shoes and socks, turning his trousers legs up above his knees and wading shank deep in the cold and clammy muck until his numbed, half-frozen toes came in contact with the shell of some coyly hidden bivalve. Then he would dig down, disentomb the find from its damp retreat and pitch it in a bucket. If his luck held out and his feet lasted he harvested a large bucketful of specimens, which he sold in the village for seventy-five cents or even for as much as a dollar, depending upon the state of the local market.

Along the bay they used to tell a story about him. Once upon a time, in chill November, having tripped the light fantastic clam in the mazy measure of the marsh until he garnered a mess, he sold the lot at the store for six bits and then strolled into the pool parlor next door for an hour of social relaxation. There one of those slick city sharpers with a striped vest enticed him into a pool game with bets of a quarter a side upon each game. In an amazingly short time he lost every cent of his clam money.

Stepping forth again into the night, the loser is quoted as having philosophically remarked to himself: "Well, that's the way of it—easy come, easy go!"

Before he went down to his town this spring we had sent a wire asking him to meet us on our arrival. He met us—in his own touring car, in which he drove us a distance of fully one hundred and seventy-five feet from the station to his cottage. With no suggestion of ostentation in his tone, but merely in the manner of one stating a trivial circumstance which might prove of passing interest to the hearer, he remarked that he had paid eighteen hundred dollars for this car last fall, but was thinking now of selling it and investing in a somewhat larger one.

All the World Traveling

He was wearing more clothing and more ornate clothing than we before had ever seen him wear even in the depths of our chill Northern winter. Decoratively and otherwise he radiated a large and buoyant air of prosperity. Naturally, as all right-minded folks should, we rejoiced in his affluence; were glad to learn that now he made more money in a month than formerly he made in a season. But we tactfully refrained from inquiring whether he was saving a fair proportion of his enhanced earnings. In the first place, it was none of our business; and in the second place, he might retaliate by asking us if we were storing away a proper proportion of what we earn these times, which would have been embarrassing.

With the exception of the incident with which I opened this article—and that one came to me on unimpeachable authority—all these little cross sections out of our national life were, as I have already stated, personally observed. I might go on amplifying them indefinitely until the reader ran out of patience and the publisher of this magazine ran out of print paper. I herewith crave leave further to state that this is not an effort to describe the symptoms of a disease, and certainly I have no intention—conceded that these things are symptoms of what ails us—to point out any remedy. This purports only to be a presentation of a collection of small episodes, all more or less disassociated and unrelated, yet all emanating, I think, from a common cause and tending to demonstrate a common impulse. When I am done the reader may draw his own conclusions, remembering, though, if he will, that drawing a conclusion in these swift-moving times is like drawing a pistol without knowing whether or not it is going to shoot straight.

The man at the ticket window in that Michigan town—the man whose deductions I at secondhand narrated in my introductory paragraph—undoubtedly had the rights of the matter he discussed. From the wealth of recent experiences I testify to the correctness of his principal premise and his main deduction as regards travel.

With the returning of the railroad systems—or what was left of them—to their bereaved owners there followed in many instances an immediate increase in the number of daily passenger trains, but so far as one might observe travel has continued to be just as heavy in volume as it was before the Government, like a reluctant undertaker cheated out of a job which already he had well under way, decided to surrender back the remains to a sorrowing family.

The congestion in hotels, north, east, south and west, is one proof of this. A person who does much traveling these days has learned always to telegraph ahead for hotel accommodations. Even then, sometimes on arrival one finds all the hotels taxed up to and beyond their capacities. In Akron, Ohio, which is one of the busiest spots on this busy continent, I spent three hours of a blizzardy afternoon touring about the streets trying to find a place wherein two of us overnight might rest our weary heads. We had taken the precaution too of wiring the manager of the leading hotel of the hour of arrival and asking that rooms—or at least a room—be held for us. He told us that every bed under his roof had a tenant and that every bed was spoken for through the next week.

Diamond Cutters' New Job

"No," he said in answer to a question, "there's no convention going on here. This abnormal state of things has got to be the normal one in Akron."

To an even greater extent than the hotels show it the railroads reflect the unprecedented volume of travel. One is moved to wonder why in the present rundown state of most of the rolling stock so many Americans should be beset by the urge to go abroad in the land. Even on some of the main lines traffic facilities and traffic accommodations lack a good deal of being what they were back in those golden days of railroading that ended so abruptly about the time we went to war with Germany.

From a terminal station a passenger locomotive departs, arrogantly puffing in the pride of its seeming power. But on an upgrade forty miles from anywhere it develops a hectic flush in the cheek and a hacking cough and begins to spit blood and has to squat down right where it is and wait for an ambulance crew, coming on a wrecking train, to escort it to the sanitarium. Vintage Pullmans are common in all sections. Seemingly no new sleepers have come out of the shops these last few years. Fare on board the diners isn't back again to concert pitch. To be sure, the customary menu shows a broadening influence which is a vast improvement over the menu of those dreary days of Mr. McAdoo's celebrated dollar table d'hôte dinner, when you might take it or leave it, and so frequently did both—took it first and then left it. But the portions as served continue to be puny and undersized.

I think I know why the diamond-cutting trade is so hard put to it to find expert lapidaries. They have discovered a more congenial field for the exercise of their minute and microscopic art. They are cutting the cubes of fat meat which accompany the individual portions of the dining-car baked beans. Sometimes you can't even find your little one-carat gem of pork. This is due to its being hidden under a bean.

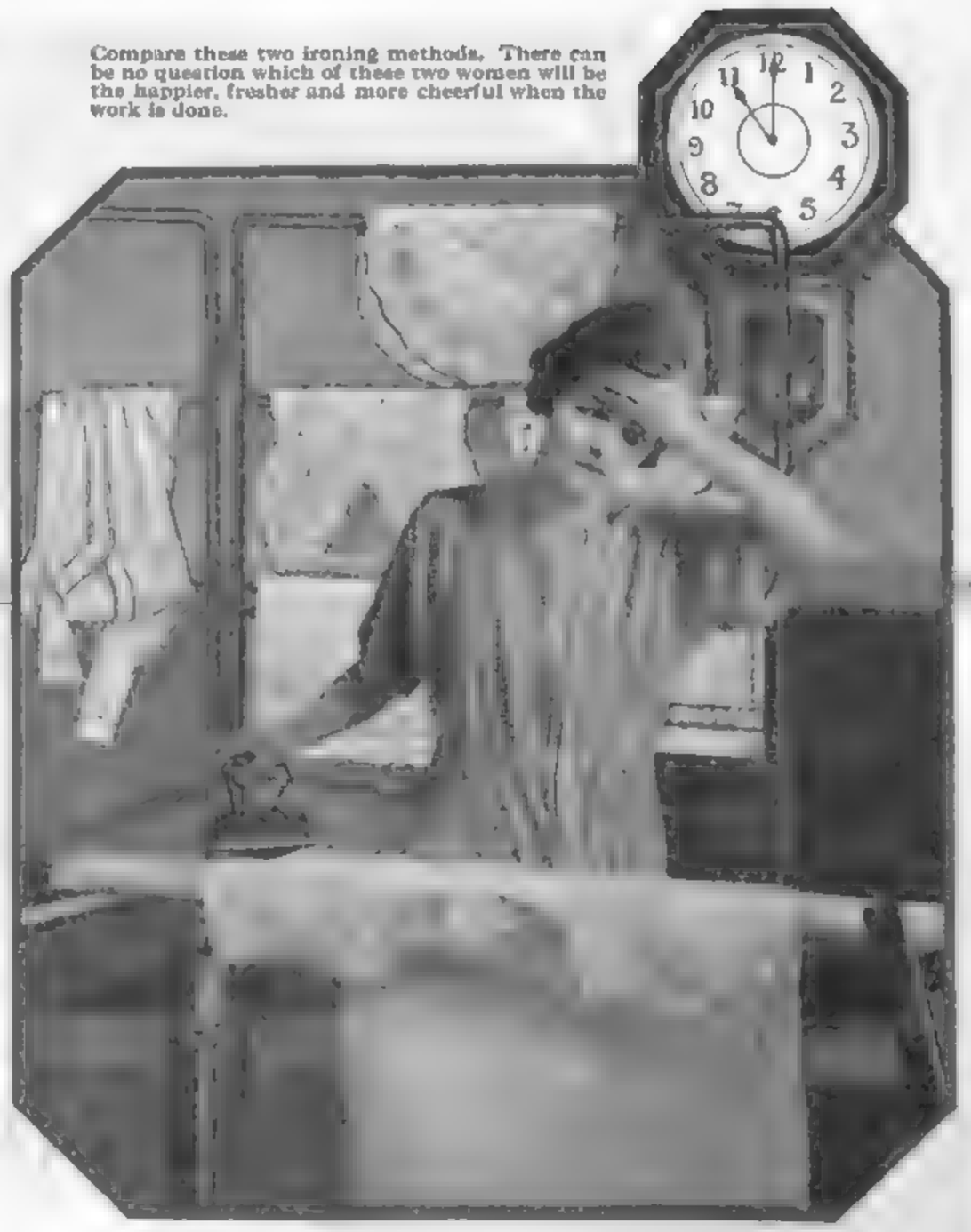
Nor as yet have schedules been restored to the point where there is full coöperation as between the time card and the train to attain a desired and promised coincidence. One is forever giving the lie to the other. Functionaries at small way stations insist, also, on clinging to a plan of progressive fictional devices for softening the blow, so to speak, when a train is running behind time. This system came into vogue in the heyday of governmental control. In many quarters it continues to be popular.

On arriving at the station you are informed by the agent that she is about fifteen minutes late. You wait twenty-five minutes and are then informed that she is liable to arrive almost any minute now. Half an hour drags by on weighted pinions. You hesitate to embarrass the agent by questioning him upon a subject regarding which he seems to know so woefully little, but you muster up resolution enough to ask him for the latest and most authentic tidings. He assures you that she'll be pulling in right away.

(Continued on Page 189)

With a Simplex Ironer in the home, all flat pieces, simple lingerie, plain dresses, children's clothes, soft shirts and collars, etc., can be done so rapidly that cheer and contentment replace the worry of Ironing Day.

Compare these two ironing methods. There can be no question which of these two women will be the happier, fresher and more cheerful when the work is done.



Ironing Made Easy

THE Simplex Ironer stands pre-eminent among ironing machines—the reliable pioneer.

The old-fashioned way of ironing is tedious work, as every woman knows. Week after week there is a yearning for a better time, health and strength saving way. Servants are difficult to get. No wonder, then, that the Simplex is a valued possession in more than 250,000 homes.

With the Simplex a woman can sit and iron comfortably, because of the patented automatic feed-board control. An entire family ironing is done in the short space of an hour—perfectly, economically and with ease.

As with most mechanical successes, the Simplex is simple, easily operated and lasts a lifetime.

In a year, it will save fully $100 in help, fuel and laundry bills. Operated by electricity—heated by gas, electricity or gasoline—all at a cost of only 4 cents per hour. For house, apartment or farm home use.

Easy payments. Send for our illustrated booklet.

American Ironing Machine Company, 515 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

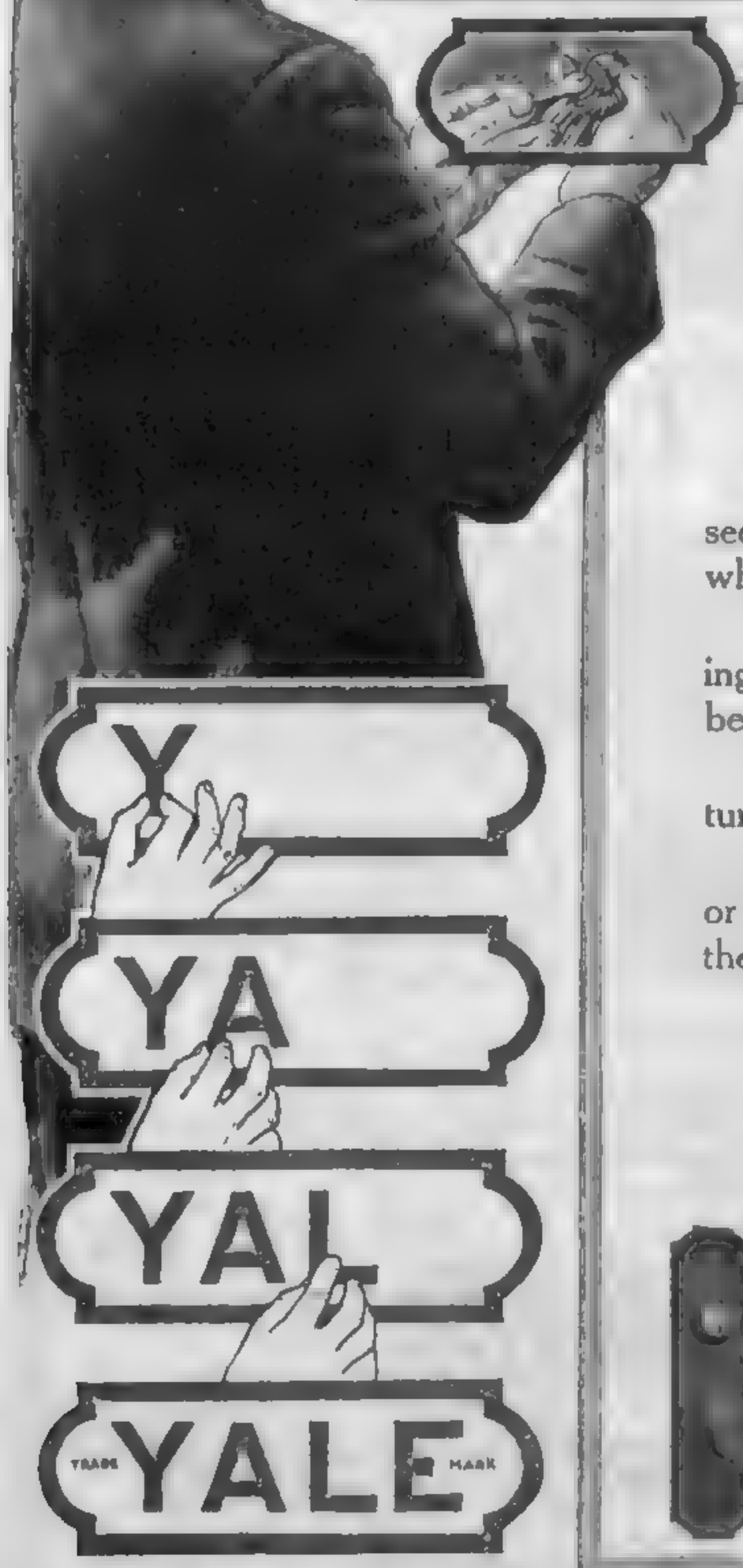
Eastern Sales Office: 70 W. 45th St., New York City Pacific Coast Sales Offices: 431 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

We also make Ironing machines and Laundry equipment for laundries, hotels, institutions and factories

SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

It is a mark of intelligent housekeeping to possess a SIMPLEX IRONER



What does your key ring tell you?

Take out your key ring—look and see!

Do *all* your keys bear the "Yale" trade-mark? If you don't see "Yale" right on the keys, they are *not* "Yale" no matter what you thought.

"Yale" is our trade-mark. It is on *all* our products, denoting true origin. It guarantees that the product will give the better service which you expect from "Yale."

No one else may use the trade-mark "Yale." It is our signature—our abbreviated corporate name.

When you ask for a Yale lock of any type, door closer or chain block, you can be sure to get "Yale"—by looking for the trade-mark on it before you pay for it.

What does your key ring tell *you?*

Yale products include:

Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware
Yale Padlocks
Yale Night Latches
Yale Cabinet Locks
Yale Door Closers
Yale Bank Locks
Yale Time Locks
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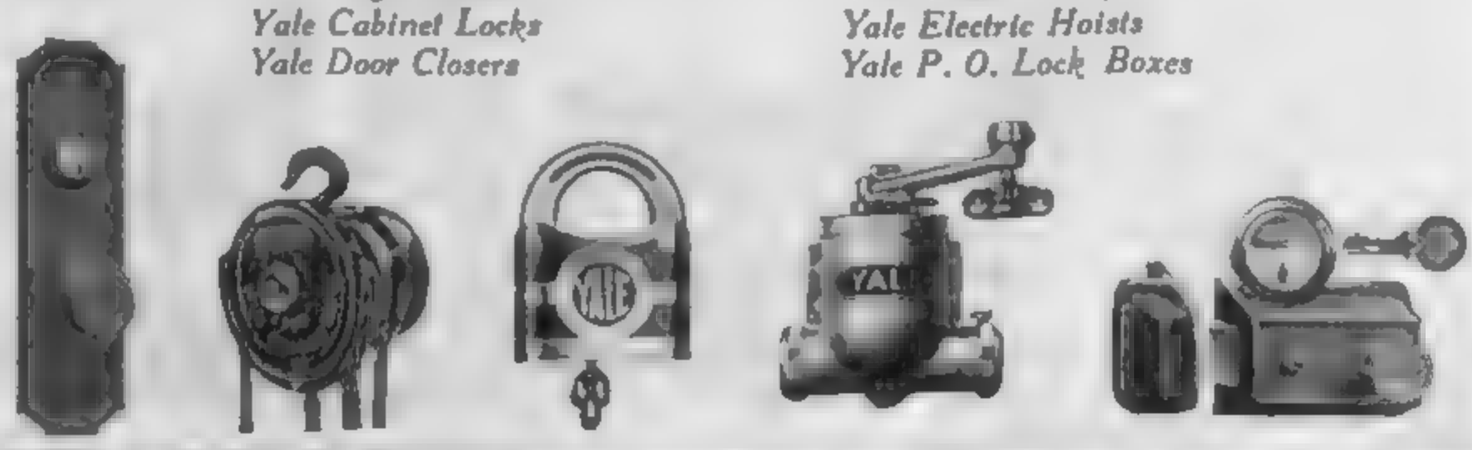

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New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd St Catharines, Ont. Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.

(Continued from Page 186)

But about him there is a tone or savor of insincerity which forces you to believe he knew all along the engine was having a hemorrhage somewhere down the line and could not possibly cough her way in in less than two hours beyond her appointed hour.

In this I am not exaggerating. I speak from the dreggy depths of bitter recollection.

I am puzzled to know how the agent gets the notion in his head that a passenger desires to have the sad news conveyed to him gradually—by degrees, as it were—instead of learning the worst right off the reel. But there is a ready explanation for his habit of using the feminine pronoun in speaking of a train. She is a she because she is so addicted to keeping a man waiting for her after he is all dressed up and organized to go somewhere.

These things being as they are, one marvels, I repeat, why such a large proportion of the population should be filled with the yearning to get on a train and travel. Yet in going to and fro one hears mighty few complaints, except from seasoned travelers who can remember what service used to be on the lines that maintained smart service. And the reason for this lack of faultfinding, as I figure, lies in the fact that so many who are traveling these times did mighty little traveling before this, or at least when they traveled before did not then travel, as now they do, in such number on the extra-fare limited trains.

If one may judge by surface indications uncounted thousands are moving from place to place now who, in so doing, are not actuated by business reasons or by personal reasons. They are not even traveling for pleasure, unless the performance of going from one uninteresting point across an uninteresting stretch of country to another equally uninteresting point may be called a pleasure. If I am one to say, a large proportion of the tourist trade is made up of good folk who travel because travel provides an additional spending outlet atop of all the other commodious spending facilities of the moment.

This year I have met persons on sleeping cars who evidently never saw the interior of a sleeping car before. Out in Iowa one afternoon in February a curious-looking pair, a man and a woman, entered the sleeper in which I was riding. Their fumbling limbs, their silly, gaped mouths, their goggling and fuddled eyes, plainly enough told the pitiable story. The man was no better than an idiot, and the woman with him—his wife as it turned out she was—seemed but little better off than he. One cruel enough to make a play on words about a thing so pathetic might have called her his better half-wit and not have been far wrong. A well-dressed man who got on at the same station with them told me something of the strange twain.

Going Almost Anywhere

"Yes," he said, answering my inquiry, "he's slack-minded all right, and she isn't much smarter than he is. They are sort of town characters back here where I live."

I hazarded the suggestion that they might be bound for some institution, and if this were true I wondered why no suitable escort accompanied them. My informant chuckled.

"Institution nothing!" he said. "That couple are taking a pleasure trip—that's what they're taking. They're going to Des Moines to spend a week. They've been talking about it for a month, and so has the rest of the town."

"Where did they get the money?" I asked.

"Oh, they've got the money all right!" he said. "The man's earning four dollars a day working at a lathe in a pearl-button factory."

"Well," I said offhand, "I should suppose he doesn't know much more about machinery than I do—and no reasonably prudent person would trust me with a nut pick."

"Maybe not," he said, "but any kind of labor, even the half-witted kind, is worth four dollars a day out here in this country at present."

Two days later, sitting in the rear end of a day coach on a jerkwater road in Texas, my end of the car being a smoker for white passengers and the front end being reserved for the accommodation of colored persons, I—looking through the open door of the dividing partition—saw the conductor atop in the aisle alongside a half-grown negro boy who had boarded the coach at a flag station.

"I ain't got no ticket, cap'n," I heard the darky say. So saying, he hauled a handful of silver dollars out of a pocket and extended the hand, its palm covered with coins.

"Well, then, where do you want to go?" asked the conductor.

"Cap'n, it don't make no diff'ence," quoth the boy.

"Jes' you tells me, please, suh, when dis yere money is done ridden up an' den I'll git off effen I lak de looks of de place, an' effen I don't lak it I'll give you some mo' money an' keep on a-ridin'."

More Prosperity and Less Courtesy

If on almost any train there are to be encountered strange types such as these it should also be stated that two old familiar types have disappeared. The travel-stained trouper of the fly-by-night repertoire company has almost vanished. The moving-picture game, which wiped out his old sphere of activity on the road, has provided him with a less precarious one in the studios. And the other type that is gone is no less a personage than our old friend the professional tramp. The gay cat of the East and the blanket stiff of the West have become practically extinct species. The Gallipolis Kid doesn't ride the brake beams or flip the blind baggage. Omaha Slim no longer writes his moniker in big black letters on the rounded belly of the wayside water tank.

"I haven't shooed a 'bo off my train in two weeks," a freight brakeman on a north-and-south-trunk line told me. "You may have noticed," he went on, "that along the right of way you won't be seeing the bums sitting round a camp fire making mulligan in an old tomato can. Good times has put the poor old tramp right out of business. What chance does a panhandler have trying to work back doors for hand-outs when every other man he runs into is just aching to hire him at four or five dollars a day and no questions asked?"

What the trainman said set me thinking. All at once then I was struck by another fact which had not occurred to me before, and that fact was this: The professional street beggar has disappeared too. I do not mean the blind mendicant or the cripple who makes a pretense of peddling lead pencils or shoe laces, but the able-bodied journeyman vagrant who used to waylay one with whining stories of starving families at home and no chance to get work at more or less mythical callings.

Not that there isn't any begging going on, for there is. But the begging is being done on an organized basis—by the big charity organizations and the big relief societies and the big leagues for the aid, comfort, endowment and support of this or that cause. And they call their begging operations by the name of a drive, and they go a-campaigning not after dimes and quarters but after millions and fat multiples of millions.

Another by-product of the spread of swollen prosperity through the nation has been a diminution in the current volume of common courtesy on the part of those from whom we customarily expect common courtesy, or else I am mistaken. One imagines that a student of social and economic psychology, balancing effect against cause, would deduce that the once lowly and

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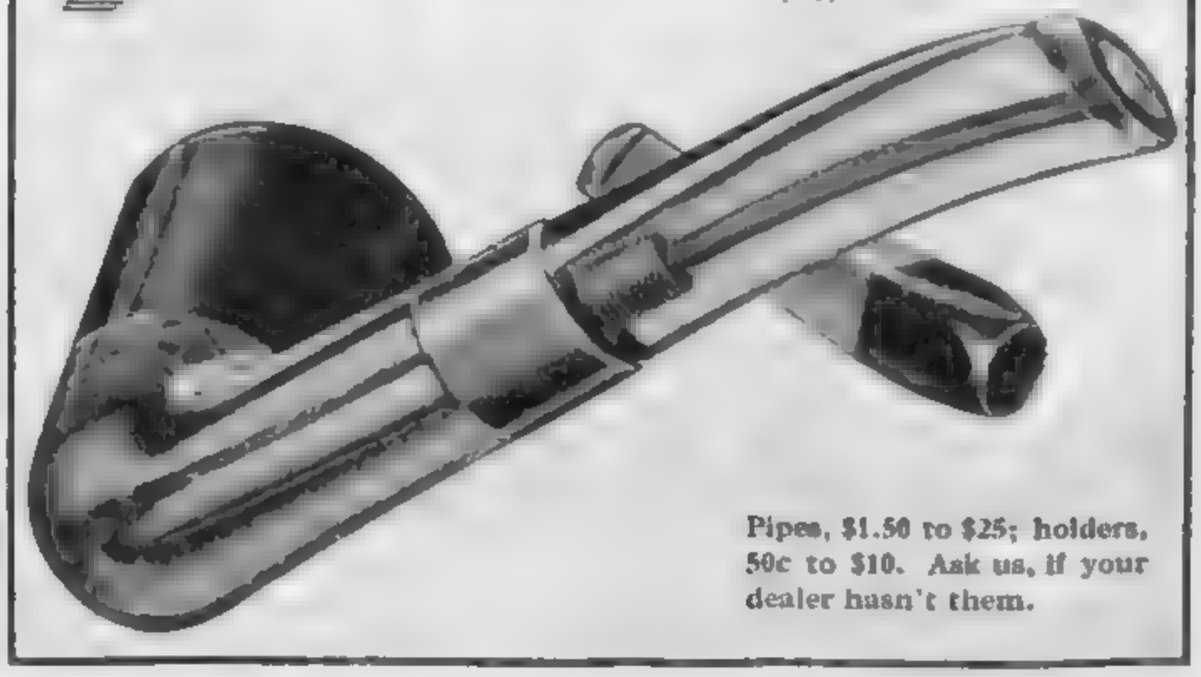

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grateful servitor classes—that is to say, lowly from the standpoint of wages earned and bonuses received—are to-day, one way or another, earning as much money as most of the persons whom they serve and that a consciousness of this fact tends to abate the willingness to serve. You may trace the spread of this sentiment among bell boys, cab drivers and waiters, especially colored ones, by a certain infallible sign.

Receiving a tip such a one says "I thank you," instead of following the old formula of "Thank you, sir!"

By the subtle shifting of the stress from the one pronoun to the other he somehow conveys the impression that you have been honored by his gracious acceptance of the coin rather than that he has been honored by your generosity in bestowing it upon him.

In somewhat higher fields of service there likewise is lacking an element of the cordiality which once upon a time marked the transactions between the patron and the patronized. The present-day hotel clerk is no longer visibly and pleasantly excited by your appearance before him. I sometimes think that next to a circus lion the present-day hotel clerk is getting to be almost the most bored and blasé of living creatures. There is languid disdain in his gestures as he waves you back from the register. There is studied indifference in the tone of his voice as he informs you he is all full up and to the best of his information and belief every other hotel in town and every lodging house and every boarding house and, for all he knows to the contrary, every livery stable in town likewise is in the same state of overgorged fullupness.

Thereupon you very possibly declare querulously: "Well, I've got to sleep somewhere, haven't I?"

And though he may not answer you in words, the skeptical upward lift of his eyebrows, like twin accent marks to emphasize his unspoken reply, says just as plainly as though he had spoken it instead of thinking it: "Well, not necessarily."

The once spry bell hop doesn't always leap gladly forward to relieve you of your bags at the door when you enter, as formerly was his wont. Frequently he seems to flow toward you almost imperceptibly, as heavy-footed as a deep-sea diver.

As I said some distance back in this article, I seek to draw no deductions as to the ultimate outcome—if indeed there is to be any outcome—of this orgy of spending. Whether we shall become saner by the beneficent processes of education and emulation of profitable example and propaganda and agitation, or whether we shall be cured of what ails us—if indeed anything serious does ail us—by the only thing which ever has cured the American people of the habit of prodigal spending when they had the money to spend—namely, hard times, which always is the repentant morning-after of a debauch on the heady tipples of intoxicating prosperity, I leave it for the wise men to say. Probably one guess is as good as another.

Personally I would take this opportunity of stating that from where I sit the attitude of the average American appears to be this: Carelessly wiping the traces of a forty-cent scrambled egg off the front of his twenty-two-dollar silk shirt, then biting off the end of a four-bit cigar and crossing a pair of legs encased in a pair of thirty-dollar trousers, he leans back and allows it is an infernal shame that everybody should be so frightfully extravagant and that somebody—meaning by that somebody else—ought to start in to saving up a little money for a rainy day while the saving is good. Have you ever noticed, though, that those who speak most frequently and most feelingly of rainy days so rarely own an umbrella?

Still and with all this and that, with all the false inflation of prices and the false conceptions of values and false financial ideals which beset us, a condition which puts the tramp in the same class with the dodo and makes the professional mendicant a brother to the great auk; which replaces rags with whole garments; which makes small towns vote for sanitary improvements and small counties vote for good roads; which makes for civic beauty and enduring improvements and for a gorgeous generosity toward philanthropic purposes and charitable funds and educational endowments, cannot altogether be an unmixed evil, whatever may be said against it on the other side of the docket. Now can it?

And yet so far as the writer is concerned, and so far as he can peer into the future, the question which was put in the title of this paper remains unanswered:

Whither, brethren, are we thrifting, if at all?

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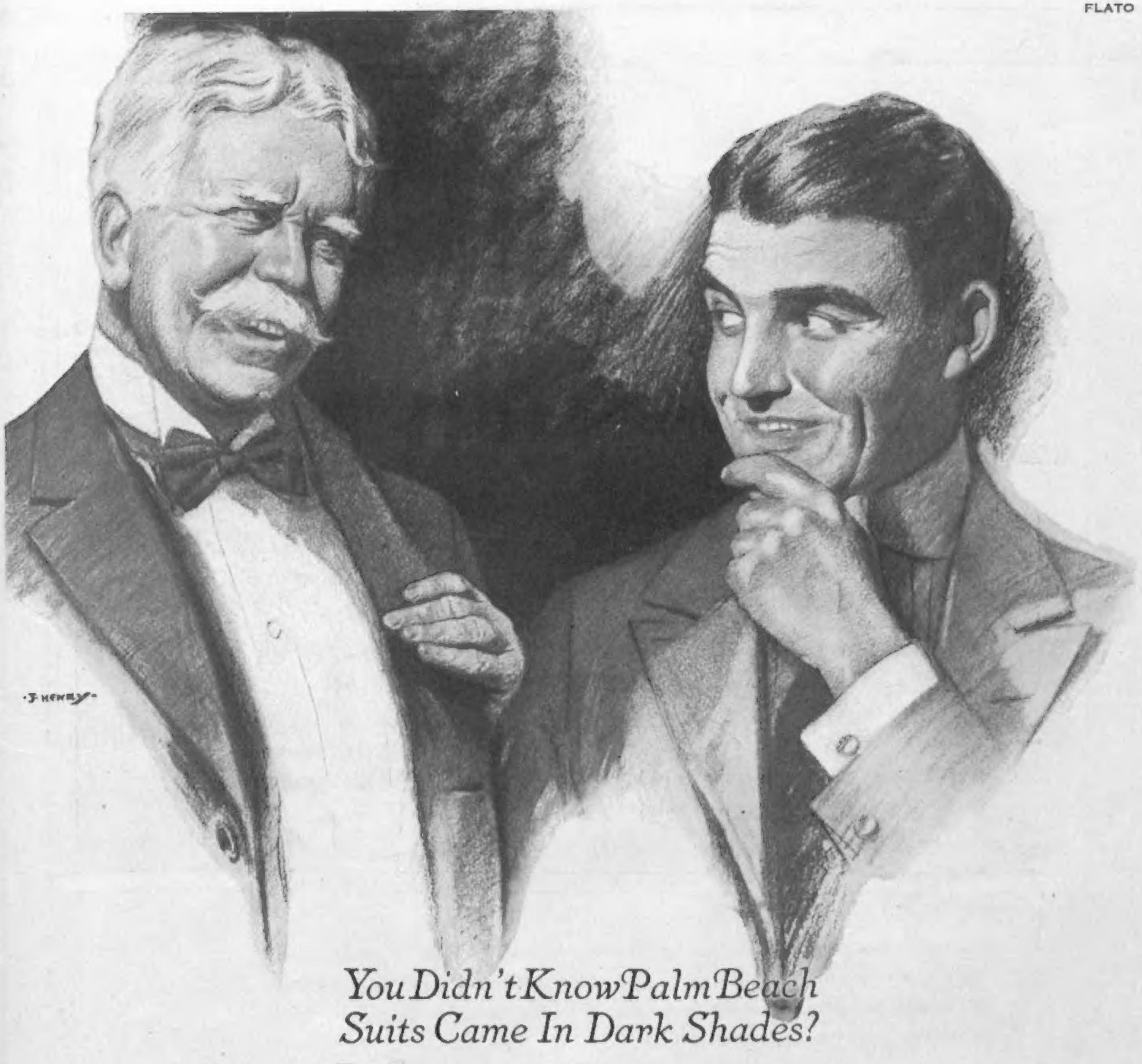

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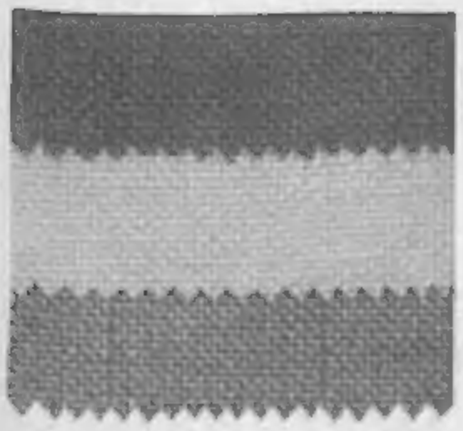

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